Collier's

MAY 2, 1942 FIVE CENTS SEVEN CENTS IN CANADA

© THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY—PUBLISHERS OF COLLIER'S—THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE—WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

AUSTRALIA, HERE WE COME!

BY W. B. COURTNEY

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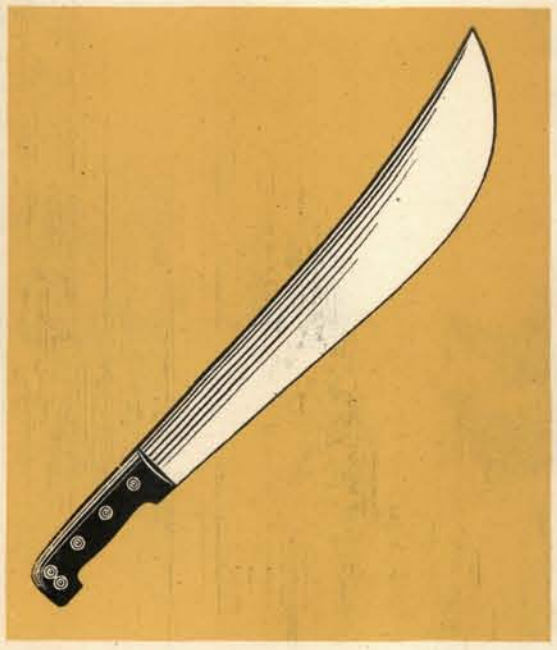
Know your M's



1. This is a M_____

2. This is a M__

3. This is a M_____

4. This is a M___

5. This is a M_____

6. This is M_____& M____

The whiskey that's Mild,
Mellow, Moderate-priced.

ANSWERS: 1, *Machete;* 2, *Mug;* 3, *Matador;* 4, *Moth;* 5, *Melodeon;* 6, *Mattingly & Moore,* the whiskey that's mellower and milder than many much more costly brands.

If you scored all six right, you're a genius; five, terribly bright; four, superior; three, good; two, fair; one, not up to snuff.

Not up to snuff, that is, unless—due to previous experience—the one you got right was *Mattingly & Moore.*

This proves, obviously, that you are a man of great discernment and good, sound sense... *for M & M is probably the outstanding whiskey value in the land.*

The Best of 'em is

M&M

–Know Mattingly & Moore

Blended Whiskey—86 Proof (also 80 Proof)—72½% grain neutral spirits. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore

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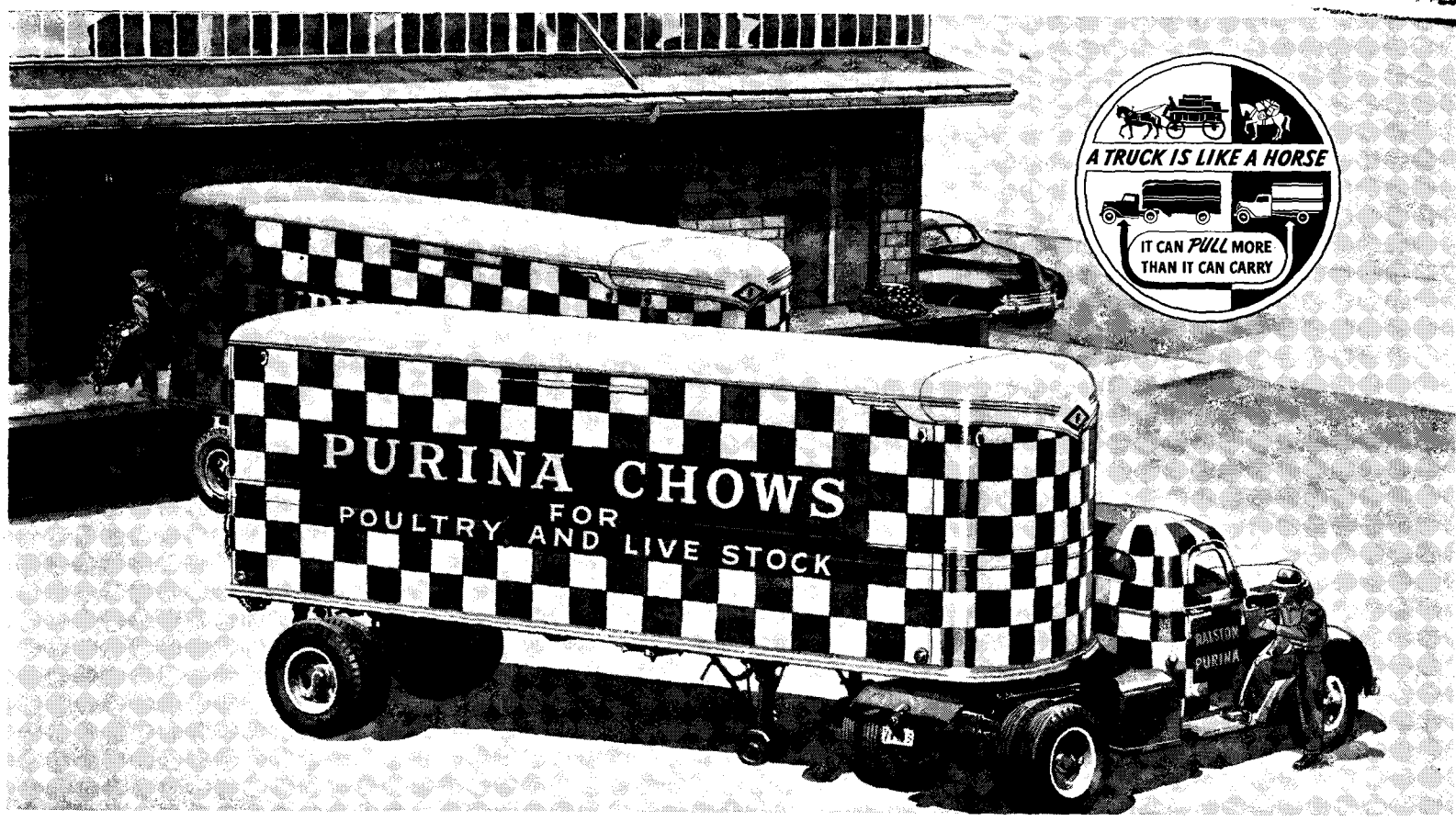
★ ★ ***Another Example of How Truck-Trailers Are Aiding America at War!*** ★ ★



Ralston Purina Solves Two Tough Hauling Problems
. . . and Contributes to Victory!

RALSTON PURINA COMPANY, St. Louis, makers of breakfast cereals and stock and poultry feeds, have an important part in the task of feeding America.

A few years ago, this company saw in Truck-Trailers the possible solution to one . . maybe two . . difficult hauling problems. One of these was the run from the mills in St. Louis to the big warehouse in East St. Louis . . five miles through heavy traffic and across the busy Municipal Bridge. The other problem was the economical distribution of Purina products to dealer-customers in many territories.

Trailers immediately handled *both* of these jobs so well that Ralston Purina now has a fleet of forty-seven . . all Fruehaufs!

Today, moreover, Ralston Purina's Truck-and-Trailer combinations are paying *extra dividends* that weren't even remotely anticipated when the equipment was purchased . . *dividends to America at War!*

FIRST—FEWER TRUCKS ARE REQUIRED, because the "shuttle system" is used in the haul from mill to warehouse. Two trucks handle five Fruehauf Trailers. Each truck is constantly busy pulling a Trailer while the other Trailers are being loaded and unloaded. No waste of time or equipment. Two motor units do the work of five!

SECOND—SMALLER TRUCKS ARE USED. For much of its distribution from mills and warehouses to dealer-customers, Ralston Purina uses economical 2½-ton rated trucks, pulling Fruehauf Trailers with 10- and 12-ton loads. Heavy-duty trucks, large enough to *carry* such loads, are thus freed for military operations in which they are indispensable.

THIRD—GASOLINE IS CONSERVED. The smaller trucks use less gasoline than would heavy-duty trucks, despite the fact that they haul even bigger loads. Moreover, there are fewer trucks to use gasoline!

So . . Ralston Purina handles its work better and more economically with Truck-Trailers . . and America profits, too!

World's Largest Builders of Truck-Trailers
FRUEHAUF TRAILER CO., DETROIT
Sales and Service in Principal Cities

FRUEHAUF TRAILERS
"Engineered Transportation" Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

CONSERVE RUBBER AND STEEL, TOO!

● A Truck-and-Trailer combination, with a load capacity of 11 tons, requires 1180 pounds of tires. Two trucks, with a total load capacity of 11 tons, require 1416 pounds of tires. Thus, for the same load capacity, the Truck-and-Trailer uses 236 pounds less tires—a saving of 16.6%.

● The empty weight of the above Truck-and-Trailer combination (less tires) is 12,417 pounds. The empty weight of the two trucks (less tires) is 16,638 pounds. Thus, for the same load capacity, the Truck-and-Trailer uses 4221 pounds less steel and other essential metals—an important saving of 25.3%.

A big step toward Victory!

Has the war created new problems in your hauling operation? The trained, experienced, practical men at the Fruehauf branch nearest you will be glad to help you if they can . . and they probably can. No obligation at all. That's their principal job these days. Just write to us.

TRUCK-TRAILER TRANSPORT IS DOING AN ESSENTIAL JOB FOR ALL AMERICA

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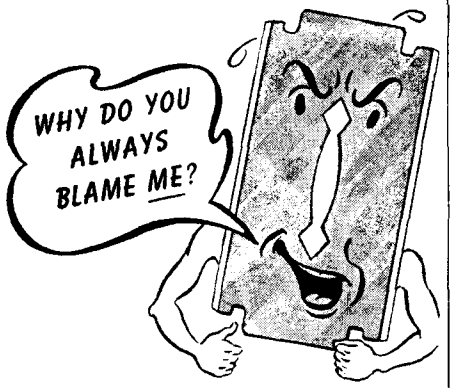
What a BUY!
This famous quality brush has not gone up in price. At yesterday's low price, it is easily today's "Biggest Tooth Brush Value."
Pro-phy-lac-tic
NYLON TOOTH BRUSH
STILL
-Only 23¢



DON'T BLAME YOUR BLADE

If you get poor shaves too often . . . if your beard doesn't always "come clean", or your face feels raw and tender and irritated, don't be too quick to blame your blade. Blades today are really well made. It might be simply a matter of getting the right cream for your face, so

Change your cream. Try Listerine Shaving Cream *with the same blade you were complaining about!* No matter how tough your beard, no matter how sensitive your skin, if you're not 100% satisfied with Listerine Shaving Cream, just send the partly used tube to the Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo. Your money will be promptly refunded. *That's* how sure we are that this *different* shaving cream will delight you!

LISTERINE SHAVING CREAM

Brushless and Lather

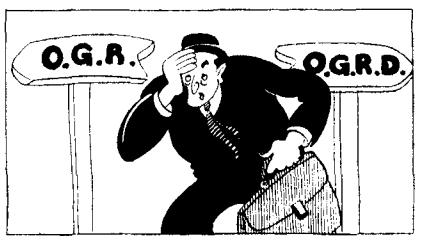
WALTER DAVENPORT	Politics	DENVER LINDLEY	Articles
AIMEE LARKIN	Distaff	FRANK D. MORRIS	Articles
QUENTIN REYNOLDS	England	CLARENCE H. ROY	Syntax
KYLE CRICHTON	Screen and Theater	W. B. COURTNEY	Far East
KENNETH LITTAUER	Fiction	FRANK GERVASI	Near East
JAMES N. YOUNG	Fiction	MARTHA GELLHORN	Articles
MAX WILKINSON	Fiction	JIM MARSHALL	West Coast
WM. O. CHESSMAN	Art	ROBERT McCORMICK	Washington
HENRY L. JACKSON	Fine Feathers	IFOR THOMAS	Photographs
GURNEY WILLIAMS	Humor		

Collier's

WILLIAM L. CHENERY Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH Managing Edit
THOMAS H. BECK Editorial Director

ANY WEEK

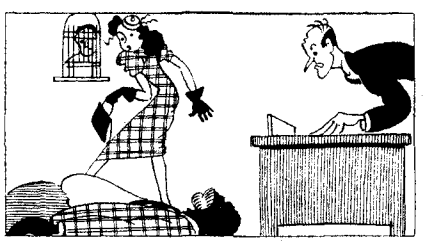
WASHINGTON, a city of political foxholes, seems to us to be divided into two classes of people—those who are working desperately to do a good job and those who are trying desperately to hold onto a good job. This is not producing, in the nation's capital, the unity that the first class above-mentioned are exhorting the rest of the country to achieve. Every time a new bureau is created to make a better job of what some other bureau has failed in, existing bureaus bury the hatchet long enough to gang up on the newcomer—but only that long. We got to talking about this to a fellow who shared a knothole with us. We were trying to see what was going on within the eight-foot barricade around what is soon to be the new $600,000 home of Mr. Lowell Mellett's Office of Government Reports. Practically everybody in Washington, with the exception of the President, Mr. Mellett (Mystery Man Mellett) and the regiment of ladies and gentlemen who will work for him, seems to be vigorously opposed to Mr.



Mellett's new ivory tower, already known as Mellett's Madhouse.

We soon discovered that our knothole sharer was working for the Office of Facts and Figures, in the halls of which you do not hear the praises of Mr. Mellett. "The OGR—spelled without an E," said the fellow, "will take on the job of directing bewildered businessmen to where, in Washington, they may find the guy they've come to see, provided he's here or still has the job he had when the caller left home. Already, however, there are so many people in the OGR that they are talking of creating OGRD—Office of Government Reports Directory—which, when it is properly organized and housed, will have the job of telling the businessman how to find the guy in the OGR who is able to tell him where he can find the guy he came to see. The OGRD will of necessity be located some distance from the OGR because of the lack of near-by building space and because that's the way we do things here. But maybe it will work. You see, the War Production Board, thinking to keep businessmen out of Washington—save them time and money—has established 136 information offices throughout the country. Maybe these will be able to direct callers to the right person in the OGRD who can tell them whom to see in OGR to direct them to somebody in WPB who will probably tell them to consult one of the 136 information offices scattered around the country. It's quite simple." In the meantime La Maison Mellett is rising with the overnight swiftness of the palaces wanded into being by Aladdin's genii, consuming more than 650,000 board feet of lumber and many tons of priorities metals. Our OFF man told us that it will contain, among other things, a number of electric refrigerators with "a great big one for Mr. Mellett."

THE foregoing is what you may suspect it is—a bellyache. We can't help it. We've just come from a few weeks with our troops in Central and South America. After the spirit of simple sacrifice and purpose we saw there, Washington is rather tough on the digestion. On our first night back, we had dinner with a group of apparently overpaid bureaucrats who were regaling one another with funny stories about the ludicrous errors of new draftees and ninety-day wonders—the latter being brand-new Army and Navy lieutenants. Presently the lady sitting next to us yawned, announced that she was going home. "Obviously," said she, "these ninety-day wonders are hopelessly inefficient. Obviously they will lose the war for us unless we civilian job holders do something. So, having finished our crêpes suzette, thereby increasing our own efficiency, why not abolish new draftees and ninety-day wonders, bring them home, and proceed to lose the war ourselves in our own way right here in Washington? We could do it quicker, thereby saving money, and on all fronts simultaneously."



WE ALL went home after that, giving us an opportunity to read a letter from Mr. Charles Colebaugh, an acquaintance of ours who is managing editor of this magazine. Mr. Colebaugh, who has been having a holiday in Florida, wrote: "The morning after Collier's published that article about Hampton Institute—Hampton Fights the Battle of Jericho, Mr. Waller Smith sat at his desk humming Nobody Knows the Trouble I've Seen. Mr. Smith is president of the Bank of Clearwater, Florida. While Mr. Waller Smith was thus

(Continued on page 39)

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THIS WEEK

MAY 2, 1942

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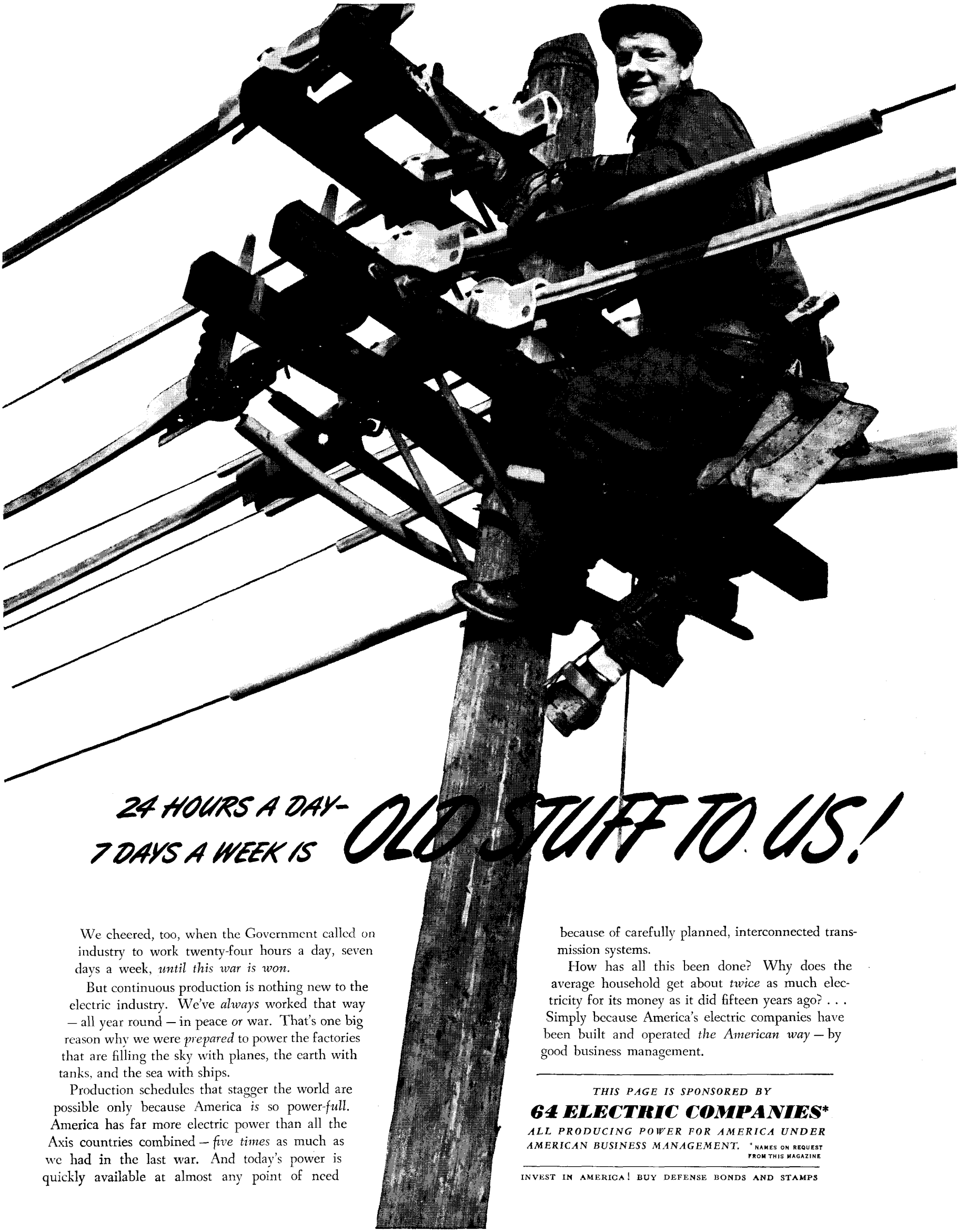

24 HOURS A DAY— 7 DAYS A WEEK IS OLD STUFF TO US!

We cheered, too, when the Government called on industry to work twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week, *until this war is won.*

But continuous production is nothing new to the electric industry. We've *always* worked that way — all year round — in peace *or* war. That's one big reason why we were *prepared* to power the factories that are filling the sky with planes, the earth with tanks, and the sea with ships.

Production schedules that stagger the world are possible only because America *is* so power-*full*. America has far more electric power than all the Axis countries combined — *five times* as much as we had in the last war. And today's power is quickly available at almost any point of need because of carefully planned, interconnected transmission systems.

How has all this been done? Why does the average household get about *twice* as much electricity for its money as it did fifteen years ago? . . . Simply because America's electric companies have been built and operated *the American way* — by good business management.

THIS PAGE IS SPONSORED BY

64 ELECTRIC COMPANIES*

ALL PRODUCING POWER FOR AMERICA UNDER AMERICAN BUSINESS MANAGEMENT. *NAMES ON REQUEST FROM THIS MAGAZINE

INVEST IN AMERICA! BUY DEFENSE BONDS AND STAMPS

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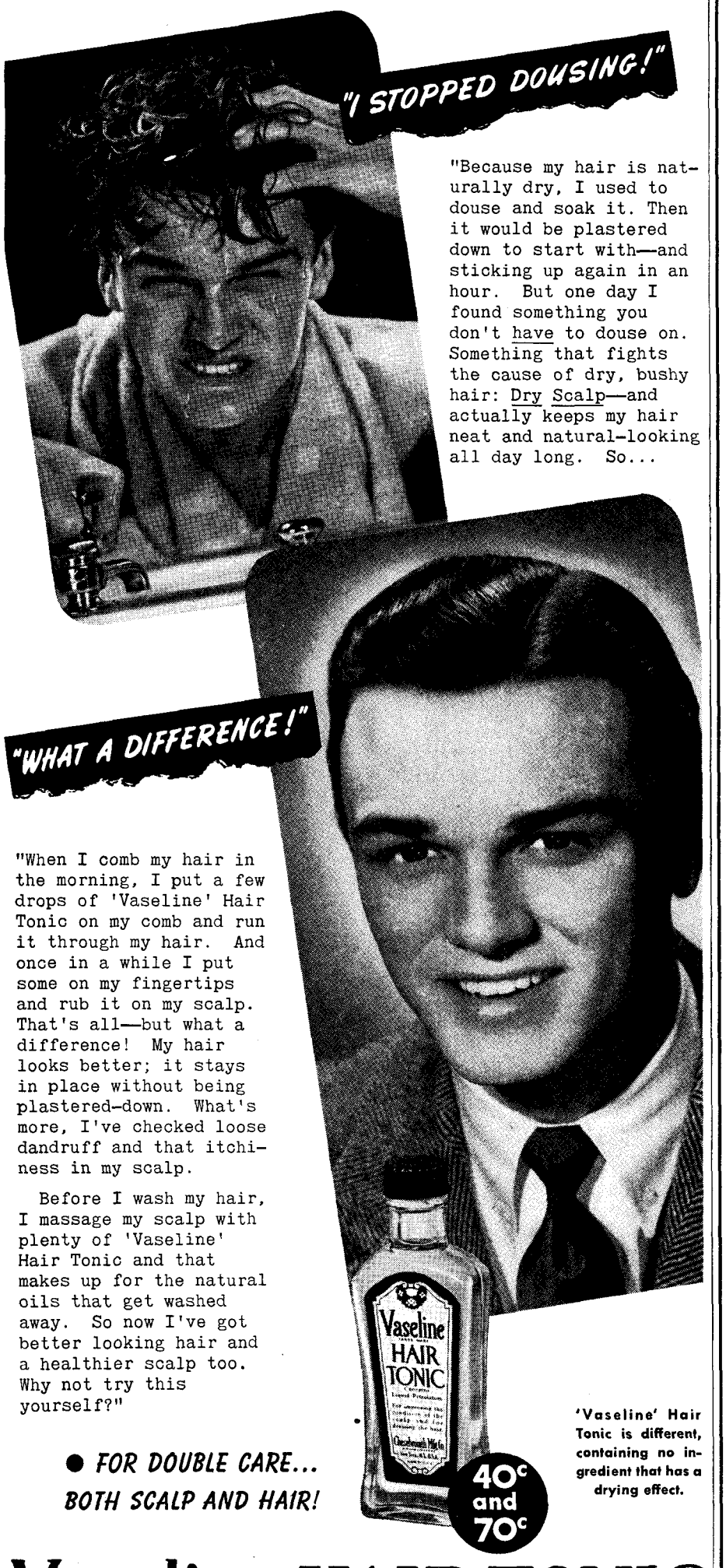
"I HELPED THE LOOKS OF MY HAIR WHEN I CHECKED DRY SCALP!"



"Because my hair is naturally dry, I used to douse and soak it. Then it would be plastered down to start with—and sticking up again in an hour. But one day I found something you don't have to douse on. Something that fights the cause of dry, bushy hair: Dry Scalp—and actually keeps my hair neat and natural-looking all day long. So...

"When I comb my hair in the morning, I put a few drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic on my comb and run it through my hair. And once in a while I put some on my fingertips and rub it on my scalp. That's all—but what a difference! My hair looks better; it stays in place without being plastered-down. What's more, I've checked loose dandruff and that itchiness in my scalp.

Before I wash my hair, I massage my scalp with plenty of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic and that makes up for the natural oils that get washed away. So now I've got better looking hair and a healthier scalp too. Why not try this yourself?"

● FOR DOUBLE CARE... BOTH SCALP AND HAIR!

'Vaseline' Hair Tonic is different, containing no ingredient that has a drying effect.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. COPR. 1942 CHESEBROUGH MFG. CO., CONS'D.

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Nearly all banks in India maintain a large room, with windows opening on the street, where passers-by, day and night, can see numerous metal boxes filled with rupees. This permanent display of real money is necessary to secure and hold depositors and to keep the confidence of the public, which has no faith in mere figures.—*By Mrs. J. R. Duke, Dallas, Texas.*

Among Americans, the three favorite food odors, in order of preference, are those of hot coffee, strawberries and apples; while the three most objectionable food odors are those of garlic, lard and olive oil.

For four years after the first transcontinental air mail service was inaugurated between New York City and San Francisco on September 8, 1920, the planes did not fly after dark because there were no airway lights. The mail went on through the night by train.

In virtually every defended divorce case in the United States today the woman asks for alimony. But in undefended suits, less than ten per cent of the women request such a settlement.—*By Ruth Smith, Madison, Wisconsin.*

A recent survey of the ages of Hollywood's motion picture players, excluding extras, revealed that one third are under thirty-five, one third are between thirty-five and fifty and one third are over fifty, the average age of the actresses being thirty-four and that of the actors forty-six.

Americans who are blind in one eye, from any cause, are four times as numerous as those who are completely blind. Persons who have been blinded in one eye, from an accident, are twelve times as numerous as those who have lost the function of both eyes.

A water flea, *Daphnia Pulex,* has only one black eye and its body is encased in a transparent shell. Thus a person using a low-power microscope can watch the pulsations of its heart and the movements of its other internal organs.

Fluorine is the most poisonous and active of all the chemical elements. In fact, this pale yellow gas is so active that it dissolves glass and most metals and sets fire to a variety of substances such as cork, alcohol, turpentine and ether.

Even when London was bombed heavily night after night, only 2,600,000 of its people slept in public and private shelters, while the other 6,500,000 continued to sleep in their own homes, most of them in their own beds—*By Barbara Watters, Chicago, Illinois.*

Of approximately 250 elephants in the United States today, about twenty are owned by dealers and wild-animal farms, fifty by carnival and vaudeville acts, eighty-five by zoos and ninety-five by circuses, Ringling Brothers owning more of these animals than the other twenty-odd circuses combined.—*By A. Morton Smith, Chicago, Illinois.*

Twenty years ago, about eighty per cent of all men's shirts had a neckband and required a separate collar. Today, at least ninety-nine per cent of all shirts are made with a collar attached.—*By Paul F. Foss, Fruitdale, South Dakota.*

As the result of chewing betel nuts, the famous narcotic and masticatory, more than 200,000,000 men, women and children throughout the world have black teeth.—*By Fred West, New York, N. Y.*

Nicolo Paganini (1782-1840), one of the world's greatest masters of the violin, could play a military sonata on a single string and render his *Moto Perpetuo* at the rate of sixteen notes a second, or twenty-five per cent faster than any other musician, even to this day. Some of his compositions were so difficult that he alone could play them.—*By Clifford A. Kroening, Cleveland, Ohio.*

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Packard Owners! Save with Packard's

Wartime Service Plan

YES, THE PACKARD Wartime Service Plan will actually save you money!

It is designed specially for these times, when everyone must conserve on tires, gas, oil and transportation.

Packard dealers tell us that many owners promptly adopted this thrifty program when it was first announced a short time ago. It was an immediate success, because it protects car owners against needless big repair bills and inconvenience.

Here's what the Wartime Service Plan provides to keep your car running longer and better:

1. A free inspection and "Car Health" analysis. Your Packard dealer gives you a report on your car's condition and requirements—tells you what, if any, work should be done to catch little troubles before they grow up. There is no charge, no obligation. You get a complete report based on an expert inspection. The rest is up to you.

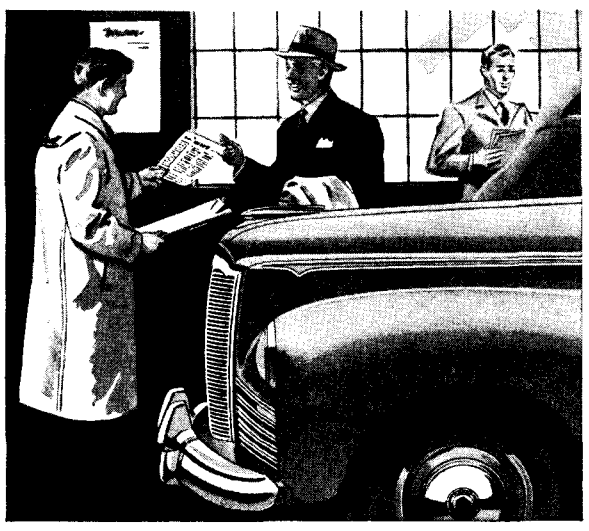
2. Monthly Protective Service Contract. This contract—a money-saving part of the Wartime Service Plan—entitles you to a substantial discount on certain essential services, such as chassis lubrication, oil change, wheel "toe-in," tire cross-switch, etc., for your next 10,000 miles of driving. Here is your chance to make real savings on service you *know* your car will need during the next 10,000 miles. Worth looking into, isn't it?

Your Packard car is a friend which will—and must—stand by you for the duration. Protect it—treat it well. Your Packard dealer is eager to do his part. See him today.

PACKARD IS WORKING TO WIN!

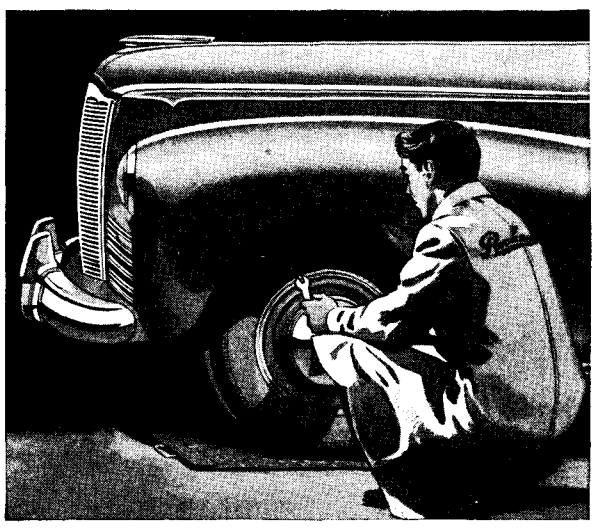
. . . by building Rolls-Royce aircraft engines for the Army, and Packard marine engines for the "PT" boats of the Navy!

BUY DEFENSE BONDS AND STAMPS



Free inspection and "Car Health" analysis—Expert Packard mechanics check your car carefully. If work is needed, they classify it as follows: (1) URGENT—do now; (2) IMPORTANT—do soon; (3) DESIRABLE—but can wait. No charge, no obligation, no work done without your authorization.

Save money on Service with a Monthly Protective Service Contract! Thanks to this important part of the Wartime Service Plan, you can save substantially on certain essential services on your car in the next 10,000 miles. See your Packard dealer for details of this thrifty maintenance program.



Packard men built your car—Packard men know how to keep it running at its best! Your Packard dealer has a staff that is Packard-trained. They use genuine Packard parts and methods developed by the factory. Their equipment is designed by Packard to do the work correctly and economically.

Packard

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

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DEFENSE BONDS
FOR VICTORY..
SAVE
Save gas! Save oil!
Save engine wear!
WITH
SEALED POWER PISTON RINGS
Here's a good way to save money and to make sure your car will perform efficiently for a long, long time to come: Have a competent mechanic inspect your engine and make all repairs needed. Install a set of Sealed Power Piston Rings! These remarkable piston rings end oil waste, gas waste and save engine wear. They're packaged in sets—and individually engineered for your particular make and model of car. Made by same engineers who create rings for leading airplane, car, truck and tractor manufacturers, they fit properly and protect your investment in your car. Keep your car rolling economically. Install these rings now. You can't buy better piston rings at any price! Ask for them by name. Sealed Power Corporation, Muskegon, Michigan, and Windsor, Ontario.
Piston Rings for all types of Automobile, Aviation, Diesel, Stationary, Marine Engines
© 1942 Sealed Power Corp.

WING TALK

WILLIAM T. HOFF

Standard equipment for P-40 fighters is the 1,325-horsepower Allison engine—"an OX with hair on its chest" in pilot lingo

THE Curtiss OX 90-horsepower V-type eight-cylinder water-cooled engine was the power plant of the hour for training planes in the last war. So many were made that after the war they were sold at delightfully low prices to people who wanted to make their own planes and for many years the letters "OX" meant airplane power in civil flying. All this is by way of clarifying for you a statement we overheard a pilot make the other day that "an Allison is an OX with hair on its chest." And for late arrivals, the Allison is a V-type 12-cylinder liquid-cooled engine of 1,325 horsepower now being produced by a division of General Motors, and is standard equipment in the Army's P-38, P-39, P-40 and P-51 fighters.

SO MANY accidents in civil flying in the past have been blamed on pilots for carelessness, inexperience and negligence, that whenever we can show there are others who have responsibility for safety in flight and who do not perform their duties as they should, we like to do it.

Since these instances occurred in civil flying and before Pearl Harbor, we will discount all possibility of sabotage. But had they occurred in military or naval flying before or after, it certainly would look like the work of enemy agents.

In the first case, a small, tandem-cockpit monoplane carrying pilot and passenger was making a shallow turn when the rear spar fitting bolt holding the wing to the fuselage fell out. The wing swung forward. The passenger, a fellow with supernatural calm, leaned out and held it in place while the pilot sideslipped to a landing. Bad enough to have an overhaul man forget to lock the bolt on the rear spar, but further investigation showed he also forgot to put a cotter pin on the front spar bolt too. This negligence, criminal in character, easily could have caused a fatal and devastating crash that would have resulted in but one conclusion—wing failure and a black eye for the manufacturer.

Then a very careful pilot decided to give his secondhand plane a major overhaul. His detailed examination revealed that at some previous time a steel tube in the fuselage had corroded through. The repair had been made by filling the corroded hole with *putty*, smoothing out the surface with sandpaper and spraying on a coat of paint!

And when a mechanic forgot to safety-lock the control stick in a dual-control ship used for acrobatic instruction, the stick came out of its socket during steep wingovers. The plane went into a dive, the fabric was torn from the ailerons and a fatal accident was well on its way had not the occupant of the front seat grabbed his controls and recovered.

THE government had announced that a huge bomber plant was going to be built on the edge of a civil airport, still under construction a few miles from the big city. This was a great event and people from all around flocked to the airport to see it. The men working on the airport had no connection with the projected bomber plant and got mighty fed up with questions, so they decided to erect a sign.

On a crude board and painted with an unsteady hand were these words:

"Bomber plant over the hill. We don't know nothing about it."

WHEN United Air Lines President W. A. Patterson stepped up to receive the certificate of the National Safety Council, awarded to his line for having flown more than 300,000,000 passenger miles last year without a fatal accident, he was not alone, as he had every right to be. Instead, he brought with him, as co-recipients of the honor, Capt. James Templeton, pilot; Orian Kline, mechanic, and Stewardess Roberta Schilbach. These three represented United's 3,500 employees and emphasized Mr. Patterson's acceptance-speech theme that "Air Safety is Teamwork."

TO MOST people it makes little difference whether the wheels of a landing airplane blend unnoticeably onto the airport or drop onto the surface with a wham! However, among pilots, the latter is a razzberry offense, and they hate to be reminded of it.

That's why an air-line captain we know of was humiliated and crushed by an apple-cheeked station agent at an airline stop who, in answer to a yell from the pilot compartment as to what all the delay was about, replied:

"We're searching the cabin for a passenger's tooth jarred loose by the landing."

F. R. N.

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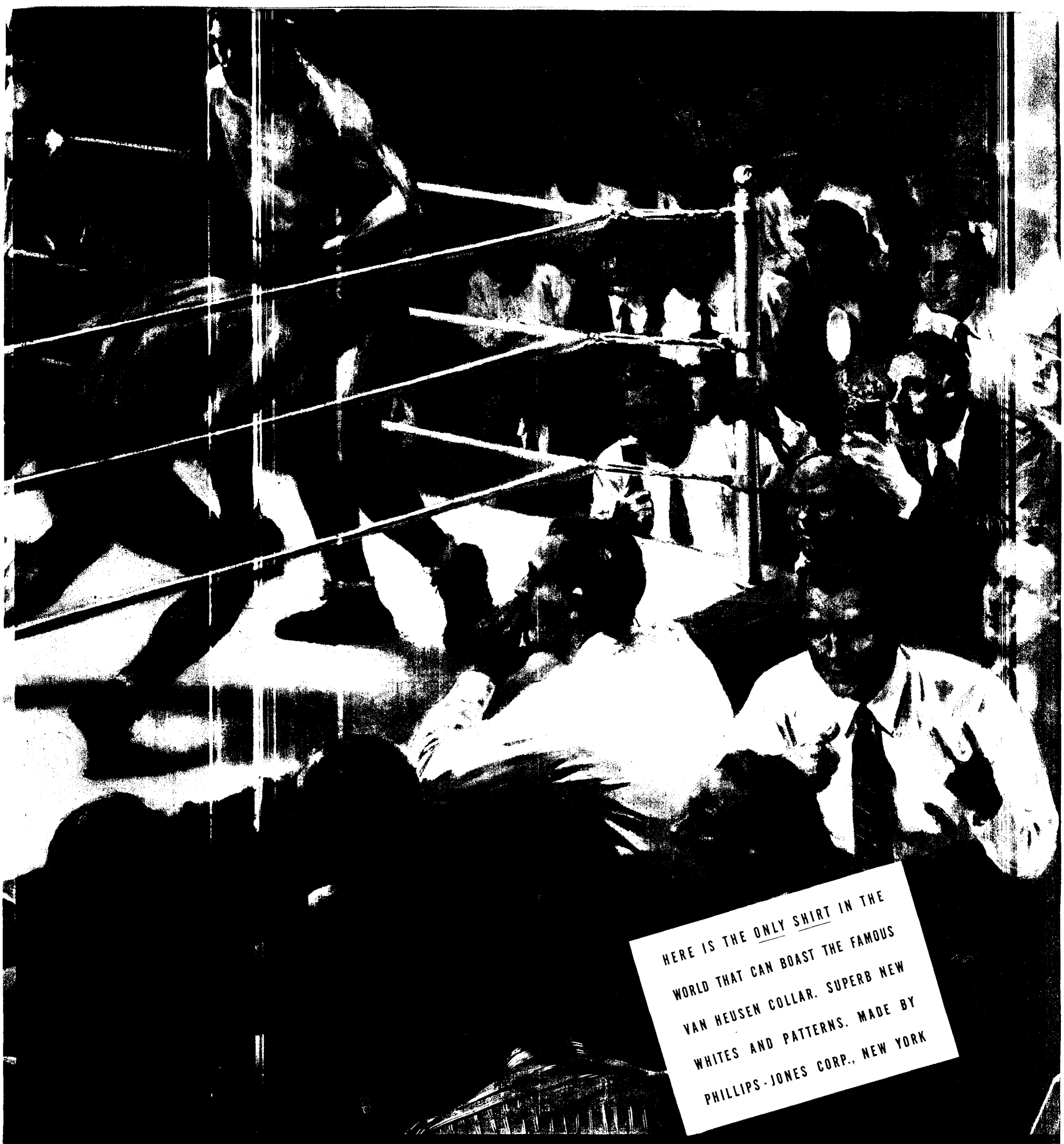
HERE IS THE ONLY SHIRT IN THE WORLD THAT CAN BOAST THE FAMOUS VAN HEUSEN COLLAR. SUPERB NEW WHITES AND PATTERNS. MADE BY PHILLIPS-JONES CORP., NEW YORK

A NEW CHAMPION... THE NEW

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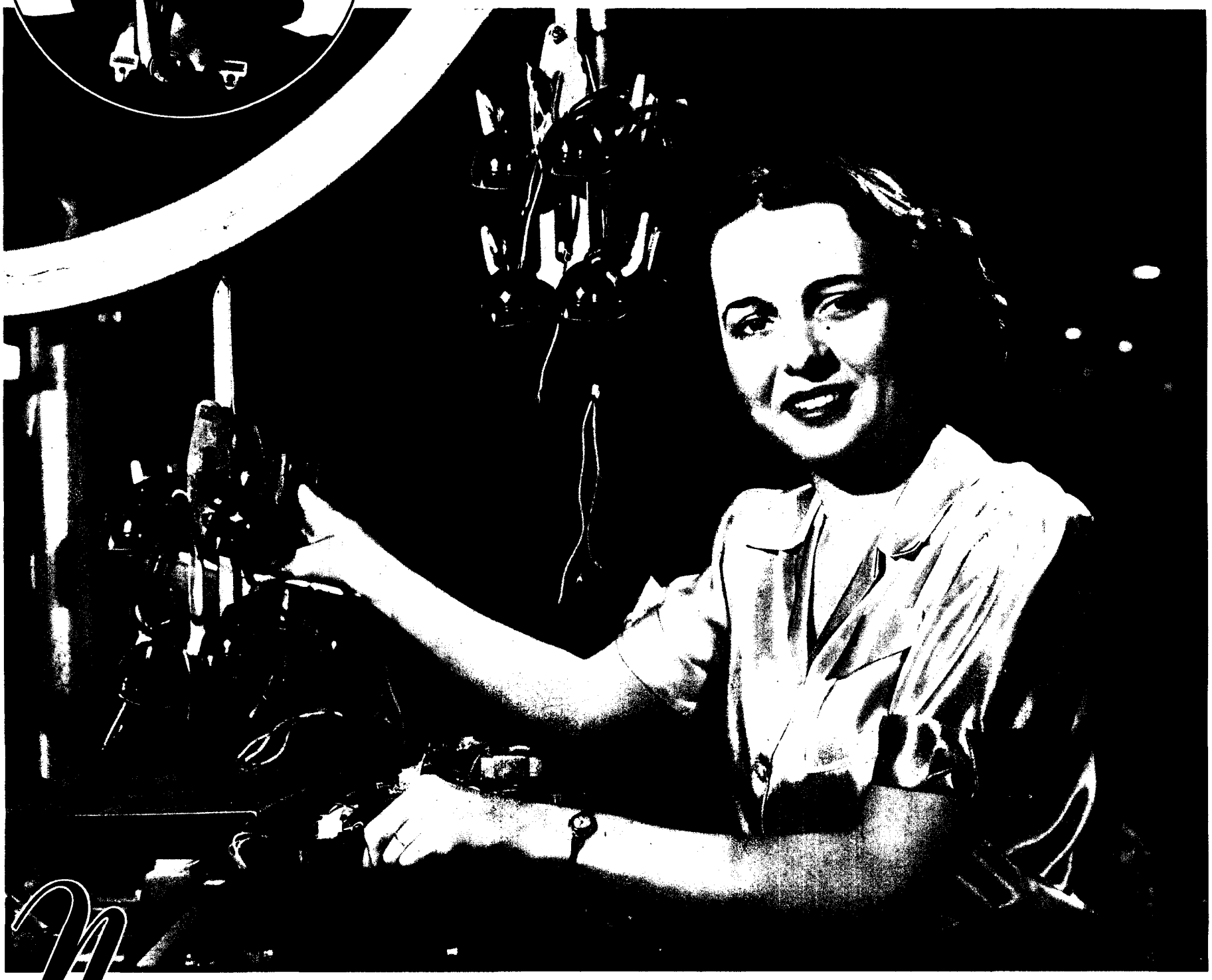
She's a good friend of yours—

The girl behind "the voice with a smile" is known to everyone. You have learned to count on her in daily telephone calls as well as when emergencies come.



Now meet her sister

—also a Bell System girl. She's your friend, too, although you've never heard her voice. Here she is on the final telephone assembly line at one of Western Electric's great plants. Like the 15,000 other women in the Company, she does her work well. She's proud of the part she plays in making telephone equipment for this Nation . . . and for the armed forces of the United Nations.

Western Electric

. . . is back of your Bell Telephone service

FOR VICTORY ...keep buying Defense Bonds

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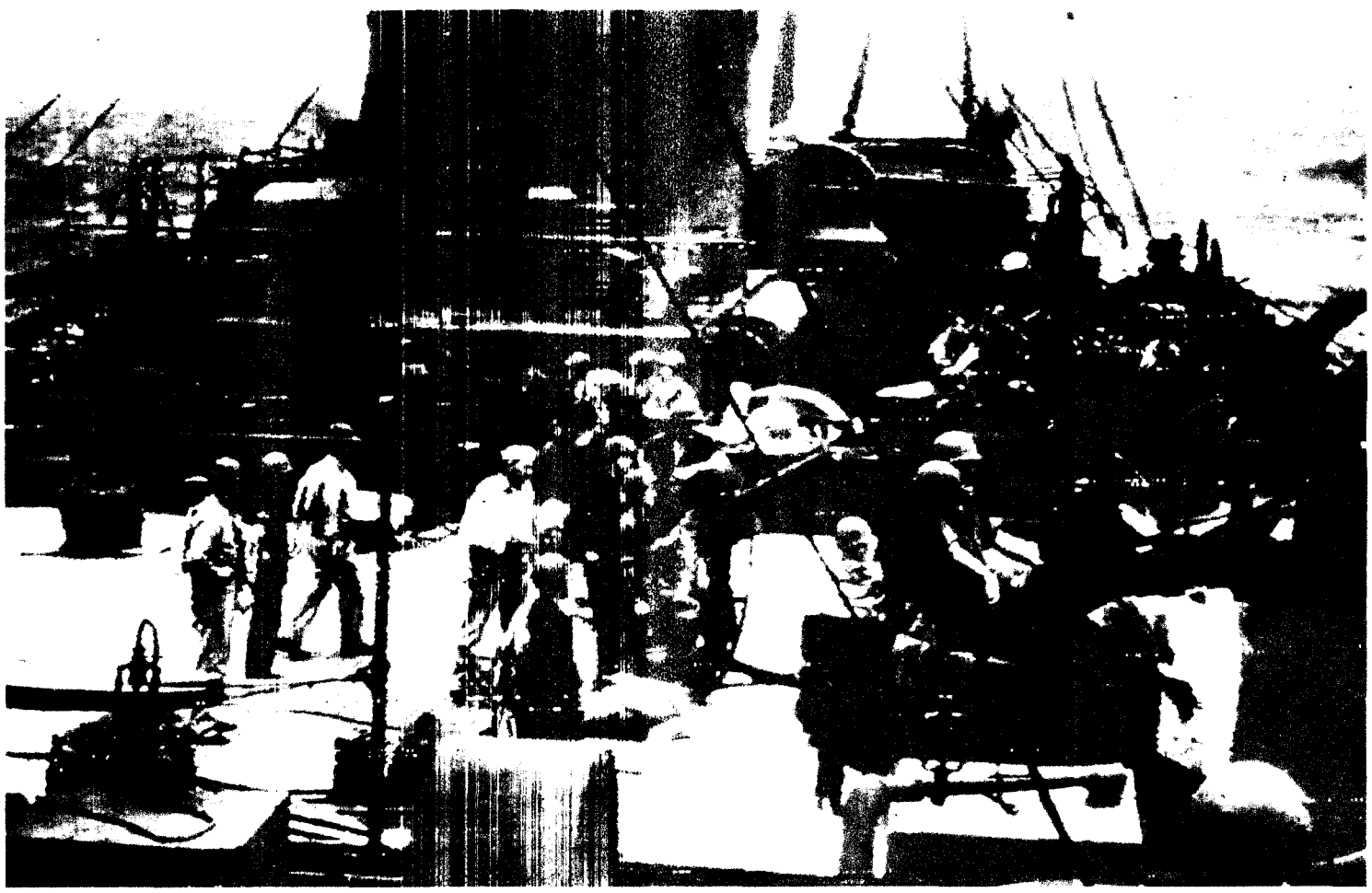
Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
FOR MAY 2, 1942

Life-belted officers chat on the deck of the big Australia-bound transport. Left to right are Major Charles S. O'Malley, Jr., Major H. Bennett Whipple, Brigadier General Frank S. Clark, Lieutenant Colonel J. T. Wrean

Australia, Here We Come!

By W. B. Courtney
RADIOED FROM MELBOURNE

America's soldiers sail away to war, and with them goes a famous Collier's reporter to record the big and little things that make a troopship crossing a memorable event in the life of any man



Gun crews drill on what was once the sports deck of a great luxury liner. Lifebelts have been discarded only where they might impede freedom of movement but are kept within immediate reach

PHOTOS RADIOED TO COLLIER'S

NO DEAR face watched your ship from the dock that night. For a goodby kiss, there was only a breath of earthy wind from the blacked-out water-front streets.

Beyond, the lights and the noise of the city arose unreal and remote—like the memory of a life which, in an hour, had slipped years away. At hand, you were intimately aware of the last sound made by each man on his homeland shore—the brisk, proud calling of his own name for the boarding rolls. There was a single floodlamp over the gangplank. In his brief passage across this pool of light, with shoulder pack and rifle and stuffed blue duffel bag, each soldier cast a weird shadow upon the alley of dirty water that fretted between hull and pier.

Through long hours, whenever you glanced down, one man was always there, busy on the dock. It was our general; sturdy, compact, middle-aged, with an air of competent alertness.

All day and night he kept vigil on that cold and drafty wharf, personally shepherding his men aboard. Now he stepped out, chuckling, to aid a boy who seemed to have more bags and bundles than hands to carry them; again to help one readjust his straps or to pick up a dropped helmet for another, even with a tough but fatherly word.

You figured, if the mothers of these American boys could have but witnessed this solicitude of their general for the least of his buck privates, they would sleep more comfortably this night. It had been your lot to travel and live with various armies these past few years—German, Italian, Japanese—and here was a refreshing change from the cold-eyed generals of totalitarianism. It gave you the warm feeling inside that if you had to go off to the wars again, how nice it was to be going for once with your own good people.

Still another factor provided an especially poignant contrast for you this time, because on this very ship at this very dock less than three years ago you had arrived home from a certain foreign war. Then it was a ship of peace—of bunting, confetti, gay sports clothes, merry welcomes and hullabaloo. Now, as it necessarily must be always when a troopship casts off, it was somber and furtive and sad.

Among you, pensive at the ship's rail, someone recalls the story of Rupert Brooke, England's great soldier poet who, as he sailed for the Middle East to find a lonely grave in "some corner of a foreign field that is forever England," paid a dockside urchin a shilling to stand and wave goodby to him. But there was no one here even to pay to watch and to cry for us.

There was, in fact, only Stinkey.

His small wail is the farewell that hundreds of men will remember longest about this sailing. They stood about desolately—cursing rabies quarantine laws that made it imperative to leave Stinkey behind, and listened to him and called to him until at length his land-bound benefactors took him off to a new assignment, and his barks trailed away and could be heard no more.

A tall young sergeant from Laconia, New Hampshire, explained to you about Stinkey who became, it seems, the official mascot of this outfit through biological chanciness. His itinerant mother in her hour of need had wandered into the hands of kindly but strictly amateur accoucheurs in a camp somewhere in Dixie. Spartan-minded regimental officers ruled there could be but one addition to the roster, despite

(Continued on page 52)

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A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

"I never heard of the man in my life," Gloria said. She started to tear up the letter. Milly stopped her. "I want it," she said. Gloria looked at her in surprise

Untangled Web

By Lucian Cary

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HOLMGREN

MILLY had known that some day Gloria would get home before she did and find one of those letters from Jeff. She could explain it. Gloria wouldn't care.

But when it happened Milly was scared. She came in and saw Gloria reading the letter. The envelope was lying on the floor where she had tossed it. Gloria was sitting with her legs flung over the arm of the big chair. She looked as if she had just had her bath and got half dressed before she stopped to read her mail.

"Of all the cock-eyed guys!" Gloria said. "Listen to this—"

The telephone rang before she could go on. The telephone's ring was always for Gloria.

Milly sat down. She had a minute to think while Gloria smoothly kidded the man who had telephoned. He wanted a date and he wasn't going to get it and Gloria was going to keep him hopeful. Milly almost hated her. She was so darned pretty and so darned clever with men. The most anybody would say of Milly was that she was nice-looking. That wasn't Gloria's fault, of course. But it made everything harder.

Gloria put the telephone down and went on to read the letter aloud:

"Dearest Gloria:

"Your letter made me happy. I've read it over and over again. I've got big news. They've given me two days' leave. Two days with Gloria. Two days of heaven. Train due in Chicago tomorrow evening. I'll be at your house by 6:30. Till then, goodby.

"Yours, JEFF"

"And," Gloria finished, "I never heard of the man in my life."

She started to tear up the letter. Milly stopped her. "I want it," she said.

Gloria looked at her in surprise. "You do?" But she handed over the letter. It meant nothing to her.

Milly was afraid her face was red and she knew her voice was hard and tight as she spoke. "It's an answer to a letter I wrote him," she said. "We—we correspond with each other—just a little."

"What!"

"Don't you remember that nice boy we met at the Hamiltons' two months ago? It was a dinner party and afterward we went dancing."

Gloria frowned with the effort to remember.

"His name was Jeff Hewitt," Milly said.

"I don't remember him."

"You ought to," Milly said. "You got a letter from him a few days later and you wouldn't answer it. I told you I thought you ought to be nice to him. I said I thought the least you could do was to write him a friendly note. He knew he'd get leave again and he wanted some place to go—somebody to take out."

Gloria nodded. "I remember now," she said. "A big blond farmer in a private's uniform who stepped all over your feet when you danced with him?"

"He didn't step on my feet," Milly said.

Gloria had danced with him just once that evening. Milly had danced several dances with him. That was why it was so bitter that he had written to Gloria instead of to her. He'd danced with her and fallen for Gloria.

"And when I wouldn't write to him you did."

"Yes," Milly said. "He's in the Army. Somebody had to write to him. I signed your name to my letter because it was you he had written to and wanted to hear from."

Gloria laughed. "Now you are in a jam!"

"Not if you'll help me out."

"What can I do about it?"

"If you'd stay here and meet him and let him take you to dinner and go dancing afterward it would be wonderful for him," Milly said.

"I've got a date with Bill."

"But you can have a date with Bill any time. Couldn't you give up one evening to a private who's got leave?"

Gloria went to the closet to find the dress she was going to wear. Milly knew she was getting angry. She pulled a dinner dress over her head.

"You know what you're asking," she said. "And you know I won't do it. What do you think Bill would say if I stood him up?"

"You could explain it to Bill." Milly hesitated and made the supreme offer. "You could even tell him how it happened—about my writing Jeff letters and signing your name."

"I'm not going to pass up a date with Bill for anybody," Gloria said.

"You have dates with other men."

"Not many—any more. Just enough so Bill won't be too sure."

MILLY shut her teeth so she wouldn't cry. She had so clear a picture of what she'd done to Jeff.

"Don't you see how simple it is?" Gloria asked. "You meet Jeff when he gets here and let him take you out. Isn't that what you really want?"

Milly shook her head. "He doesn't want me. I'm no knockout—like you. That's what he thinks he's coming to Chicago for—two days with you. When he finds he's stuck with me—he'll be nice about it, of course—he's that kind of man. But he'll be disappointed. And I—I'll just sink through the floor. I can't do that to him."

"You're a little fool. Lots of men like a girl who's quiet and serious."

Milly just sat there rigid while Gloria got ready to go out. Then she saw that it was after six. She had only a few minutes in which to dress. She put on her tailored suit because she thought it was the most becoming thing she had and she liked the hat that went with it. Besides, Jeff didn't have much money, being in the Army. If she wore an evening dress he might feel he had to take her to some swank place.

She waited in the lobby downstairs for Jeff, trying to think what she'd tell him, how she could make it easy for him. She could say that Gloria had a previous engagement, not knowing in time that he was coming. But what about tomorrow and the next day? How could she keep him from finding out then?

She saw him coming toward her, smiling. Her knees were so weak she could hardly stand up. But she managed to smile at him.

"I don't suppose you were expecting to see me," she began.

"Who do you think I was expecting to see?" He put his hands on her arms and held her so she had to look into his eyes. "Gee," he said, "gee, Gloria."

Gloria!

Milly started to tell him. But there wasn't time. And, anyway, since he knew which girl he wanted, it didn't seem to matter that he'd got the names mixed up.

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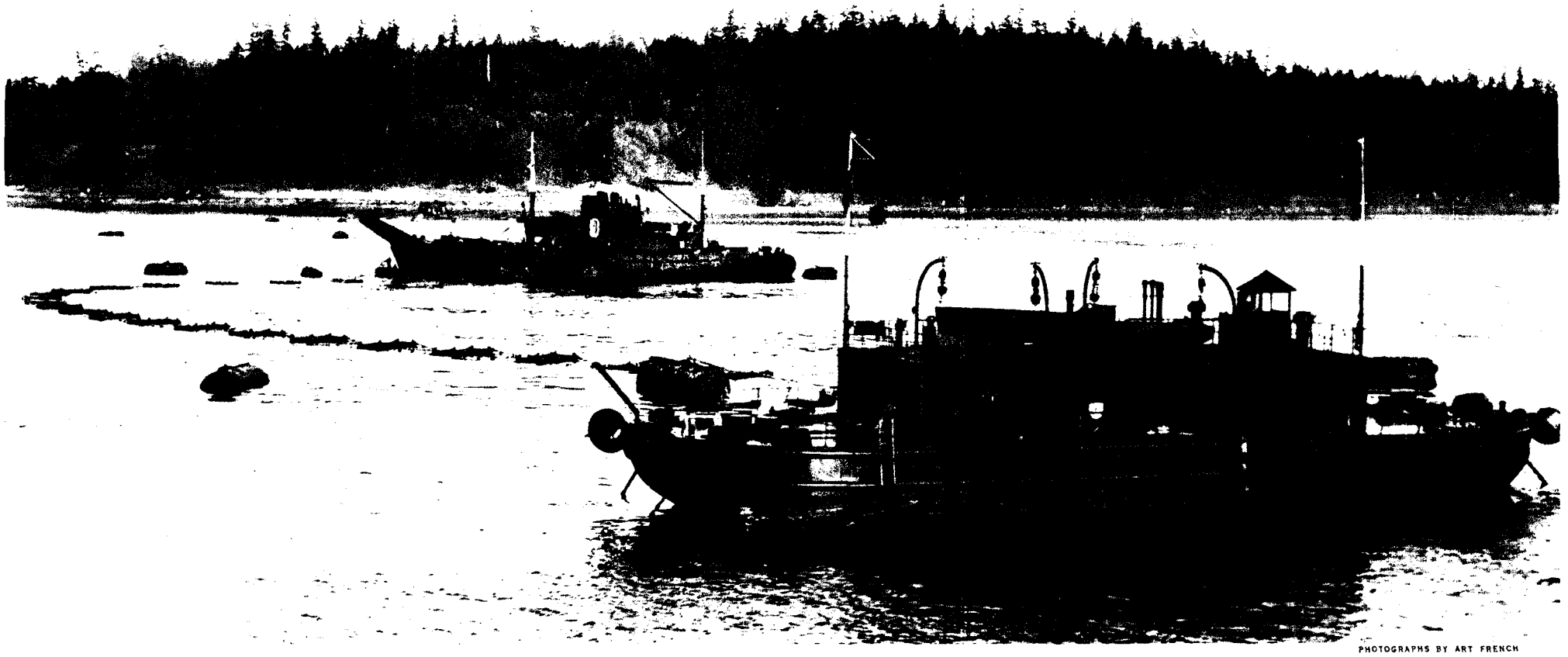


PHOTOGRAPHS BY ART FRENCH

Above: This curving line of floats supports an antisubmarine net. The vessel in the foreground opens the net gate for Puget Sound traffic

Below: This auxiliary mine sweeper, in the coastal service, is towing an electric mine-exploding cable—insurance against sneak mine-laying by the Japs

Inshore Patrol

By Jim Marshall

We have 28,000 miles of coast to protect from enemy subs, ships and planes. A good part of that protecting job is in the capable hands of yachtsmen, fishermen and other volunteers who have signed up for the duration. This is how they operate

ON NAVY lists she is PE 57, but because of her number she has been known around Puget Sound for twenty years or more as the pickle boat. Not that she isn't a good ship—she *is*. A couple of fair mechanics named Henry Ford and Bill Knudsen designed and built her in Detroit in 1918—built her out of flat steel plates, two hundred feet and five hundred tons of her, because that was quick and efficient. Ford and Knudsen had sixty of these Eagle boats off the production line when the war ended and so most of them never got around to their mission, which was to hunt and sink submarines. . . . The old 57, however, finally got around to it this spring, which shows you that patience still is a virtue and that things you stow in the attic sometimes come in handy.

After the other war folded up, the 57 was assigned to Seattle and became a sort of training ship for naval reservists. No one took her very seriously. Doctors, butchers, brokers, clerks, lawyers and other civilians in the reserve manned her week ends and cruised around at low speed, the government being extra economical about fuel oil. There was hardly enough money to keep her shipshape. Yachtsmen, cruising Puget Sound, used to point her out to their guests as she steamed along at seven knots with the big black-and-white 57 on her flat bow plates. She was always good for that one about "the old pickle boat."

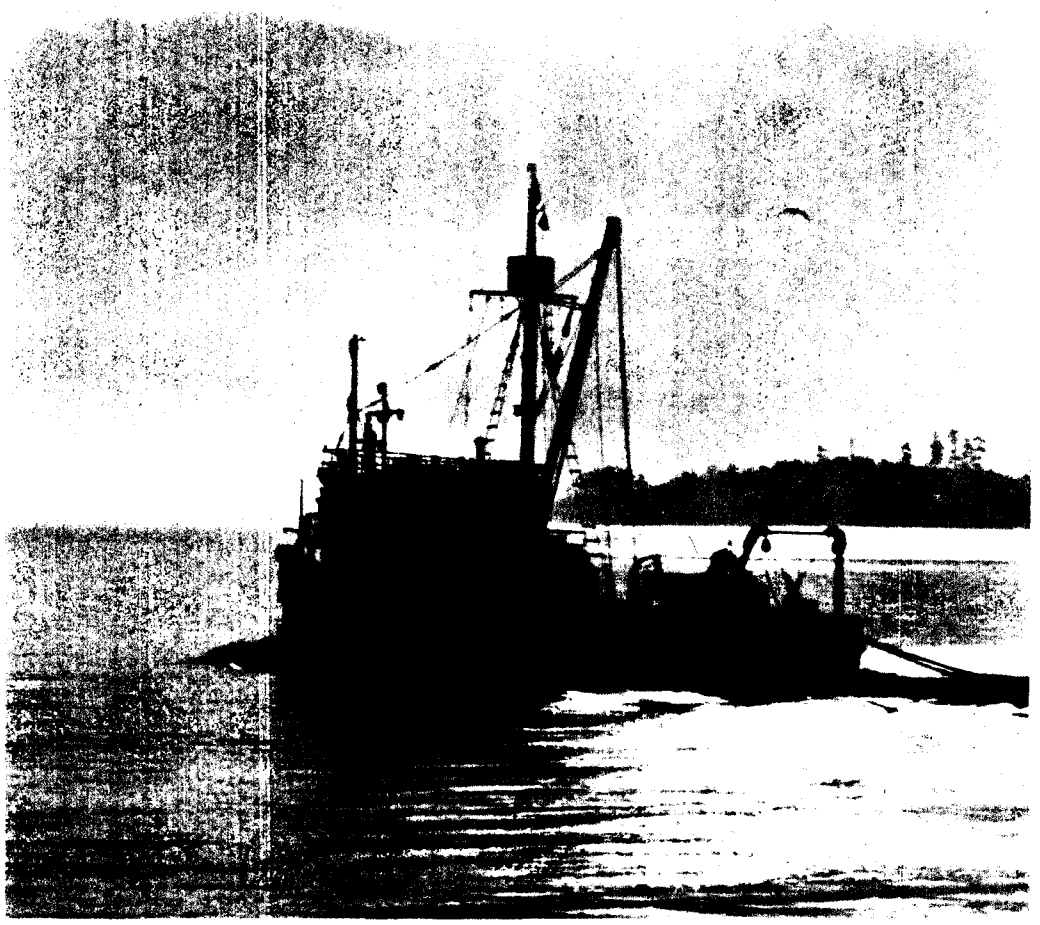
But now, on this misty, nippy spring day in 1942, the old 57 has become a lady again—a flagship, no less. She's mistress of the Inshore Patrol of the Thirteenth Naval District, which takes in Oregon, Washington and Alaska. This is probably the most important district we have, because it runs out to the far western end of the Aleutians and because, for league upon league, its fog-shrouded coasts are practically uninhabited and, in a thousand spots, offer ideal hideaways for lurking U-boats.

The United States and Alaska have more than twenty-eight thousand miles of mainland and island coast line—and of this, Alaska has more than fifteen thousand. The thirteenth district alone has more than sixteen thousand miles—four sevenths of the total we have to guard. Our first line, far out to sea, is the Offshore Patrol—destroyers, submarines, planes—cruising endlessly, *watching eagerly and listening.*

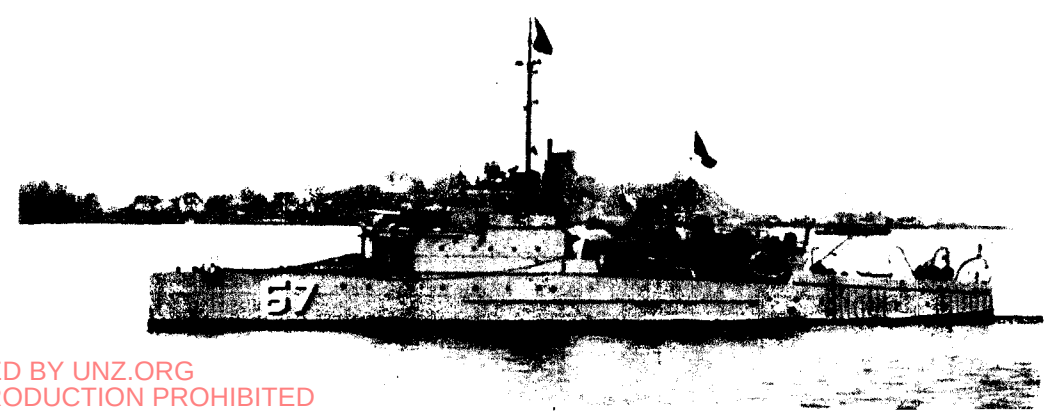
Then, ringing the coasts, comes the Inshore Patrol—a motley mixture of hardbitten Scandinavian and Yugoslav fishermen, wind-reddened naval officers, smooth Annapolis graduates and men who, a few weeks ago, were arguing cases in court, selling shoes, working at lathes, worrying about the stock market—making a humdrum living in cities and on farms. The array of ships in the patrol fleet runs from trim twenty-foot speedboats up through forty-foot cruisers to seventy- and ninety-foot ex-purse seiners and halibut boats. And this fleet grows day by day.

A white-hulled seiner, with gay red-and-green trim, chugs into a Navy base and in a few hours chugs out again in command of an ensign or junior lieutenant, manned by a tough, experienced crew. Every inch of her is a grimy gray; fearsome gadgets are scattered about; guns poke their noses aloft and maybe

(Continued on page 56)



Below: The PE 57—familiar on Puget Sound for over twenty years and known as "the pickle boat"—is now proud flagship of the Inshore Patrol, Northern Sector



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Minute Man

By J. Bryan III

Harry Doll, whose 42-inch height is his fortune, has spent 27 of his 40 years in show business

Harry Doll, Ringling Brothers midget, likes circus life except at odd moments when the cat animals try to grab him or when fat women want to pet him. But he thinks he'd like to retire if he ever falls in love again

THE dear old lady carried the baby into Metro-Goldwyn's wardrobe department and asked timidly, "Do you think I could borrow a clean dress for him? I'll promise to return it tomorrow. . . ."

"Certainly," said the wardrobe mistress. "I'll change him for you myself."

Whereupon the baby shouted, "You will like hell, madam! Not *this* baby!" He squirmed out of the old lady's arms and growled at her, "You double-crossing bum! That's the last time I ever fall for one of your gags!"

Remember when people were saying, "Don't step on that spider—it might be Lon Chaney?" The dear old lady *was* Lon Chaney, and the baby was Harry Doll, a midget. They were made up for their roles in The Unholy Three, a thriller in which the third crook was a giant, played by Victor McLaglen.

That was back in 1925. Harry Doll was twenty-one then, and he had exactly twice as many inches and pounds as he had years. Today he weighs fifty pounds, but he hasn't added even a fraction of a cubit to his stature. His measurements are those of a chubby seven-year-old boy.

Harry prefers more virile comparisons. A sportsman himself, he likes to point out that he is the same height as a driving-iron and that he can stand flat-footed in the cup on a putting green. Or that he weighs the same as a good bird dog.

Busy Little Man

Harry's forty-two inches are his fortune, and his intelligence is a bonus. Work has been steady, pleasant and profitable. From April through November, he is with the Ringling Brothers' side show. Winters he returns to Hollywood for another hitch with the movies—they have paid him as high as $750 a week—or he rests and hunts and fishes in Sarasota, Florida, where he lives with three of his sisters. Their house is called "The Doll House," and their motorboat is "The Little Skipper."

The sisters are midgets, too. Gracie is the eldest. Daisy, "the Midget Mae West," is the tallest and prettiest. And Tiny, two inches shorter than Harry, is the smallest. All are veterans of the movies. Separately or together, they have appeared in That's My Baby, Baby Mine, Good News, Three Ring Marriage, Freaks, The Wizard of Oz (they were the Munchkins) and in both the silent and the talkie versions of The Unholy Three.

"Lon Chaney was one of the best friends I ever had," Harry says. "He taught me everything I know about acting. The gags he and that McLaglen pulled! Crossing me up with the wardrobe mistress was nothing. Once McLaglen spiked my nursing bottle with Scotch. That was okay by me until he decided he and Lon ought to cut in on it. I had to threaten to choke the bum before he'd give it back. You should have seen Lon in a wig and a false front and big false keister sucking on that nipple! You'd have died laughing!"

Harry is a Beau Brummel from his ten-dollar hats to his twenty-dollar shoes. He likes fine clothes and rich food

(Continued on page 50)

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The Tycoon of Battles

By Alec Rackowe

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL OLIVER HURST

Meet Ennery Corkle, the war's foremost opportunist. He fooled everyone except Cousin Bert

No, I won't have another gasper, mate. I'm feeling too low. If you'll just give me a hand to get on my feet. You do understand how I feel? That Ennery! Victorier Cross! Ph-l-l-u-u-r-r-t!

PH-L-L-U-U-R-R-T! Ph-l-l-u-u-r-r-t! Ph-l-l-u . . . !

All right. All right, Orficer. You let me finish this here raspberry in peace. Ph-l-l-u-u-r-r . . . !

What's that? Who's being disrespeckful of 'Is Majesty?

No, nor I ain't hissing them sentries nor Buckingham Palace neither. I'm hissing Ennery Corkle, that's who.

Where is he? You don't see him? How could you? He ain't here. He's somewhere out in Libyer, swanking around, pushing out his chest and showing off his Victorier Cross. That's where he is.

Oh, you remember, you do? Six months ago it was he come out them gates? Don't you think I ruddy well know it was? A little late to do me hissing? Well, why do yer think I'm late? When Ennery come swanking out of the palace, the bit of bronze on the red ribbon bouncing on his chest and hops into a cab and says, "Lyons, Corner House, me man," where do yer think I was? Lying in the orspital I was, and in no condition to hiss even if I could have been here to do it.

Gallant? Yus, yus. I know what the London Gazette said about Ennery. I know it by heart: "During the retreat to Dunkirk Sergeant-Major Corkle succeeded in delaying the enemy advance for valuable minutes. When joined by a party of the Royal Marine Brigade, Sergeant-Major Corkle withdrew the combined forces in good order, fighting a stubborn action all the while. Not only did he withdraw his men successfully but he himself carried a badly wounded sergeant of marines to safety. For this 'Is Majesty has graciously . . ."

Oh, you see, you do? I'm a sergeant of marines and I've been badly wounded. All right. Of course, it was me. Who else do yer think he carried? Me. Bert Corkle.

No, he ain't me brother. Ennery's me cousin; and I ain't balmy, hissing him like that. You heard what the London Gazette said but you ain't heard the whole story.

Just wait until I get this leg out proper. That's better. And I *will* have a gasper, thank you. That's very nice, mate.

About Ennery? Yus.

Well, we is cousins. His father and mine is brothers. Ennery is a year older than me and he's me personal plague. We live up Islington way—near the Angel. Lived there since I can remember. Born there. Ennery's house on one side and mine on the other. Hollering distance.

I was always big and Ennery's on the small side but he started getting the best of me when I was old enough to toddle and he ain't never stopped since.

CUTE he is. If there's a tanner around—a ruddy sixpence—he won't rest until he's pouched it. It don't matter if he's flush like a ruddy partridge. If he's got a quid—a pound, mind you—and all you've got is a blinking bob, he'll be miserable until he figures out a way to get your shilling. That's Ennery.

He started on me very young. I was five. Someone had given me a bob. A whole shilling. It was just a bright bit of metal to me but Ennery, at the tender age of six, knew all about money. So he got my bob.

He come around to the garden where I was playing with me little horse that had lost his tail. He had something in his arms. Something in a bowl all covered with paper on top.

He sat down and took off the paper. There was cloth underneath. He didn't look at me. He took off the cloth, untying the string and there was a whole plum pudding in a yeller bowl.

Now I was five and I was always hungry. Pudding was my favorite. Yus. With hardly a word Ennery had my shilling. He helped me eat the pudding, too.

My mother found me with the empty bowl, and pudding all over me face. It was her pudding that she'd made the last Christmas and was keeping in the cupboard for the next. I got a hiding. Ennery got my shilling and more than his share of the pudding. But *he* got no hiding.

It went on that way all the time we was growing up. Only he'd begun to branch out. He'd discovered there were others besides me. He was always jingling coins in his pockets but his ear

(Continued on page 40)

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PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY ARTHUR GRIFFIN

VEHICLE VOCABULARY. Names of Army vehicles have been interchangeable and confusing (see text below). Study the pictures on the other page, then see if you can identify the trucks shown above

Our Fighting Men

ABOUT this business of Army truck names: if our fighting men all want to speak the same language they might take a gander at the opposite page and see what gives. It's the pay-off on a project started last November when we suggested maybe somebody ought to standardize the nomenclature of military vehicles. People were calling peeps jeeps, and vice versa. Even the guys who were driving pickups were calling them weapons carriers or carryalls—three altogether different conveyances, it turns out.

Time went on and peeps were still jeeps, etc., depending on where you were. So in February we mentioned the subject again, this time with a little more steam; and this time it brought in some definite opinions. "A peep," wrote more than one soldier, "can't be a jeep. The latter is a half-ton recon car, so named because it resembles—especially when its nose is on a downgrade—the fantastic jeep of the Popeye comic strip." And from the Quartermaster Replacement Training Center at Fort Warren, Wyoming, came an elaborate study of the whole question. Final result is, we this week present in pictures the first all-out effort to settle the regional differences in the use of names for our motorized heaps. There it is, gentlemen—and if you don't like it, don't blame us. All we've done is given the winners the most votes. Amen.

CAMP ELLIOTT, Calif. Veterans of the old 40th Division will remember Camp Kearny, sprawled over the rolling mesa north of San Diego. After the last war it was dismantled and turned over to quail and jack rabbits; but last year, new-style two-story barracks began popping up on the old site and now it's Camp Elliott, Marine Corps Training Area. It's hot and dusty, or cloudy and clammy most of the year and the atmosphere helps give brand new leathernecks their rough and tough fighting angles. At the big Marine Corps Base on San Diego Bay, a dozen miles away, they get their parade ground, dressy training. This place is so lush with flowers the hard-boiled Marines feel at first like yoo-hooing one another, but in spite of its tropical, movie-set appearance the base has turned out thousands of Grade-A scrappers.

THE Camp Elliott officer of the day and his victim (or maybe it should be the other way around) have been transferred, so we're not doing anybody dirt by revealing this one. A detachment of Marines went to a seaside camp to practice the-Marines-have-landed, and it was no picnic. Training began at 6 A. M. and went on for 16 hours, with night guard duty tossed in for bad measure. One 2:43 A. M., after a typically tough day, a Marine sentry in front of the clink felt he had to have a nap or cave in. By the time the officer of the day came along the guard was lying on his side, having knocked off about 35 of his 40 winks. The O.D. cleared his throat, tapped the sentry on the shoulder and asked what was going on. The sentry opened one eye, shivered and thought fast, then scrunched an ear even closer to the ground and whispered: "Sir, I think I hear some of the prisoners trying to dig their way out." The O.D. only grunted. But, as we heard it, when he got a safe distance away from the sleepy guard he leaned against a mess hall and laughed until he was fit to be tied.

4TH ARMY CAMP ROBERTS, Calif. Japanese toothbrushes are helping to put teeth in the training program here. A while back, Pvt. James McNair, 56th F. A. Training Bn., broadcast an appeal for old molar massagers with which the boys could clean their rifles. From a San Francisco dentist came several hundred made-in-Japan toothbrushes, which, he wrote, he bought ten years ago for his patients to help build up Japanese-American trade relations. When the Japs attacked China the doc got mad and locked up all the brushes he had left, hoping some day, some way, he could toss them directly or indirectly into the Japs' yaps. Seems he's done it.

FORT ORD, Calif. Lining up with the Zip Your Lip campaign, Pvt. Harlow Gretz has been precensoring his letters to the girl friend until there isn't much

(Continued on page 48)

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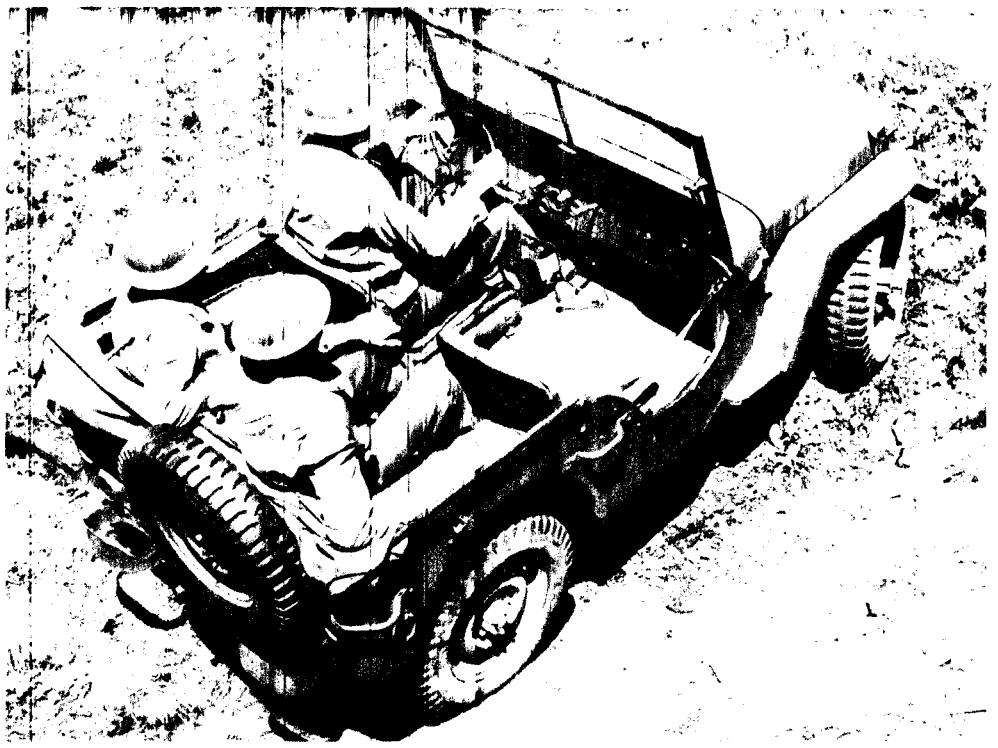

PEEP. Collier's suggests universal adoption of the name Peep for the bantam, the quarter-ton truck with optional four-wheel drive, used mostly as a light-class reconnaissance command car

JEEP. The half-ton reconnaissance command car can be identified easily by the half-oval doorways. Used chiefly for reconnaissance by staff officers. Not to be confused with the midget car

WEAPONS CARRIER. This is an open job, having no enclosed cab. Like the Jeep it's a half-ton, with four-wheel drive. Usually carries weapons. Cross seats can carry gun crews of eight men

PICKUP. On the same chassis but not to be confused with the Weapons Carrier is the Pickup, which has enclosed cab. Used for carrying light equipment. Has drop seats in rear for eight men

CARRYALL. Resembles the ambulance shown above but has glass side windows and holds eight persons. Distinguished from other

CARGO TRUCK. This two-and-a-half-ton, six- or ten-wheel vehicle is for general cargo hauling and transportation of troops. Drop

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Worth More than a Cow

By Robert Thompson

That's what they think of human beings in Meeker County, Minnesota. Since Meeker led the nation in saving cows from t.b. it is now doing as much for man

MEEKER COUNTY, Minnesota, looks like hundreds of other rural counties, but its 19,000 people form the first community in the nation to do for human beings what all communities do for cattle: Battle tuberculosis through a county-wide plan of testing and treatment.

In May, 1923, Meeker County farmers were first in America to ask complete testing of their dairy herds to end tuberculosis. The movement spread to other places, stirring up court fights, riots, objections. But in 1940 the last holdout county came in out in California, had its herds tested, watched its diseased cattle destroyed. As a result, today, the whole United States is completely free from bovine tuberculosis.

What it accomplished with cattle, Meeker County believes it may accomplish with men and women and children. So let's have a look at Meeker, and then at the plan:

Meeker County's folk raise corn and small grains, dairy cattle, hogs and sheep and poultry. Homes and barns are well kept, as a rule. The place was settled in pre-Civil War days with immigrant families and Down-East Yankees. When the Sioux attacked, Swedes, Germans, Irish, Yankees, English, Bohemians and French sought common refuge in the log stockade at Forest City. Today the mail boxes along the roads are lettered for Broadbents, Murphys, Olsons, Schoelkopfs, Ruotsinojas, Johnsons and Novaks.

Let's visit the Novaks—they're typical. Last spring, Winczel Novak, riding his gang plow, was tired. And puzzled and worried.

Not before in forty years had his strength and spirits failed to respond to the springtime. Always before, the heavy work of plowing and planting went easily.

This year shoveling snow and breaking his truck through the drifts to the highway had given him a cold. Stubbornly, the hacking in his chest held on. Day by day, a load of weariness became a leaden cloak that couldn't be dropped.

ERMISCH

At fifty-three, a man with a half-dozen children yet to raise shouldn't be that way. Save for seven of his first married years, when he worked in a boiler factory, Winczel had kept close to the soil. Until now, it had done well by him.

With the coming of May, Winczel noticed blood when he coughed. He said little of his trouble to Rosie, his wife. On his first trip down to Dassel with chickens and eggs, he stopped in to see Doc Sellers.

Suspecting what was the matter, Doc took Winczel over to the hospital at Litchfield, the Meeker County seat. The X-ray said his guess was right. Shadows on the film between the dark ladder of Winczel's ribs showed that the once sturdy man had bilateral t.b.

Action was swift. Two days later, Winczel left for the Minnesota State Tuberculosis Sanitarium, up north at Walker. The name of the place is Ah-Gwah-Ching, the Chippewa Indian word for "out of doors."

He arranged for his boys to take care of things on the farm. He was more worried now than before but not about himself, because he knew the truth. Rosie and the eight kids at home without him were on his mind, and so was the farm. There would be no going on relief. The soil that had sustained them all this time should not now put them on other people's bounty.

After Winczel left, Mrs. Novak and the eight youngsters were on Doc Sellers' mind. Seldom does the tuberculosis germ stop with a single attack in a family.

Doc Sellers drove up through Kingston in the northeast corner of the county, out to the Novak farm. He took along his syringe, with cotton and alcohol, and plenty of tuberculin serum. He explained the Mantoux test.

Danger Signal for Tuberculosis

By this test, dead germs are forced to tell tales on their surviving fellows. The dead germs are not in the tuberculin serum, but the fluid they secrete is. Injected between layers of skin, the serum tells if live tuberculosis germs are present, or if they ever were active there. Many times, there will be a reaction but no tuberculosis. Doctors say that there never is tuberculosis and no reaction.

"The test is harmless," Doc Sellers explained to Rosie and the kids. "It's like a burglar alarm, only better. It shows if there are any of those germs inside, ready to steal your health. It even shows if they are prowling around and haven't begun their real work yet."

Forty-eight hours later, the physician saw the nine Novaks again. Nine sleeves were rolled up on nine strong arms. Nine angry red blotches showed the merit of Dr. Sellers' concern. Exposure to Winczel had done as he expected. Nine positives.

There was another trip to Litchfield, the hospital, and the X-ray.

Fortunately, the films showed only one more active case. Florence, the eighteen-year-old daughter, who hadn't been helping her mother the way a grown girl should, was sent to Ah-Gwah-Ching.

Thus, the Novaks were the first active cases, and a sort of symbol, in a campaign that is unique in medical history.

When that campaign is finished, the entire 19,000 residents in Meeker County will have had the Mantoux test. Everyone showing a positive reaction will have been X-rayed. All this, the Minnesota State Medical Society and the resident physicians are doing at no cost to the people.

If the campaign works out as the medical men expect, it will be a triumph in the fight against tuberculosis. True, t.b. will always be a menace to watch and circumvent. No longer, *(Continued on page 46)*

Dr. W. E. Macklin (at the left), one of Minnesota's thirteen crusading medical men, gives the Mantoux test—which detects tuberculosis infection—to Francis Karl, twenty-three-year-old farmer

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RANZO GOES TO WAR

Showing what a fighting fool of the windjammer era can do, when he gets his dander up

BY PETER B. KYNE

ILLUSTRATED BY DAN SWEENEY

CAPTAIN ASA HOLCOMB, controlling owner of the Red Arrow Line, was one of the very few sailors of the wind-ship days still extant and active. Although past eighty years of age he was amazingly spry and the type that inevitably rates a nickname; to the certificated officers of the Red Arrow Line he was Ranzo. Back in the days of wooden ships and iron men, crews sang a chantey entitled Ranzo Was a Sailor. Somebody likened Captain Holcomb to him and the name stuck. Mates touched their forelocks to Ranzo and addressed him as "sir" and kept their paint clean and their brasswork bright, else their skippers spoke to them severely because Ranzo had noted the delinquency.

On a morning late in November, 1941, Mr. Daniel McNamara, first mate of the Arrow Line steamer Cristobal discharging at Hoboken, received orders from the skipper to pack his dunnage and report for duty to the master of another Red Arrow liner, the Vanguard, then loading at Bush Terminal in Brooklyn. He said Ranzo had ordered the transfer and that Mr. McNamara was to take a taxicab from New York, and the Vanguard would pay for it. The chief mate of the Vanguard had given notice that morning and would quit work at noon; hence Mr. McNamara must get on the job at one o'clock.

The longshoremen were knocking off at five o'clock when Ranzo appeared on the boat deck and beckoned Mr. McNamara to report, which the latter did with alacrity. The old gentleman led him to the master's suite, where he lighted his pipe, stretched out on the day bed and smoked tranquilly for five minutes, which afforded Mr. McNamara his first real opportunity to study him. Ranzo was a frail, spare little man, not quite in the lightweight division, with thick snow-white hair, piercing blue eyes, cheeks as rosy as winter apples, a high beak of a nose and a mouth that shut like a cellar door. He was smooth-shaven with the exception of his chin, which sported a long, white beard.

"MISTER," he said presently, "the Japanese ambassador talked to our secretary of state for a year without saying anything, and now they've sent over this swab, Kurusu, to spell him on the job. It's been my experience that when a Jap acts like that he's fixing to do you dirt. I was in Port Arthur in 1904 when the Jap fleet attacked the Russians without warning."

"A big Bohunk I could have licked with handcuffs on me once put me out for an hour with a sneak punch," said Mr. McNamara.

"This country, mister, is still clad in its diplomatic diapers. It hain't grown up yet and what it needs to give it sense and cohesion is a sneak punch. Before New Year we'll get it, and yet we set around refusing to believe that what happened to the Russians can happen to us."

"Sometimes," said Mr. McNamara, "I wonder why I love my country."

"We love her for her frailties, mister. Of course, once Japan ties on to us Germany and Italy have to declare war on us, under their contract with Japan. Now, this packet is for discharge at Cape Town, so what if she runs into a submarine in the South Atlantic the same as the Robin Moor did last June?"

"I imagine, sir, we'd have a similar experience. Unless the sub commander knew for a fact we were carrying cargo

(Continued on page 35)

The Germans ran to the conning tower, waiting for the smoke below to clear away as the two privateers departed

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Trial by Marriage

By Vereen Bell

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

The Story Thus Far:

TROY WEBSTER (once a professional horseman) earns a precarious living as a dog trainer and "field-trial" man. With his wife and Duff his young son, he travels thousands of miles a year, in the hope of winning prize money with his dogs. Sometimes he wins; more often, he does not.

Bored by the nomadic existence she is forced to live, Mrs. Webster rebels. Intimidated by the woman, Troy gives up his field-trial work and becomes a druggist. After which—when Troy becomes known as a shiftless ne'er-do-well, Mrs. Webster kills herself.

Like his father, Duff understands dogs and horses. Now—with his mother dead and his father a weak failure—he regards himself as privileged to leave home. And leave home he does—with an old shotgun and no money but a wild desire to be free, unfettered.

In the course of his wanderings, he almost starves to death. Then, one day, he finds a dog—a fine black pointer with a white blaze. The dog has just killed a goat; he is savage and unfriendly. He is wearing a collar, on which is a plate bearing these words: "*Reward: Amos Hawthorne, Tafton, Alabama.*

With the aid of a long stick, and a noose, Duff captures the dog. After which, he finds his way to Tafton, where he has a talk with Hawthorne, who informs him, brutally, that the dog ("Judas") is worthless, and that no reward will be paid.

Fortunately for the boy, Hawthorne's granddaughter, Lucie Sullivan, is present during the interview. She befriends him, gives him five dollars. Then, when he almost faints because of lack of nourishment, she summons Doctor Phillips (whose daughter, Delia, is the prize "vamp" of the region); and, when the boy is well, Lucie tells him that she wants him to take the place of a "hand" who has recently left.

And so, despite the strenuous objections of old man Hawthorne, Duff goes to work. By way of preliminary, he goes out to see Judas, at the kennels. Judas makes it obvious that he hates the boy, he bares his teeth, and growls.

"Don't worry," Duff says, "you're liable to get another chance at me."

II

EVERY morning Duff walked the four miles to the kennels from Tafton. Leaving before daylight, he walked rapidly in the cold early morning. At first he had simply helped around the kennels, saddling and tending the horses, and caring for the dogs.

"Tain't like de old-timey days," Wesley said, the day they were worming the dogs. "Us used to have a whole yardful of dogs round here. Didn't have no empty pens. Now we got just twenty er so dogs and most of dem just shooting dogs to be trained for folks. De field-trial owners, dey recollect bout Cap'm Amos gitting to be eighty er ninety years old, and dey just naturally send dey dogs to somebody else. '*Oh, dere never was a better one dan old Amos, in his day. De beat of him didn't live,*' dey say—and send dey dogs on to somebody else. Dey don't see dat Cap'm Amos ain't no common soul; he's a miracle de Lawd done passed. He can cave in a hoss wid dem old long legs, right today, and blow a bulge in a dog whistle.

"You see dat old Ambling Sam dog yonder, sitting up dere grinning in de sun, wid his eyes closed like he thinking bout sump'm? He all we got dat can win. But dey ain't no better dan him never been turned loose. It ain't happened for him to win at Grand Junction in de National yet, but dat's jest de way de numbers fell. He goan be de next National Champion just as sho as de Lawd loves de truf.

"Old Sam, he de banker-man. He furnish de cash, right on, one year to de next. '*Old Sam, he too old to do nothing dis year,*' dey say. Den he come trickling right on along and he take a fust hyar, and a second hyar, and befo' long we done made out another year.

"But he de last. W'en he pass on, it's goan be bad. Old Sam, he gits good puppies, but dey sends dem to somebody else to train, nowadays, 'scusin' dat old fool Judas."

"Judas by old Sam?" Duff asked.

"Right straight by him. Cap'm Amos, he say he some kind of throwback. I'm got dat old devil's toofs printed from my head to my tail. He ain't got a brain in his head. Turn him loose and he just don't come back. Kill hogs er calves er anything git in his way. He bit a man's bull one day, befo' de Lawd he did! How you goan train a dog when you cain't catch him, and den when you catch him you cain't touch him?"

"What they going to do with Judas?" Duff asked.

"Feed him till he dies of his own meanness."

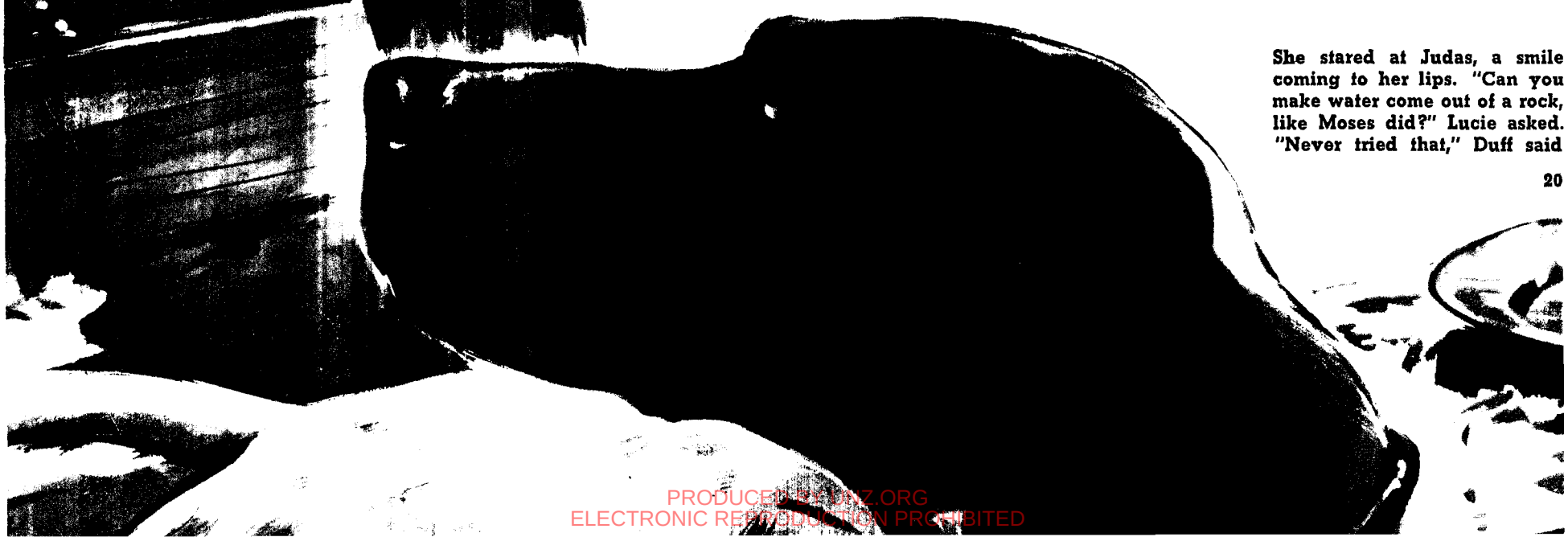
"They told me they were taking him to a vet to be chloroformed."

"Dey was taking him, but dey took him before. At de last minute, dey ain't got de heart. Dat's one of old Sam's puppies. Cap'm Amos, he sposed to be hardhearted, but he don't fool nobody. He love dat old Sam dog, and I guess he got a little left over for any o' Sam's puppies. But won't nobody never break dat Judas."

When the trainers were gone, and the dogs left behind had tired of their unhappy howling, Duff went to the pen where the dog Judas was kept alone like some wild beast. Judas was standing at the wire, watching the departing horses, but he made no sounds of disappointment, nor ran up and down the run in the frenzied manner of his neighbors. He turned and looked at Duff unemotionally, yellow-eyed. Duff thought suddenly, "Maybe Amos Hawthorne wouldn't be so down on me if I broke this dog for him." He stared at Judas. "I wonder if I could break a black-hearted old devil like you?"

DUFF worked hard at his job, expecting every day that his interest would lag or that Amos would fire him. But so far he found his interest mounting instead, and Amos paid no attention to him, except to grunt curtly at him. Tafton offered little diversion, except a movie, or a pool parlor. At night he was usually ready to go to his boardinghouse bed. The boarders had accepted him immediately; most of them were young men—mechanics, drugstore clerks, filling-station attendants.

Sometimes they had a nickel poker game; on Saturday night it might be a quarter game, and a little whisky with it. Other Saturday nights most of the boys would lava-soap the grease from their hands, put on their best blue suits, and off to the bright lights of Montgomery they would go. Monday they would go to work stoically, red-eyed, heavy-headed robots; by nightfall they would have recovered, and at supper there would be some laughter again. Usually there had been some incident *(Continued on page 57)*



She stared at Judas, a smile coming to her lips. "Can you make water come out of a rock, like Moses did?" Lucie asked. "Never tried that," Duff said

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Wrong Turning

By William O'Farrell

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER DOWER

Out of a storm two people emerge much wiser and stronger for their experience

THE gathering storm spattered a preliminary warning across the windowpanes but the two people in the living room did not hear it. They sat in a self-imposed silence oblivious to everything but each other's presence and their desperate need for ending this thing quickly while they were still in control of themselves.

After what seemed an interminable time, the man stirred. He looked across the room at the girl who awaited his words sullenly, her forehead creased in tension and the corners of her mouth drawn sharply down.

For a moment a great desire was on him to throw reason to the winds, to smooth the forehead with caressing fingers and to kiss the pout from the red mouth.

He mastered it. "Sorry I've been such a flop, Jean," he said. "I should have given this office job a try before we got married. Guess I was just cut out to be a field man and nothing else. Sorry."

He paused hopefully but, when she made no reply, he continued in the same monotone: "So it's back to the field for me, I suppose, and the best I can do is get you clear before they tell me officially. Your family's lawyers will know how to handle it. You can call it incompatibility, if you like, or desertion; desertion might be better because tomorrow I'll ask to be sent back to South America."

For the first time the girl moved. The hand lying in her lap twitched nervously and her sultry eyes, meeting his, widened a little. "Tomorrow?" she asked. "Tomorrow?"

"Yes." He nodded. "I'll be driving you home to your family this afternoon. If we leave at three we should be in Brownsville by eleven. Will you be ready?"

She continued to stare at him as if she had not understood the meaning of his words. Then gradually her eyes narrowed again and their old sullenness returned. She shrugged.

He rose from his chair and looked out the window. The raindrops were beating against it heavily now. "The storm's coming from the north," he said. "It won't bother us once we're out of town, but be sure to bundle yourself up." He turned and walked slowly to the door. "Will you do that?" he asked. "And be ready by three?" His voice was still on the same controlled level.

The girl sat with her fists clenched, her slight body trembling. "Anything!" she said tightly. "Anything at all! Only get out. Leave me alone!"

The man looked at her, sighed and, turning away, climbed the stairs heavily to the second floor. He went into the bathroom and, taking a thermometer from the medicine locker, placed it in his mouth. While he waited he timed his pulse.

TEMPERATURE 99.8—Pulse 126. Tom Martin screwed the thermometer back into its container and slipped it into his vest pocket. He considered his face in the mirror.

Would he be able to carry it through? Malaria, as he knew from long experience, was tricky. This particular attack had been going on for twenty-four hours now, kept under control by constant dosings of quinine. Did he dare risk the six- or seven-hour drive to Brownsville?

The serious, not unhandsome face in the mirror smiled wryly back at him. That was a foolish question, it seemed to say. He had to risk it. He couldn't wait, couldn't have Jean in town when the final blow came tomorrow—and there was no other way of getting her back to her family. No railroad ran through Brownsville and he couldn't let her drive alone. Not through a rainy night for seven hours. Not a girl like Jean.

Tom opened the medicine locker again and took out the quinine bottle. . . . Not a girl like Jean. . . . He repeated the phrase to himself. That's the answer to the whole mess, he thought; I had no business marrying a girl raised the way she was. A guy like me—a hard-boiled, malaria-ridden, practical engineer—has no place in his life for luxuries; I should have married some Indian squaw fresh from the jungle. I might have made her happy. But Jean—

The thought of his wife's *(Continued on page 44)*

He nodded and, Jean's arm linked through his, they trudged stolidly toward the small cabin which showed a blacker spot in the darkness

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Tumult Between the Tracks

By Maxwell Hunter

He tossed all the rules out the window and proved you can get rich by selling merchandise at a loss. Even his competitors come down to buy at his uproarious sales. Doc Webb's drugstore resembles a three-ring circus, complete with side shows — and customers

DOC WEBB runs a drugstore in St. Petersburg, Florida, which he says is the biggest drugstore in the world. It probably is. If not, it still is the most unbelievable piece of retail exhibitionism that ever catapulted a one-horse apothecary shop into a merchandising upheaval that refuses to admit a point of saturation.

"There is no point of saturation," declares Doc Webb and, to prove it, he reminds you that he opened his business on a shoestring in a town of 40,000 at a time when other local concerns were going into receivership, and the nation into a panic; and that he ran an annual gross from $38,000 to $4,000,000. Which is to say that his business now fits the town about as well as the Brooklyn Bridge would fit a millpond.

Doc's competitors say no man can sell at a loss and stay in business, which they accuse him of doing, along with ignoring all the other rules of economics and operating strictly by tantrums. Doc Webb's performances certainly encourage such beliefs. For a long time, he had no display windows in his store; he still has no office, nor even a chair to sit in. He operates at home, sitting cross-legged on the floor. He comes to work around three in the afternoon, usually goes home at four.

Doc has expanded his store from 270 square feet of rented floor space to 96,000 of his own, and has increased his employees from six to four hundred. His business has swallowed the building as well as the block in which it started, and today is one of the tourist attractions of Florida. Upward of 30,000 persons have visited Webb's in a single day.

Doc Webb prefers to concentrate rather than spread. He has declined to join chains or to be exploited into a chain himself. He is perhaps the best publicized small-town merchant in America. He puts his personal acquaintanceship at 200,000.

Too Much for the Post Office

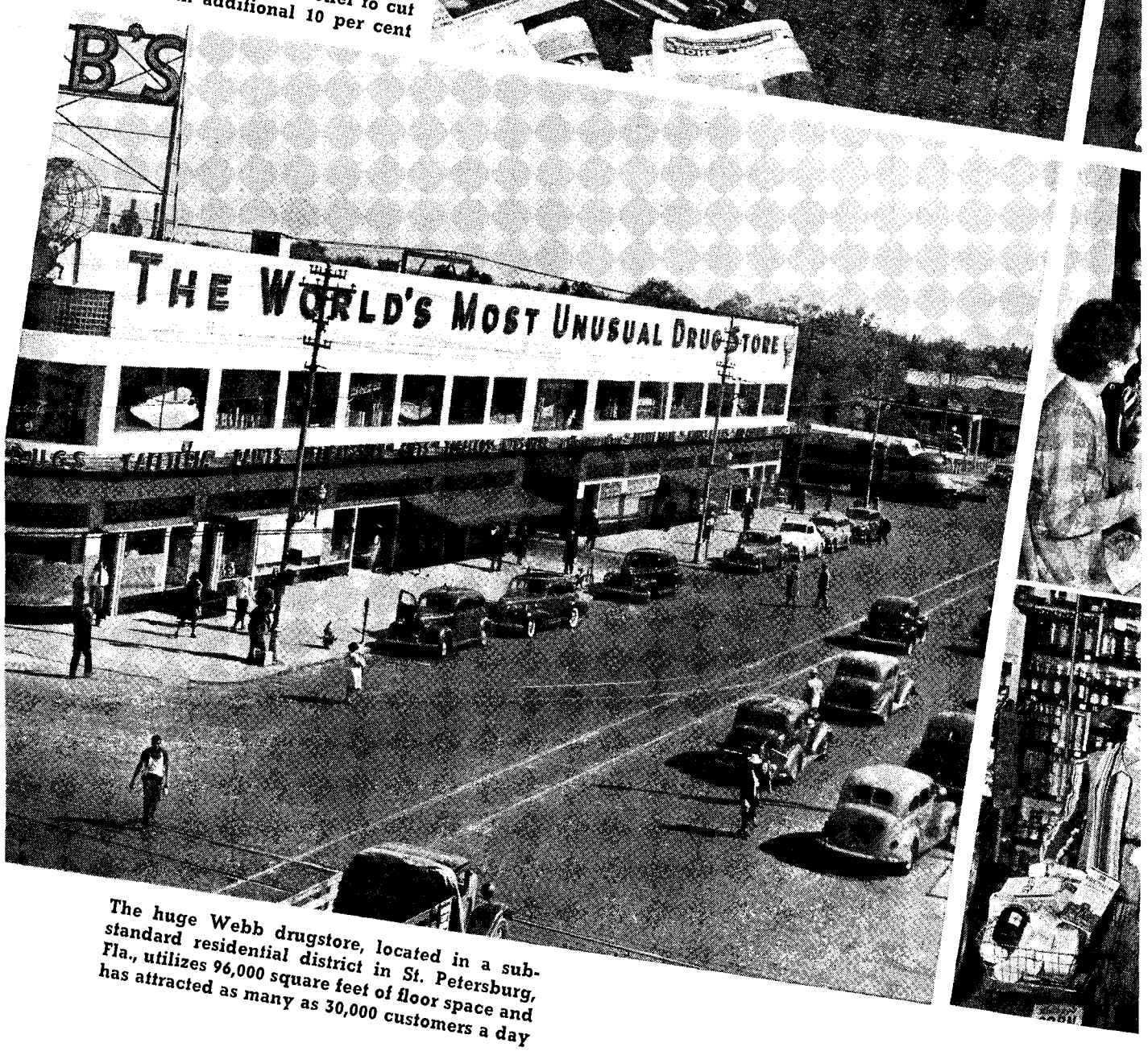
Doc is not adverse, however, to promoting himself. Once he had printed what he labeled "The World's Largest Postcard." It was ten by sixteen inches and contained interior views of his store. He charged a penny for it but its enormous size intrigued his tourist customers, and before long, the local postmaster was calling on Washington for help. By the time 50,000 of the unwieldy cards had cluttered up the mails, the postal department made a special ruling, fixing the postage at three cents.

"That was the first time the post-office department ever had to do a thing like that," Doc gloated.

He maintains that his separate lines are not departments but separate businesses, even though they are under the same roof, and some of them blend together. For instance, his men's-wear counter protrudes into his drug department; which enabled him to sell 2,600 men's shirts one Sunday, a transaction that stirred blood-curdling protests among the clothing stores.

His grocery department also merges with his drug area and so runs nights and Sundays. But Doc Webb insists that he runs a drugstore and boasts that he employs more registered pharmacists

James Earl Webb is "Doc" to an estimated personal following of 200,000 people and runs his tremendous business from a room in his home, where he sits cross-legged on the floor. Here he's checking a competitor's advertisement which he may decide to display in his store with an offer to cut its prices an additional 10 per cent



The huge Webb drugstore, located in a substandard residential district in St. Petersburg, Fla., utilizes 96,000 square feet of floor space and has attracted as many as 30,000 customers a day

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than any other drugstore in the world. Counting pharmacists or their "equivalents" he has thirty. Under the law, it takes at least an equivalent to sell a bottle of rubbing alcohol, so half of them work on the floor. As for Doc, he says he is a "druggist by experience," which probably rates him the next thing to an equivalent.

Doc thinks in terms of carload lots, one-day turnovers and circus tumult. He can whip up more excitement with a bargain than Ben Hur could with a chariot. He did this once with a cheese, the biggest cheese in the world—at least, he said it was—a Wisconsin Cheddar that weighed 2,480 pounds. He whittled it up and sold it in a day.

He can dramatize a pill just as readily.

Once he put on a 25-cent liver pill at 13 cents. In one day he sold 3,204 boxes. He regularly disposes of a carload of soap a week.

His signs proclaim his place "The World's Most Unusual Drug Store," but those boards could more accurately read "The World's Most Unusual Drug Store in the World's Worst Location." It is not below the railroad tracks; it is between them!

In 1926, the year he opened up, the Florida boom had just exploded, and Central Avenue, the main business street, was honeycombed with empty storerooms, but he ignored Central Avenue and selected a site on Ninth Street South, which bisects a Negro district and is nowhere near the established retail section.

Trains snorted—and still do—along the north and south sides of this block. Across the street when he moved in were ramshackle Negro stores; to the rear, a cluster of Negro shacks. Half of the frontage of his choice was occupied by a one-story boarded-up store building, the other half by an ice plant. Furthermore, the store was within easy sniffing distance of the municipal gas plant.

Dob Webb rented a corner in the deserted building, knocked down the boarding and hauled in a truckload of merchandise, mostly remedies to ease the miseries of the surrounding Negro population.

However, as times got tougher the carriage trade found him. At first feminine shoppers from the better parts of town were squeamish about invading this scabrous district, but such lures as five pounds of sugar for a dime overcame their fears. They only hoped they would not be seen, but they were—by nearly all their penny-saving social acquaintances, including the wives of *(Continued on page 32)*

Beauty at bargain rates is only one of the many side lines that attract the custodians of the family purse. Webb's beauty shop employs 29 operators, and is the biggest in the state

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY SANDY GANDY

Doc dismays both competitors and non-competitors with surprising bargains: A three-cent breakfast of bacon, egg, toast, grits and gravy; 100 postcards for a nickel; coffee at a price that sold over 8,000 pounds in one day; canned peaches priced to move carload lots in a few hours; men's shirts at 68 cents (he sold 2,600 of these one Sunday), and meat specials. Doc's meat department once outbid packers on a 30,000-lb. order for the Coast Guard

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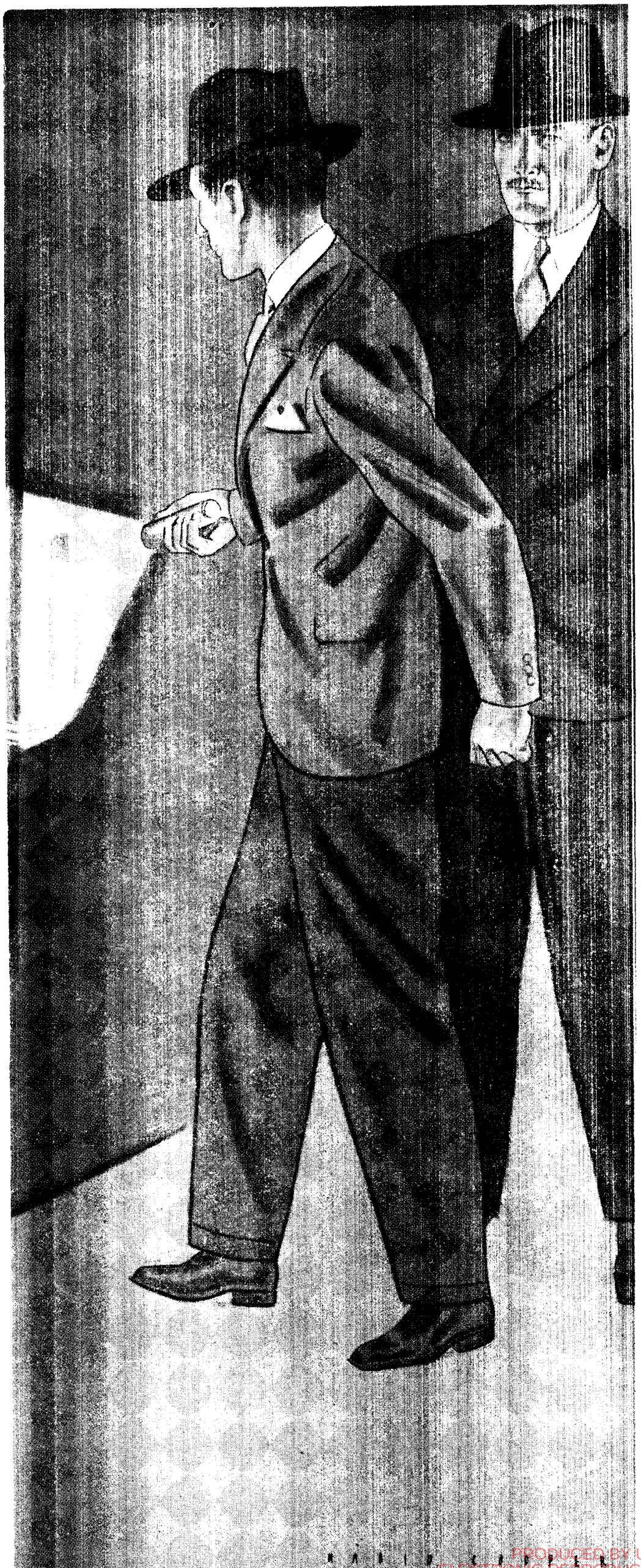

MOVING FINGER

By Agatha Christie

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

The Story Thus Far:

AN INVALID, following the crash of a plane he had been piloting, Jerry Burton, a young Londoner, takes his sister, Joanna, and goes to the small town of Lymstock, where he hopes the fresh air may hasten his recovery.

No sooner is he settled than he receives an anonymous letter—filthy, insulting. Then—after he has been worried sick for a time—he learns that others have received, and are still receiving, somewhat similar letters. He learns, furthermore, that two capable officials—Superintendent Nash and Inspector Graves—are investigating.

Among the Burtons' neighbors are Richard Symmington, a lawyer, and his wife. Living with the Symmingtons are their young children; Elsie Holland, a nursery governess; Megan Hunter, the lawyer's stepchild (whom the town does not understand, because she is not "interested" in anything); Agnes Woddell, a maid; and the cook, Rose.

The town holds Mrs. Symmington in high regard. But for some reason or other (known only to herself) she kills herself, after receiving a "poison-pen" letter. Then, not long after she dies, Agnes Woddell is murdered. . . . No one has any theories to offer, regarding the two deaths—except Superintendent Nash. Nash believes that someone—he does not know who—brought the letter to the Symmington home and thrust it through the letter box, shortly before Mrs. Symmington committed suicide. He believes that Agnes had been looking through a window when the letter had been brought in; he feels sure that Agnes *had seen the person who had brought the letter!* . . .

Mr. Pye is a well-to-do dilettante who lives not far from the Burtons. Joanna is inclined to suspect him as the murderer. So, meeting him, Burton proceeds to discuss the case with him. Mr. Pye makes numerous comments. Then—"Notice," he says, "what people do with their hands, and their little tricks of manner and what they do with their food, and if they laugh for no apparent reason. That's the way to find out who killed Agnes Woddell."

"Mad?" Burton queries. Mr. Pye stares at him. "Quite, quite mad," he says, "but you'd never know it." "Who?" Burton asks. Mr. Pye smiles. "No, no, Burton," he exclaims, "that would be slander to all the rest of us."

And, without another word, Mr. Pye walks away—quickly.

VI

AS I stood staring after Mr. Pye the church door opened and the Rev. Caleb Dane Calthrop came out. He smiled vaguely at me. "Good—good morning, Mr.—er—er—"

I helped him.

"Burton."

"Of course, of course, you mustn't think I don't remember you. Your name had just slipped my memory for the moment. A beautiful day."

"Yes," I said rather shortly.

He peered at me.

"But something—something, ah, yes, that poor unfortunate child who was in service at the Symmingtons'. I find it hard to believe, I must confess, that we have a murderer in our midst, Mr.—er—Burton."

"It does seem a bit fantastic," I said.

"Something else has just reached my ears." He leaned toward me. "I learn that there have been anonymous letters going about. Have you heard any rumor of such things?"

"I have heard," I said.

"Cowardly and dastardly things." He paused and quoted an enormous stream of Latin. "Those words of Horace are very applicable, don't you think?" he said.

"Absolutely," I said.

There didn't seem anyone else I could profitably talk to, so I went home, dropping in for some tobacco and for a bottle of sherry, so as to get some of the humbler opinions on the crime.

"A narsty tramp," seemed to be the verdict.

"Come to the door, they do, and whine and ask for money, and then if it's a girl alone in the house, they turn narsty. My sister Dora, over to Combe Acre, she had a narsty experience one day—drunk, he was, and selling those little printed poems . . ."

The story went on, ending with the intrepid Dora courageously banging the door in the man's face and taking refuge and barricading herself in some vague retreat, which I gathered from the delicacy in mentioning it, must be the lavatory. "And there she stayed till her lady came home!"

I reached Little Furze just a few minutes before lunch time. Joanna was standing in the drawing-room window doing nothing at all and looking as though her thoughts were miles away.

"What have you been doing with yourself?" I asked.

"Oh, I don't know. Nothing particular."

I WENT out on the veranda. Two chairs were drawn up to an iron table and there were two empty sherry glasses. On another chair was an object at which I looked with bewilderment for some time.

"What on earth is this?"

"Oh," said Joanna, "I think it's a photograph of a diseased spleen or something. Dr. Griffith seemed to think I'd be interested to see it."

I looked at the photograph with some interest. Every man has his own ways of courting the female sex. I should not, myself, choose to do it with photographs of spleens, diseased or otherwise. Still no doubt Joanna had asked for it!

"It looks most unpleasant," I said.

Joanna said it did, rather.

"How was Griffith?" I asked.

"He looked tired and very unhappy. I think he's got something on his mind," she replied.

"A spleen that won't yield to treatment?"

"Don't be silly. I mean something real."

"I should say the man's got *you* on his mind. I wish you'd lay off him, Joanna."

"Oh, do shut up. I haven't done anything."

"Women always say that."

Joanna whirled angrily about and strode back into the house.

The diseased spleen was beginning to curl up in the sun. I took it by one corner and brought it in to the drawing room. I had no affection for it myself, but I presumed it was one of Griffith's treasures.

I stooped down and pulled out a heavy book from the bottom shelf of the bookcase in order to press the photograph flat again between its leaves. It was a ponderous volume of somebody's sermons.

The book came open in my hand in rather a surprising way. In another minute I saw why. *From the middle of it a number of pages had been neatly cut out.*

I stood staring at it. I looked at the title page. It had been published in 1840.

There could be no doubt at all. I was looking at the book from the pages of

I heard a sound ahead of me to my right. I took a flashlight from my pocket and switched it on. Immediately a low, sharp voice ordered, "Put that out!"

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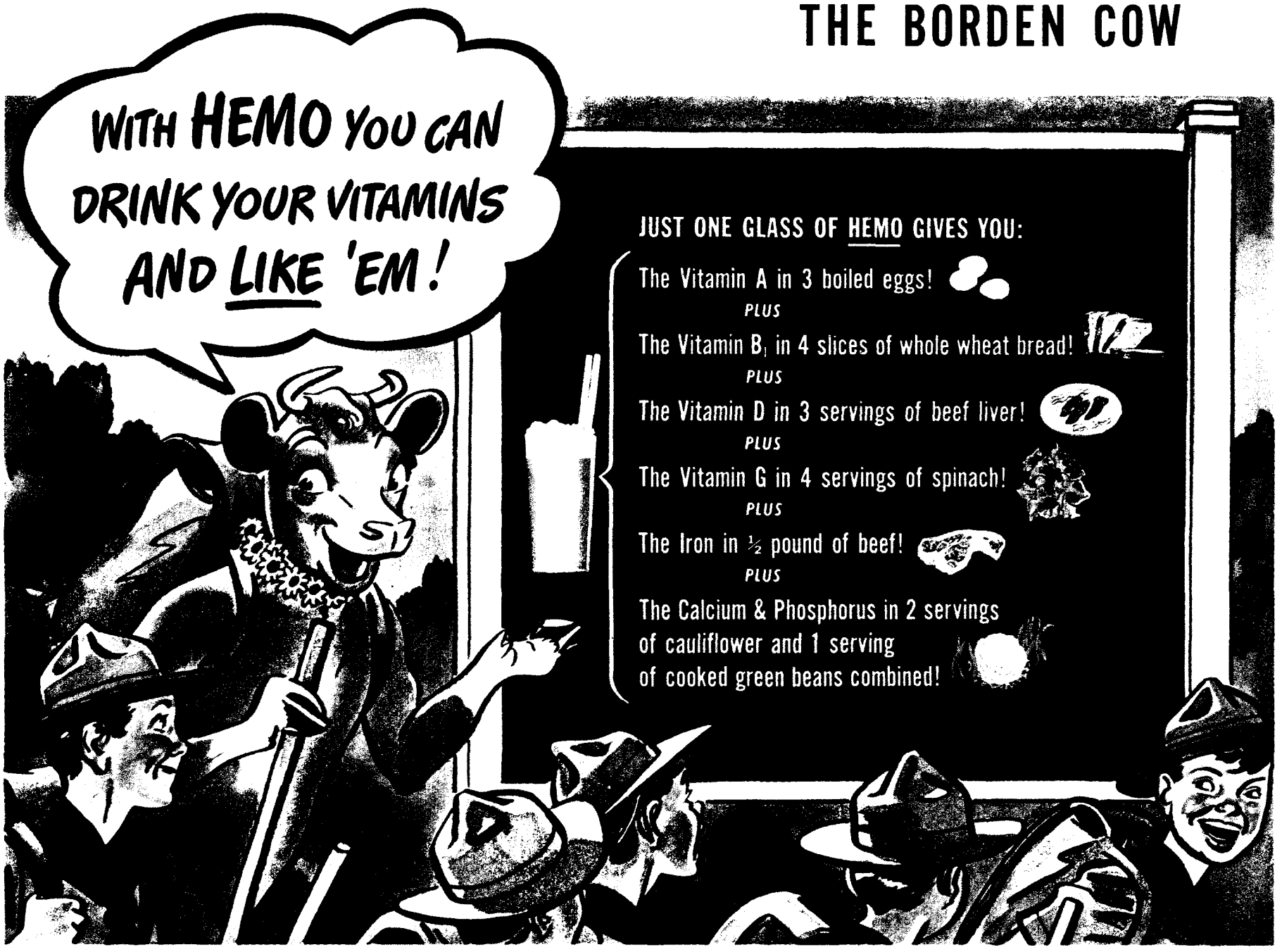
Here's the greatest drink since my ancestors invented milk!

SAYS ELSIE THE BORDEN COW


WITH HEMO YOU CAN DRINK YOUR VITAMINS AND LIKE 'EM!
JUST ONE GLASS OF HEMO GIVES YOU:
The Vitamin A in 3 boiled eggs!
PLUS
The Vitamin B1 in 4 slices of whole wheat bread!
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The Vitamin D in 3 servings of beef liver!
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The Vitamin G in 4 servings of spinach!
PLUS
The Iron in ½ pound of beef!
PLUS
The Calcium & Phosphorus in 2 servings of cauliflower and 1 serving of cooked green beans combined!

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Chances are, you don't get enough vitamins and minerals at the dinner table. 3 out of 4 Americans don't, according to the National Nutrition Conference for Defense.

Now you can get these essential food elements in Borden's HEMO—a delicious drink that tastes like the smoothest, richest, most super-elegant malted milk you ever stuck a straw into.

HEMO is fortified with vitamins and minerals! Rich in Vitamins A, B_1, D and G PLUS iron, calcium, and phosphorus.

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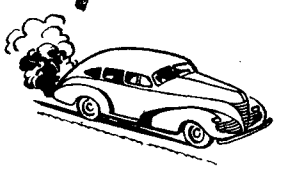
and a HALF DONE overhaul won't stop Oil Pumping—

Replace Worn Engine Bearings!



Make your car last longer, save money and help conserve America's vital supplies—correct oil pumping *now*. But remember that with new piston rings the job's only HALF DONE. Wasteful, motor-fouling oil pumping starts at worn connecting rod bearings and correction must start there, too!

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Do the WHOLE job now and save money. When the engine is opened up for new rings, replace the connecting rod bearings with a set of Federal-Mogul Oil-Control Bearings to restore power, pep and economy *for the long run!* Your service man recommends them.

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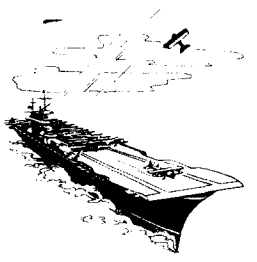

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Submarines, aircraft carriers, minesweepers, rescue tugs, dredges are equipped with Federal-Mogul bearings and other precision parts. With added production capacity, Federal-Mogul works "all out", manufacturing bearings and precision parts for planes, tanks, guns, boats—and millions of bearings to service the automobiles carrying defense workers and materials to their jobs. We "keep 'em rolling"!

Worn Engine Bearings Cause Oil Pumping!

which the anonymous letters had been put together. Who had cut them out?

Well, to begin with, it could be Emily Barton herself. She was, perhaps, the obvious person to think of. Or it could have been Partridge.

But there were other possibilities. The pages could have been cut out by anyone who had been alone in this room, any visitor, for instance, who had sat there waiting for Miss Emily. Or even anyone who called on business.

No, that wasn't so likely. I had noticed that when, one day, a clerk from the bank had come to see me, Partridge had shown him into the little study at the back of the house. That was clearly the house routine.

A visitor, then? Someone "of good social position." Mr. Pye? Aimée Griffith? Mrs. Dane Calthrop?

THE gong sounded and I went in to lunch. Afterward, in the drawing room I showed Joanna my find.

We discussed it from every aspect. Then I took it down to the police station.

They were elated at the find, and I was patted on the back for what was, after all, the sheerest piece of luck.

Graves was not there, but Nash was, and rang up the other man. They would test the book for fingerprints, though Nash was not hopeful of finding anything. I may say that he did not. There were mine, Partridge's and nobody else's, merely showing that Partridge dusted conscientiously.

Nash walked back with me up the hill. I asked how he was getting on.

"We're narrowing it down, Mr. Burton. We've eliminated the people it couldn't be."

"Ah," I said. "And who remains?"

"Miss Ginch. She was to meet a client at a house yesterday afternoon by appointment. That house was situated not far along the Combe Acre road—that's the road that goes past the Symmingtons'. She would have to pass the house both going and coming . . . the week before, the day the anonymous letter was delivered and Mrs. Symmington committed suicide, was her last day at Symmington's office.

"Mr. Symmington thought at first she had not left the office at all that afternoon. He had Sir Henry Lushington with him all the afternoon and rang several times for Miss Ginch. I find, however, that she did leave the office between three and four. She went out to get some high denomination of stamp of which they had run short. The office boy could have gone, but Miss Ginch elected to go, saying she had a headache and would like the air. She was not gone long."

"But long enough?"

"Yes, long enough to hurry along to the other end of the village, slip the letter in the box and hurry back. I must say, however, that I cannot find anybody who saw her near the Symmingtons' house."

"Would they notice?"

"They might and they might not."

"Who else is in your bag?"

Nash looked very straight ahead of him. "You'll understand that we can't exclude anybody—anybody at all."

"No," I said. "I see that."

He said gravely, "Miss Griffith went to Brenton for a meeting of Girl Guides yesterday. She arrived rather late."

"You don't think—"

"No, I don't think. But I don't *know*. Miss Griffith seems an eminently sane, healthy-minded woman—but I say, I don't *know*."

"What about the previous week? Could she have slipped the letter in the box?"

"It's possible. She was shopping in the town that afternoon." He paused. "The same applies to Miss Emily Barton. She was out shopping early yesterday afternoon and she went for a walk to see some friends on the road past the Symmingtons' house the week before."

I shook my head unbelievingly. Finding the cut book in Little Furze was bound, I knew, to direct attention to the owner of that house, but when I remembered Miss Emily coming in yesterday so bright and happy and excited . . .

Hang it all—excited. . . . Yes, excited — pink cheeks — shining eyes — surely not because—not because—

I said thickly, "This business is bad for one! One sees things—one imagines things—"

Nash nodded sympathetically. "Yes, it isn't very pleasant to look upon the fellow creatures one meets as possible criminal lunatics."

He paused for a moment, then went on, "And there's Mr. Pye—"

I said sharply, "So you have considered him?"

Nash smiled. "Oh, yes, we've considered him all right. A very curious character—not, I should say, a very nice character. He has no alibi. He was in his garden, alone, on both occasions."

"So you're not only suspecting women?"

"I don't think a man wrote the letters—in fact, I'm sure of it—and so is Graves—always excepting our Mr. Pye, that is to say, who's got an abnormally female streak in his character. But we've checked up on *everybody* for yesterday afternoon. That's a murder case, you see. *You're* all right," he grinned, "and so's your sister, and Mr. Symmington didn't leave his office after he got there and Dr. Griffith was on a round in the other direction, and I've checked up on his visits."

He paused, smiled again, and said, "You see, we *are* thorough."

I said slowly: "So your case is eliminated down to those three? Mr. Pye, Miss Griffith, little Miss Barton?"

"Oh, no, no, we've got a couple more—besides the vicar's lady."

"You've thought of *her?*"

"We've thought of *everybody*, but Mrs. Dane Calthrop is a little too openly mad, if you know what I mean. Still, she *could* have done it. She was in a wood watching birds yesterday afternoon—and the birds can't speak for her."

HE TURNED sharply as Owen Griffith came into the police station.

"Hullo, Nash. I heard you were around asking for me this morning. Anything important?"

"Inquest on Friday, if that suits you, Dr. Griffith."

"Right. Moresby and I are doing the P. M. tonight."

Nash said, "There's just one other thing, Dr. Griffith. Mrs. Symmington was taking some powders or something, that you prescribed for her—"

He paused.

Owen Griffith said interrogatively, "Yes?"

"Would an overdose of those powders have been fatal?"

"Certainly not," Griffith said dryly. "Not unless she'd taken about twenty-five of them!"

"But you once warned her about exceeding the dose, so Miss Holland tells me."

"Oh, that, yes. Mrs. Symmington was the sort of woman who would go and overdo anything she was given—fancy that to take twice as much would do her twice as much good, and you don't want anyone to overdo even phenacetin or aspirin—bad for the heart. And anyway there's absolutely no doubt about the cause of death. It was cyanide."

"Oh, I know that—you don't get my meaning. I only thought that when committing suicide you'd prefer to take

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an overdose of a soporific rather than to feed yourself prussic acid."

"Oh, yes. On the other hand, prussic acid is more dramatic and is pretty certain to do the trick. With barbiturates, for instance, you can bring the victim around if only a short time has elapsed."

"I see, thank you, Dr. Griffith."

Griffith departed, and I said goodby to Nash. I went slowly up the hill home. Joanna was out—at least there was no sign of her, and there was an enigmatical memorandum scribbled on the telephone block presumably for the guidance of either Partridge or myself:

"*If Dr. Griffith rings up, I can't go on Tuesday, but could manage Wednesday or Thursday.*"

I raised my eyebrows and went into the drawing room. I sat down in the most comfortable armchair—none of them were very comfortable; they tended to have straight backs and were reminiscent of the late Mrs. Barton—stretched out my legs and tried to think the whole thing out.

WITH sudden annoyance I remembered that Owen's arrival had interrupted my conversation with the inspector, and that he had mentioned two other people as being possibilities.

I wondered who they were.

Partridge, perhaps, for one? After all, the cut book had been found in this house. And Agnes could have been struck down quite unsuspectingly by her guide and mentor. No, you couldn't eliminate Partridge.

But who was the other?

Somebody, perhaps, that I didn't know? Mrs. Cleat? The original local suspect?

I closed my eyes. I considered the four people, these strangely unlikely people, in turn: Gentle, frail little Emily Barton? What points were there actually against her? A starved life? Dominated and repressed from early childhood? Too many sacrifices asked of her? Her curious horror of discussing anything "not quite nice"? Was that actually a sign of inner preoccupation with just these themes? Was I getting too horribly Freudian? I remembered a doctor once telling me that the mutterings of gentle maiden ladies when going off under an anesthetic were a revelation. "You wouldn't think they knew such words!"

Aimée Griffith?

Surely nothing repressed or inhibited about her. Cheery, mannish, successful. A full, busy life. Yet Mrs. Dane Calthrop had said, "Poor thing!"

And there was something—something—some remembrance . . . Ah! I'd got it. Owen Griffith saying something like, "We had an outbreak of anonymous letters up north where I had a practice."

Had that been Aimée Griffith's work, too? Surely rather a coincidence. Two outbreaks of the same thing.

Stop a minute, they'd tracked down the author of those. Griffith had said so. A schoolgirl.

Cold it was suddenly—must be a draft from the window. I turned uncomfortably in my chair. Why did I suddenly feel so queer and upset?

Go on thinking . . . Aimée Griffith? Perhaps it was Aimée Griffith, *not* that other girl. And Aimée had come down here and started her tricks again. And that was why Owen Griffith was looking so unhappy and hag-ridden. He suspected. Yes, he suspected. . . .

Mr. Pye? Not, somehow, a very nice little man. I could imagine him staging the whole business, laughing . . .

That telephone message on the telephone pad in the hall—why did I keep thinking of it? Griffith and Joanna—he was falling for her. No, that wasn't why the message worried me. It was something else. . . .

My senses were swimming, sleep was very near. I repeated idiotically to myself: "No smoke without fire. No smoke without fire. . . . That's it . . . it all links up together. . . ."

And then I was walking down the street with Megan, and Elsie Holland passed. She was dressed as a bride, and people were murmuring, "She's going to marry Dr. Griffith at last. Of course, they've been engaged secretly for years . . ."

There we were, in the church, and Dane Calthrop was reading the service in Latin.

And in the middle of it Mrs. Dane Calthrop jumped up and cried energetically, "It's got to be stopped, I tell you. It's got to be stopped!"

For a minute or two I didn't know whether I was asleep or awake. Then my brain cleared, and I realized I was in the drawing room of Little Furze and that Mrs. Calthrop had just come through the window and was standing in front of me saying with nervous violence:

"It has got to be *stopped*, I tell you!"

I jumped up. "I beg your pardon," I

Judy and the Judge

THE JUDGE is a man of firm words and fixed opinions. And there's grim decision in his voice as he lays down the law to his daughter. "Young lady," he says, "when you're faced with a little trouble like mine, there's only one course to follow. Take a good stiff, old-fashioned purge!"

BUT JUDY is not the Judge's daughter for nothing. "Judge," she says, "you are guilty of horse-and-buggy habits. Did it ever cross your legal mind to find and correct the *cause* of your trouble? Well, that's a little matter we'll 'tend to right now! Come with me."

"I OBJECT!" roars the Judge.

"Objection overruled! This crisp, crunchy cereal, KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN, has just what it takes to correct the cause of constipation due to lack of 'bulk' in the diet. It may be the very thing you need! Just eat it every day, and drink plenty of water."

"I've lost your way"

IRVING ROIR

"HOLD ON THERE!" says the Judge. "You little minx, why didn't you tell me how *good* it tastes? If ALL-BRAN can make me 'Join the Regulars,' I'm giving it a lifetime appointment right now!"

Join the "Regulars" with Kellogg's All-Bran

NOW IMPROVED—GOLDEN SOFT—DOUBLY DELICIOUS

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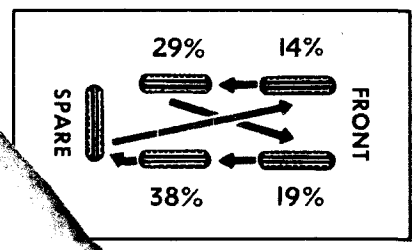
COME IN EVERY WEEK FOR FREE AIR

1 LET US INFLATE YOUR TIRES TO *CORRECT* PRESSURE

Incorrect inflation can reduce tire life as much as 25%! Too little pressure—or too much pressure—both can cause excessive wear. That makes regular, expert tire service important!

Come in every week, regularly, *whether you need gasoline or not*, and let us bring all your tires up to correct pressure. You'll find the few minutes it takes for a careful check-up all around will be time well invested.



2 LET US SWITCH YOUR TIRES—HELP YOU SAVE RUBBER!

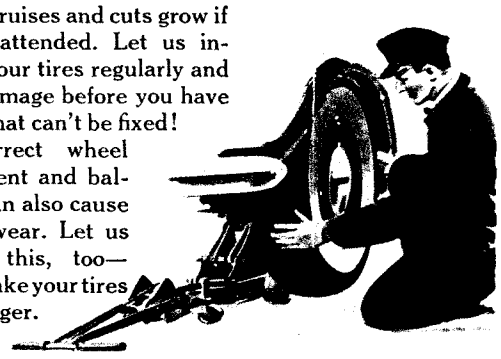
Three good tires won't help you—you need at least four! So come in and let us switch your tires regularly . . . it should be done every 5,000 miles!

The figures in the sketch show the relative wear for each wheel. The back tires, for example, wear much faster than the front tires. Regular switching—carefully done—evens the wear on all tires . . . helps make the *set* last longer!

3 LET US INSPECT YOUR TIRES REGULARLY FOR SAFER, LONGER MILEAGE

Little bruises and cuts grow if left unattended. Let us inspect your tires regularly and stop damage before you have a tire that can't be fixed!

Incorrect wheel alignment and balance can also cause rapid wear. Let us check this, too—help make your tires last longer.



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1. *Free Air? Sure*—we'll be glad to check your tires once a week!

2. Let us *switch tires* each 5,000 miles, inspect for cuts and bruises—check wheel alignment, too!

3. *Your battery* needs our check-up every 2 weeks.

4. Let us *change your oil every 1,000 miles*—we'll put in clean, tough Mobiloil!

5. Let us *Mobilubricate* your car every 1,000 miles—protect every chassis part from costly wear!

6. We'll protect your car's finish, too! Let us wax it every 3 months!

7. Let us *flush cooling system* twice a year—condition the fresh water to guard against damaging, clogging rust!

8. Let us make sure that *gears* are protected . . . we'll check every 1,000 miles.

9. Let us *clean your spark plugs* every 5,000 miles—help you save gasoline.

10. Let us check your *air filter* every 2,000 miles—change your *oil filter* every 8,000 miles.

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said. "I'm afraid I was asleep. What did you say?"

Mrs. Dane Calthrop beat one fist fiercely on the palm of her other hand. "It's got to be stopped. These letters! Murder! You can't go on having poor innocent children like Agnes Woddell *killed!*"

"You're quite right," I said. "But how do you propose to set about it?"

Mrs. Dane Calthrop said, "We've got to do something!"

I smiled, perhaps in rather a superior fashion. "And what do you suggest that we should do?"

"Get the whole thing cleared up! I said this wasn't a wicked place. I was wrong. It is."

I felt annoyed. "Yes, my dear woman," I said, not too politely, "but what are you going to *do?*"

Mrs. Dane Calthrop said, "Put a stop to it all, of course."

"The police are doing their best."

"If Agnes could be killed yesterday, their best isn't good enough."

"So you know better than they do?"

"Not at all. *I* don't know anything at all. That's why I'm going to call in an expert."

I shook my head. "You can't do that. Scotland Yard will only take over on a demand from the chief constable of the county. Actually they *have* sent Graves."

"I don't mean *that* kind of an expert. I don't mean someone who knows about anonymous letters or even about murder. I mean someone who knows *people*. Don't you see? We want someone who knows a great deal about *wickedness!*"

It was a queer point of view. But it was, somehow, stimulating.

Before I could say anything more, Mrs. Dane Calthrop nodded her head at me and said in a quick, confident tone:

"I'm going to see about it right away."

And she went out of the window again.

THE next week, I think, was one of the queerest times I have ever passed through. It had an odd dream quality. Nothing seemed real.

The inquest on Agnes Woddell was held and the curious of Lymstock attended *en masse*. No new facts came to light and the only possible verdict was returned: "Murder by person or persons unknown."

So poor little Agnes Woddell, having had her hour of limelight, was duly buried in the quiet old churchyard and life in Lymstock went on as before.

No, that last statement is untrue. Not as before. . . .

There was a half-scared, half-avid gleam in almost everybody's eye. Neighbor looked at neighbor. One thing had been brought out clearly at the inquest—it was most unlikely that any stranger had killed Agnes Woddell. No tramps or unknown men had been noticed or reported in the district. Somewhere, then, in Lymstock, walking down the High Street, shopping, passing the time of day, was a person who had cracked a defenseless girl's skull and driven a sharp skewer home to her brain.

And no one knew who that person was.

AS I say, the days went on in a kind of dream. I looked at everyone I met in a new light, the light of a possible murderer. It was not an agreeable sensation!

And in the evenings, with the curtain drawn, Joanna and I sat talking, talking, arguing, going over in turn all the various possibilities that still seemed so fantastic and incredible.

Joanna held firm to her theory of Mr. Pye. I, after wavering a little, had gone back to my original suspect, Miss Ginch. But we went over the possible names again and again:

Mr. Pye?
Miss Ginch?
Mrs. Dane Calthrop?
Aimée Griffith?
Emily Barton?
Partridge?

And all the time, nervously, apprehensively, we waited for something to happen.

But nothing did happen. Nobody, so far as we knew, received any more letters. Nash made periodic appearances in the town but what he was doing and what traps the police were setting, I had no idea. Graves had gone again.

Emily Barton came to tea. Megan came to lunch. Owen Griffith went about his practice. We went and drank sherry with Mr. Pye. And we went to tea at the vicarage.

I was glad to find that Mrs. Dane Calthrop displayed none of the militant ferocity she had shown on the occasion of our last meeting. I think she had forgotten all about it.

She seemed now principally concerned with the destruction of white butterflies so as to preserve cauliflower and cabbage plants.

Our afternoon at the vicarage was really one of the most peaceful we had spent. It was an attractive old house and had a big, shabby, comfortable drawing room with faded rose cretonne. The Dane Calthrops had a guest staying with them, an amiable, elderly lady who was knitting something with white, fleecy wool. We had very good hot scones for tea, the vicar came in, and beamed placidly on us while he pursued his gentle erudite conversation. It was very pleasant.

I don't mean that we got away from the topic of the murder, because we didn't.

Miss Marple, the guest, was naturally thrilled by the subject. As she said apologetically:

"We have so little to talk about in the country!" She had made up her mind that the dead girl must have been just like her Edith.

"Such a nice little maid, and so willing, but sometimes just a *little* slow to take in things."

Miss Marple also had a cousin whose niece's sister-in-law had had a great deal of annoyance and trouble over some anonymous letters, so that, too, was very interesting to the charming old lady.

"But tell me, dear" she said to Mrs. Dane Calthrop, "what do the village people—I mean the townspeople—say? What do *they* think?"

"Mrs. Cleat still, I suppose," said Joanna.

"Oh, no," said Mrs. Dane Calthrop. "Not *now*."

Miss Marple asked who Mrs. Cleat was.

Joanna said she was the village witch.

"That's right, isn't it, Mrs. Dane Calthrop?"

The vicar murmured a long Latin quotation about, I think, the evil power of witches, to which we all listened in respectful and uncomprehending silence.

"She's a very silly woman," said his wife. "Likes to show off. Goes out to gather herbs and things at the full of the moon and takes care that everybody in the place knows about it."

"And silly girls go and consult her, I suppose?" said Miss Marple.

I SAW the vicar getting ready to unload more Latin on us and I asked hastily, "But why shouldn't people suspect her of the murder now? They thought the letters were her doing."

Miss Marple said finally:

"Oh! But the girl was killed with a *skewer,* so I hear. Very unpleasant! Well, naturally, that takes *all* suspicion away from this Mrs. Cleat. Because, you see, she could ill-wish her, so that the girl would waste away and die from natural causes."

"Strange how those old beliefs linger," said the vicar. "In early Christian times, local superstitions were wisely incorporated with Christian doctrines and their most unpleasant attributes gradually eliminated."

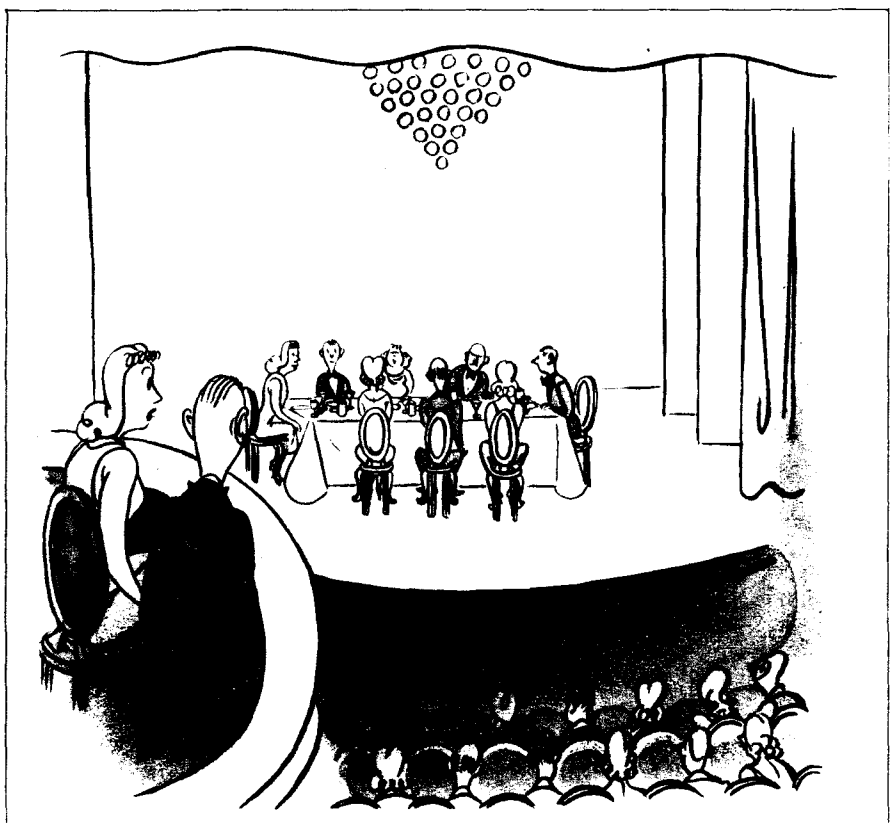
"It isn't superstition we've got to deal with here," said Mrs. Dane Calthrop, "but *facts*."

"And very unpleasant facts," I said.

"As you say, Mr. Burton," said Miss Marple. "Now *you*—excuse me if I am being too personal—are a stranger here, and have a knowledge of the world and of various aspects of life. It seems to me that you ought to be able to find a solution to this distasteful problem."

I smiled.

"The best solution I have had was a



"I understand they all have to remain after the play to help do the dishes" ADOLPH SCHUS

Impressively masculine is the appearance of Longines Watches for men. The enlarged photo shows Longines 'Coronation' with diamond-set dial and 14K. gold case at $175.

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Longines provides watches in a wide variety of style but in a single variety of quality. Every Longines Watch is made to one standard, world-honored for greater accuracy and long life, and time-tested by 76 years of use. The excellence and elegance of Longines Watches have won for them 10 world's fair grand prizes, 28 gold medals and more honors for accuracy than any other timepiece.

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Longines Watches have won 10 world's fair grand prizes, 28 gold medals

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Teacher Jones flunks test

MISS JONES NEEDS A LAXATIVE; but she has to be in class by 9—with a hard day ahead.

"Better put off taking anything till tonight," she decides. She doesn't know about quick-acting laxatives.

MISS JONES, annoyed by constipation symptoms, can't manage the children at all.

When the principal visits her class, Miss Jones is irritable and unfortunately makes a bad impression.

Teacher Smith scores triumph

MISS SMITH NEEDS A LAXATIVE; she has to be in class by 9. Her day is crowded, too.

But she doesn't put off till tonight taking the laxative she needs this morning. She takes speedy Sal Hepatica!

MISS SMITH—free of discomfort—is at ease when the principal visits *her* room.

Her students are models of good behavior. She is grateful for Sal Hepatica's speedy relief.

Whenever you need a laxative —take gentle, *speedy* Sal Hepatica

DON'T PUT OFF till tonight the laxative you should take this morning! Take *speedy*, gentle Sal Hepatica!

It usually acts within an hour. Brings gentle, effective relief by attracting needed liquid bulk to the intestinal tract. No griping. No discomfort.

No wonder 3 out of 5 doctors interviewed recommend Sal Hepatica.

And bear in mind, Sal Hepatica does even *more:* it has a decidedly helpful effect in reducing excess gastric acidity; helps turn a sour stomach sweet again.

Next time you need a laxative, take speedy, sparkling Sal Hepatica.

SAL HEPATICA

Product of Bristol-Myers

"TIME TO SMILE!" Tune in **EDDIE CANTOR**—Wednesdays at 9 P. M., E. W. T.

dream. In my dream it all fitted in and panned out beautifully. Unfortunately when I woke up the whole thing was nonsense!"

"How interesting, though. Do tell me how the nonsense went."

"Oh, it all started with the silly phrase 'No smoke without fire.' People have been saying that *ad nauseam*. And then I got it mixed up with war terms. Smoke screen, scrap of paper, telephone messages—no, that was another dream."

"And what was that dream?"

The old lady was so eager about it, that I felt sure she was a secret reader of Napoleon's Book of Dreams, which had been the great stand-by of my old nurse.

"Oh! Only Elsie Holland—the Symmingtons' nursery governess, you know, was getting married to Dr. Griffith and the vicar here was reading the service in Latin—("Very appropriate, dear," murmured Mrs. Dane Calthrop to her spouse)—and then Mrs. Dane Calthrop got up and forbade the banns and said it had got to be stopped!

"But that part," I added with a smile, "was true. I woke up and found you standing over me saying it."

"And I was quite right," said Mrs. Dane Calthrop—but quite mildly, I was glad to note.

"But where did a telephone message come in?" asked Miss Marple, crinkling her brows.

"I'm afraid I'm being rather stupid. That wasn't in the dream. It was just before it. I came through the hall and noticed Joanna had written down a message to be given to someone if he rang up."

Miss Marple leaned forward. There was a pink spot in each cheek. "Will you think me *very* inquisitive and *very* rude if I ask just what that message was?" She cast a glance at Joanna. "I *do* apologize, my dear."

Joanna, however, was highly entertained.

"Oh, I don't mind," she assured the old lady. "I can't remember anything about it myself, but perhaps Jerry can. It must have been something quite trivial."

Solemnly I repeated the message as best I could remember it, enormously tickled by the old lady's rapt attention.

I WAS afraid the actual words were going to disappoint her, but perhaps she had some sentimental idea of a romance, for she nodded her head and smiled and seemed pleased.

"I see," she said. "I thought it might be something like that."

Mrs. Dane Calthrop said sharply, "Like what, dear?"

"Something quite ordinary," said Miss Marple.

She looked at me thoughtfully for a moment or two and we all fell silent.

Miss Marple had resumed her fleecy knitting. "You know," she observed pensively, "to commit a successful murder must be very much like bringing off a conjuring trick."

"The quickness of the hand deceives the eye?"

"Not only that. You've got to make people look at the wrong thing and in the wrong place—misdirection, they call it, I believe."

"Well," I remarked, "so far everybody seems to have looked in the wrong place for our lunatic at large."

"I should be inclined, myself," said Miss Marple, "to look for somebody very sane."

"Yes," I said thoughtfully, "that's what Nash said. I remember he stressed respectability, too."

"Yes," agreed Miss Marple. "That's *very* important."

Well, we all seemed agreed.

I addressed Mrs. Calthrop. "Nash thinks," I said, "that there will be more anonymous letters. What do you think?"

"There may be," she said slowly, "I suppose."

"If the police think that, there will have to be, no doubt," said Miss Marple.

I went on doggedly to Mrs. Dane Calthrop: "Are you still sorry for the writer?"

She flushed. "Why not?"

"I don't think I agree with you, my dear," said Miss Marple. "Not in this case."

I said hotly, "They've driven one woman to suicide, and caused untold misery and heartache!"

"Have you had one, Miss Burton?" asked Miss Marple of Joanna.

Joanna gurgled: "Oh, yes! It said the most frightful things."

"I'm afraid," said Miss Marple, "that the people who are young and pretty are apt to be singled out by the writer."

"That's why I certainly think it's odd that Elsie Holland hasn't had any," I said.

"Let me see," said Miss Marple. "Is that the Symmingtons' nursery governess—the one you dreamed about, Mr. Burton?"

"Yes."

"Dear me," said Miss Marple. "Now that's *very* interesting. That's the most interesting thing I've heard yet."

AS WE were going home Joanna told me that I ought not to have repeated what Nash said about more letters coming.

"Why not?"

"Because Mrs. Dane Calthrop might be It."

"You don't really believe that!"

"I'm not sure. She's a queer woman."

It was two nights later that I was coming back in the car from Exhampton. I had had dinner there and then started back and it was already dark before I got into Lymstock.

Something was wrong with the car lights, and after slowing up and switching on and off, I finally got out to see what I could do. I was some time fiddling, but I managed to fix them up finally.

The road was quite deserted. Nobody in Lymstock is about after dark. The first few houses were just ahead, among them the ugly gabled building of the Women's Institute. It loomed up in the dim starlight and something impelled me to go and have a look at it. I don't know whether I had caught a faint glimpse of a stealthy figure flitting through the gate—if so, it must have been so indeterminate that it did not register in my conscious mind, but I did suddenly feel a kind of overwhelming curiosity about the place.

The gate was slightly ajar, and I pushed it open and walked in. A short path and four steps led up to the door.

I stood there a moment hesitating. What was I really doing there? I didn't know, and then, suddenly, just near at hand, I caught the sound of a rustle. It sounded like a woman's dress.

I took a sharp turn and went around the corner of the building toward where the sound had come from.

I couldn't see anybody. I went on and again turned a corner. I was at the back of the house now and suddenly I saw, only two feet away from me, an open window.

I crept up to it and listened. I could hear nothing, but somehow or other I felt convinced that there was someone inside.

My back wasn't too good for acrobatics as yet, but I managed to hoist myself up and drop over the sill inside. I made rather a noise, unfortunately.

I stood just inside the window listening. Then I walked forward, my hands outstretched. I heard then the faintest sound ahead of me to my right.

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I had a flashlight in my pocket and I switched it on.

Immediately a low, sharp voice ordered, "Put that out."

I obeyed instantly, for in that brief second I had recognized Superintendent Nash.

I felt him take my arm and propel me through a door and into a passage. Here, where there was no window to betray our presence to anyone outside, he switched on a lamp and looked at me more in sorrow than in anger.

"You *would* have to butt in at just that minute, Mr. Burton."

"Sorry," I apologized. "But I got a hunch that I was on to something."

"And so you were, probably. Did you see anyone?"

I hesitated.

"I'm not sure," I said slowly. "I've got a vague feeling I saw someone sneak in through the front gate but I didn't really *see* anyone. Then I heard a rustle around the side of the house."

Nash nodded. "That's right. Somebody came around the house before you. He—or she—hesitated by the window, then went on quickly—heard *you*, I expect."

I apologized again. "What's the big idea?" I asked.

Nash said:

"I'm banking on the fact that an anonymous letter writer can't stop writing letters. She may know it's dangerous, but she'll have to do it. It's like a craving for drink or drugs."

I nodded.

"Now you see, Mr. Burton, I fancy whoever it is will want to keep the letters looking the same as much as possible. She's got the cut out pages of that book, and can go on using letters and words cut out of them. But the envelopes present a difficulty. She'll want to type them on the same machine. She can't risk using another typewriter or her own handwriting."

"DO YOU really think she'll go on with the game?" I asked incredulously.

"Yes, I do. And I'll bet you anything you like she's full of confidence. They're always vain as the devil, these people! Well, then, I figured out that whoever it was would come to the Institute after dark so as to get at the typewriter."

"Miss Ginch?" I said.

"Maybe."

"You don't know yet?"

"I don't *know*."

"But you suspect?"

"Yes. But somebody's very cunning, Mr. Burton. Somebody knows all the tricks of the game."

I could imagine some of the network that Nash had spread abroad. I had no doubt that every letter written by a suspect and posted or left by hand was immediately inspected. Sooner or later the criminal would slip up, would grow careless.

For the third time I apologized for my zealous and unwanted presence.

"Oh, well," said Nash philosophically, "it can't be helped. Better luck next time."

I went out into the night. A dim figure was standing beside my car. To my astonishment I recognized Megan.

"Hullo!" she said. "I thought this was your car. What have you been doing?"

"What you are doing is much more to the point." I said.

"I'm out for a walk. I like walking at night. Nobody stops you and says silly things, and I like the stars, and things smell better, and everyday things look all mysterious."

"All of that I grant you freely," I said. "But only cats and witches walk in the dark. They'll wonder about you at home."

"No, they won't. They never wonder where I am or what *I'm* doing."

"How are you getting on?" I asked.

"All right, I suppose."

"Miss Holland look after you and all that?"

"Elsie's all right. She can't help being a perfect fool."

"Unkind—but probably true," I said. "Hop in and I'll drive you home."

It was not quite true that Megan was never missed.

Symmington was standing on the doorstep as we drove up.

He peered toward us.

"Hullo, is Megan there?"

"Yes," I said. "I've brought her home."

Symmington said sharply, "You mustn't go off like this without telling us, Megan. Miss Holland has been quite worried about you."

Megan muttered something and went past him into the house.

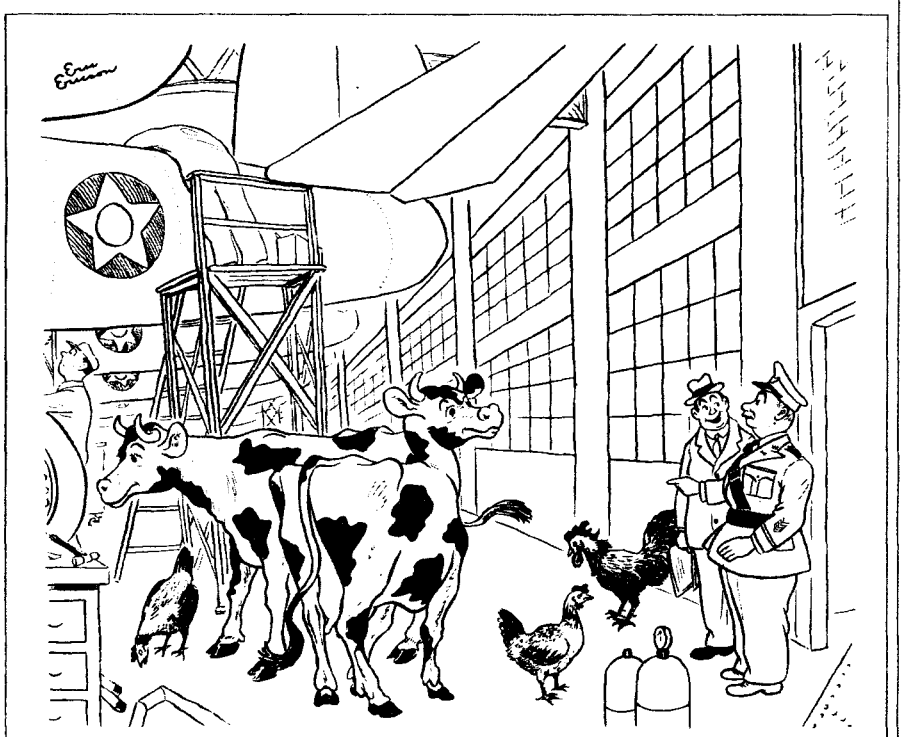
Symmington sighed. "A grown-up girl is a great responsibility with no mother to look after her. She's too old for school, I suppose."

He looked toward me rather suspiciously.

"I suppose you took her for a drive?"

I thought it best to leave it like that.

(To be continued next week)



"This was just a cow pasture last month" ERIC ERICSON

"But I don't LIKE the Nortons!"

You don't mean a word of it.

It's just that you're a bundle of nerves at the end of a hard day. But why be a wet blanket? Enjoy the Best Part of Your Day by first getting into the tub with a cake of Ivory to . . .

Forget fatigue in an IVORY BATH!

Dig that dull, heavy feeling out of your muscles by briskly massaging your body with New Ivory's rich, quick lather. It's so *mild* men use Ivory even for shaving. And that big white floating cake lathers *faster* than any other leading bath soap. In no time at all an Ivory Bath washes away your weariness, your grumpiness. You...

Step out with a Fresh Start!

Friendly get-togethers are delightful when you're refreshed after your Ivory Bath. That fresh, clean "Ivory" smell leaves *you* good company, too—physically fresh and mentally keen. You'll have more fun with the family and friends *every* evening if you always start Fresh from an Ivory Bath!

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Tumult Between the Tracks

Continued from page 23

downtown merchants, who were equally hot on the scent of Webb's bargains.

Neither husband nor competitor nor a combination of both could do much about that. As a matter of fact, when the downtown merchants learned what was going on they urged their wives to raid Webb's bargains as the quickest way to put him out of business.

But they misfigured. They also had to put up with a lot of raucous jeers from the soot-and-cinder belt, in his advertising. Doc had a knack of harpooning his competitors while inoculating housewives with his own brand of bargain virus.

They tried to blot him out with bigger ads. But Doc came back with still bigger bargains. They decided to take bargain losses by turns in order to hurry matters along. Doc offered to meet all their advertised prices. Customers brought in the competitive ads. They stayed to buy the other fellow's bargain from Doc. Then to save them the trouble, he posted those ads in his store, and added a postscript.

When the executive of a national drug chain landed in town to see what ailed their special sales, the local manager led him up to Webb's and pointed. Across the bottom of their latest ad was printed "Ten per cent off these prices at Webb's."

Fair-trade practice and price-fixing laws, it was hoped, would put an end to his abysmal initiative and primitive enterprise. But Doc Webb nominated himself the champion of the common people in their fight against the statutory increase in the cost of living.

The first of the Florida price-fixing laws jumped the price of milk. Then came laundries, dry cleaners, barbers and beauticians, and up went the Monday wash and face lifting. Doc pretended he had never heard of these laws while their validity was being tested, and even afterward there was nothing, for example, to keep him from selling ice cream at the fixed price of milk. To dispense beauty at a bargain, he employs twenty-nine operators in his beauty parlor; which he says makes it the largest in the state or, if he is feeling expansive, in the country.

He operates continuously under injunctions and counter-injunctions. With the federal government prosecuting price-fixers, and state governments prosecuting non-price-fixers, about all anybody knows is that Doc Webb, with jail staring him in the face, defies all the laws of fair trade and foul in behalf of his customers.

Little Big Businessman

"Those laws were hatched by big businessmen to help themselves," he snorts. "Every one of them jumped prices. I don't care about those fellows. It's the people that count."

With such a reputation, a person might expect to find Doc Webb a bellowing mastodon, but he is nothing of the sort. He is just a cocky bantam, five feet five in his shoes, weighing 123 pounds. Except for fixed, penetrating eyes that remind you of those colored-glass orbs sometimes found in white marble statuary, he could easily glide through life unnoticed.

Doc Webb, or James Earl Webb, was born August 31, 1899, at Nashville, Tennessee, and he was twenty-seven when he went off like the Fourth of July in St. Petersburg. Before that, he had held two drugstore jobs, one in Nashville, the other in Knoxville. He thought he was worth more money on the second, but his boss thought otherwise. So Doc Webb indignantly pocketed his savings and headed for the then fabulous land of riches, just as Florida's fantastic boom went blooey! He started one of his own.

With $2,000 and a partner, he rented a room at $25 a month without a lease. At the end of the first year his gross totaled $38,000. He decided he could do better without a partner. Bills payable exceeded $6,000, and his inventory totaled considerably less, but he made a deal which, by the time he got a free hand, cost him $18,000.

The second year, he grossed $90,000 and began to kick out partitions and take over adjoining rooms. By the time of the national depression of 1929, his gross had mounted to $300,000. By the time the depression hit bottom, the gross had reached $500,000. In the recession of 1937, it passed $1,000,000, and by the time World War II broke out in 1939, it had passed $2,000,000. In 1940, the figure topped $3,000,000, and in 1941, more than $4,000,000.

Seldom does Doc Webb show up at his store before midafternoon, which is looked upon as a business heresy; and then he stays little more than an hour, which is even worse. A snappy dresser, usually in white, he also wears a hat that disguises him as a customer, as he moves swiftly about, consulting with department executives. No employee can be induced to point him out. Doc rates somewhere between a curiosity and a legend.

"I've got to see an architect," he protested and started to flee when trapped flat-footed in the middle of his store. "Fellow in here last week wanting a story," he complained. "Offered me a hundred dollars to dig up records that'd take a week. But if I can tell you what you want to know in a minute, come on."

He led the way up a flight of stairs little better than a stepladder to a cubbyhole balcony, where his general manager, surrounded by buttons and switches, controlled the madhouse below. The one-minute interview stretched into three nerve-devastating hours. Doc Webb is a self-winder who stays wound. He never sat, and much of the time he was springing halfway down the stairs. He seemed to transact most of his business on those steps. Meanwhile, files and records were brought up.

"I want every statement checked," he told his manager.

Then he cleared up the mystery of why he spends so little time at the store. "I sit down only at home and then, most of the time, it's on the floor with my legs under me," he explained. "I put in at least six hours daily that way, using the telephone. So my wife made me a special cushion."

Many local tobacco stores buy from him instead of from wholesalers. "It takes more than a carload to get the attention of the tobacco people," declared Doc. "It takes trainloads. The vice-president of a national tobacco company told me himself that his firm ships more of a certain brand of pipe tobacco to me than to all the rest of the stores in Florida put together." Doc has sold 1,500,000 cigarettes in a week.

Till-Music—Symphony Style

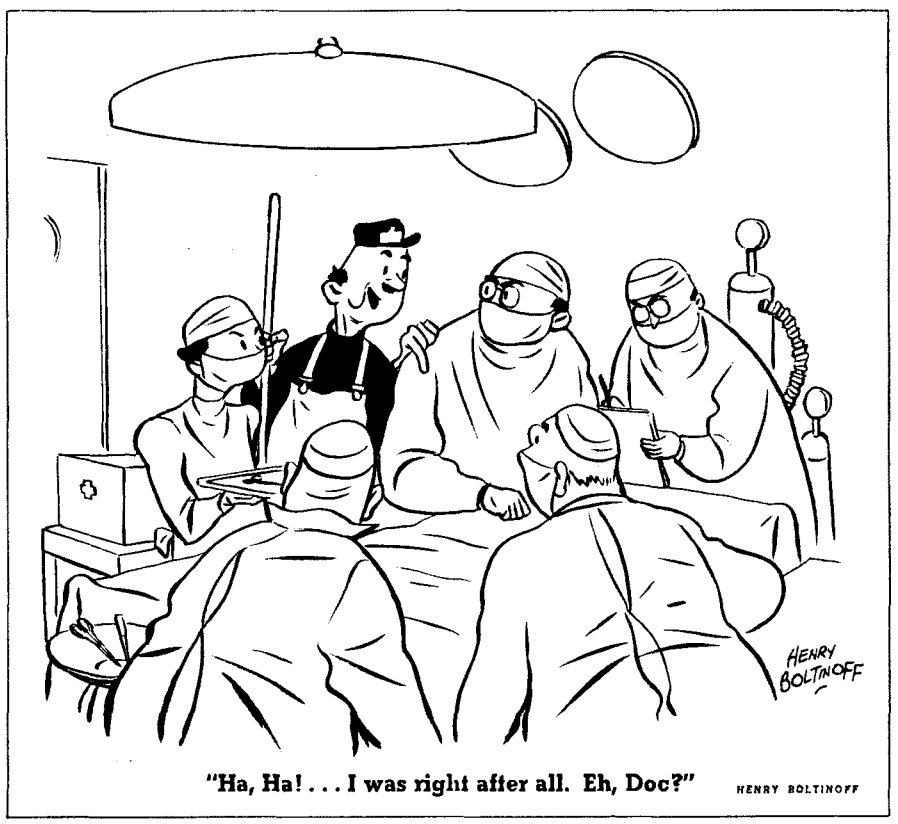
By actual count, his thirty-nine cash registers have withstood 100,000 rings in a single day. He frequently cashes $50,000 worth of checks in a day, and from $75,000 to $100,000 on Saturday nights. He has two experienced bankers to handle this detail. Out of an average of 50,000 checks cashed a month, losses do not exceed $100, because Doc Webb makes it hot for a bad-check artist.

The outside of his place used to be a sight. "I kept it that way on purpose," said Doc, "so ordinary folks wouldn't be afraid to come in. I didn't have show windows, because people would not be in this neighborhood if they were not coming to Webb's."

Then he bought and tore down the ice plant next door, put up a new building and a new front on the old. Along this block-long front he installed two tiers of brilliantly illuminated display windows.

Doc Webb attributes the growth of his business to two simple things: operating a retail store on a wholesale basis, and doing business entirely on the other fellow's money.

"I turn my stock fifty-two times a



"Ha, Ha! . . . I was right after all. Eh, Doc?" HENRY BOLTINOFF

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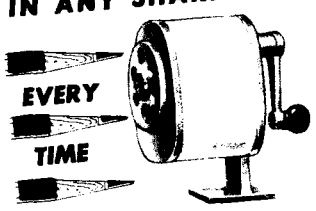

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Groups of people like this, meeting in blacksmith shops, in taverns, stores, and on street corners, demanded that the Constitution be amended to guarantee certain rights. Among these are Freedom of Speech . . . Freedom of the Press . . . Freedom of Religion . . . Freedom of Assembly.

To these Four Freedoms . . . add another

RANKING in importance with these freedoms is another that Americans have added . . . Freedom to Plan One's Own Future.

Nowhere on earth is a man so free to plan his own future as he is in America. Of all the world's life insurance, 70% is owned in the United States where men, women, and children enjoy to the fullest the right to pursue happiness and security in their own way.

This right is not something that just happens to be in the air we breathe. Men had to fight to wrest it from the forces of oppression.

Today, these forces are at work against us again. They have thrust upon us a fight that requires more on our part than the will to win. Victory requires tanks and planes and guns and battleships, huge armies, munition plants, and all other implements of total war.

To build enough of these things, fast enough, takes money—unheard-of sums of money. And the United States Government needs that money right now . . . today!

★ ★ ★

Your life insurance companies, through investment in Government Bonds, are helping to fill Uncle Sam's war chest. You also can help by buying all the U. S. Savings Bonds and Stamps you can . . . every week, every month! Every Bond you can buy is urgently needed to help defend America, and all its people, including *you* and your family! Make every payday, Bond day. U. S. Savings Stamps may be purchased at any Metropolitan Office, or from any Metropolitan agent.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

Frederick H. Ecker, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD

Leroy A. Lincoln, PRESIDENT

1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

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No other leading dentifrice gives such Beauty to Teeth with such amazing Safety

Wonderful new liquid dentifrice, Teel, cleans and beautifies your teeth the safest way—without scouring ingredients!

Of course you want your teeth to sparkle with dazzling natural beauty! But do you want this *temporary* beauty at the expense of some *lasting injury* that will mar their loveliness? Well, millions of Americans, unfortunately, are using dentifrices containing ingredients which *can* cause this injury.

Yes! Most dentifrices today have scouring materials in them, so fine you can't notice them. Tests show these scouring ingredients can gradually cut grooves or cavities in the soft part of the tooth along the gum line—when this part is exposed by receding gums, as so often happens. All too often then teeth lose their beauty, may grow painful and require filling, too!

Why Teel avoids this serious injury!

Teel, wonderful new liquid dentifrice, is different from any leading tooth paste or powder. Not only because it is *liquid* . . . but because it contains *no scouring ingredients*, as other popular dentifrices do!

That's why, of all leading dentifrices today, tests prove Teel is the only one which simply cannot cut ugly gum-line cavities in the exposed, soft part of the teeth.

And yet, Teel helps brighten and beautify teeth thrillingly! In fact, no other leading dentifrice does such a wonderful cleansing job . . . with such amazing safety. For, instead of scouring ingredients, liquid Teel depends for its super-cleansing action on a new-type, patented, cleansing ingredient. Thus, Teel is actually as safe as water on teeth.

So for bright, naturally shining teeth . . . with complete safety, too . . . change to Teel. You'll love Teel's refreshing taste—and you'll be thrilled by the beauty results! To further protect the beauty of your teeth, visit your dentist regularly.

Use this Teel method for removing stains!

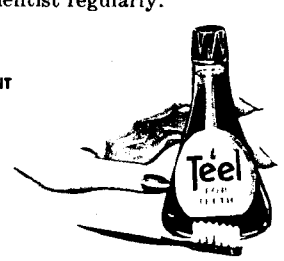
Most people find Teel easily removes ordinary surface stains from their teeth. Due to unusual mouth conditions, however, some find it difficult to remove these discolorations. In such cases, an occasional scouring may be needed.

For these people, we recommend this easy method: (1) Use Teel twice each day. (2) Use salt and soda or any ordinary dentifrice *not more than once or twice a week.* For remember—*regular* use of anything that *scours* may be dangerous to the exposed, soft part of teeth and cause trouble.

THIS SIMPLE TEST WILL TELL YOU WHETHER YOUR TEETH ARE IN DANGER

Starting from the gums, run your fingernail up and down several teeth. If your nail catches on a groove near the gum (grooves usually come first in the "eye" teeth) then you know the soft part is exposed and in danger. So choose your dentifrice carefully! Play safe! Start right away to use Teel—new *liquid* dentifrice guaranteed to contain no scouring materials.

AT DRUG, DEPARTMENT AND 10¢ STORES



Change to **Teel**

THE NEW LIQUID DENTIFRICE—
USE IT INSTEAD OF TOOTH PASTES AND POWDERS

year," he declared; "allow no credit and convert merchandise into cash well in advance of the ten-day deadline for taking discounts."

The importance of these discounts came to light when the Internal Revenue agents were probing for hidden profits. They too insisted that a business had to net a certain percentage of its gross or go broke. The only thing Doc seemed to net was that two per cent discount for cash.

"That's plenty," he protested. "What other druggist around this town netted sixty thousand dollars?"

Doc is a master of timing, surprise and provocation. His special sales overlap, but by appealing to different groups, he creates the effect of waits between bargains. No competitor can tell who will be the next. Before one calms down, Doc takes a fall out of another. It may be a carload of bridge tables, 50,000 rosebushes, or a bargain tour to Cuba.

Once he sold a carload of cantaloupes at two cents apiece and blandly remarked that this helped the fruit stores. "I sold those 15,000 cantaloupes in a day and did not reorder," he explained. "That gave 30,000 persons half a cantaloupe for breakfast at a cost of one cent each, which didn't hurt anybody. Many got an appetite for melon and patronized the regular fruit markets."

On another occasion, he offered paint at $1.79 a gallon and posted a $1,000 reward for proof that a better paint existed at any price. Then, as an extra added insult, he threw in a free paintbrush.

At the time he added a butcher shop, the U. S. Coast Guard sought bids on 30,000 pounds of meat. Local distributors bid and so did Doc Webb. He got the order. He had to buy the meat from one of the losers, but the fact that a drugstore outbid the meat packers made wire news; and this, together with the circus parade of delivering the 30,000 pounds of meat, forced Doc to hire eighteen meatcutters who had to work in such close quarters that on big days they fell to butchering one another.

Coffee—and Doughnuts

When someone tries to take a fall out of him, Doc really works up a lather, and that is usually when he adds a new line. Selling a national brand of coffee at nine cents a pound turned him into a coffee importer. He was warned, then his supply was cut off. That was seven years ago. Since then, he has sold more than 4,000,000 pounds of his own brand. He regularly sends a buyer to Colombia, Guatemala and Mexico to purchase coffee beans for what he terms the largest *individual* coffee business in the world.

On February 18, 1940, to mention but one date, he staged a special sale and sold 8,578 pounds of his coffee. For once, he ran out of stock and had to issue due bills. Doc Webb sees to it that the last customers to come are served too or given a due bill for later delivery of the bargain. He sold 9,453 dozen doughnuts of his own make the same day and he sells at least half a million loaves of bread a year.

Serving cut-rate meals at his fountain caused the cafeterias to strike back with a nine-cent breakfast. He retaliated with a cafeteria, put on a three-cent breakfast and kept it going for six months. It consisted of "one fresh yard egg, three slices of select bacon, three slices of buttered toast, grits and ham gravy." That breakfast also became wire news and the theme of a national broadcast. Doc Webb received letters from England wanting to know how he did it. The answer was a loss of $20,000, but today he operates the biggest cafeteria in town.

He once gave cigarettes away on an uproarious scale and ended up by taking on the toughest business he ever tackled. He announced a line of ladies' silk hose, and immediately a downtown women's store came back with a cut-rate sale on cigarettes, his bargain stand-by. They slashed and he slashed. Then, as he put it, rather than mess around any more, he offered free cigarettes, two packages to a customer. The lines were more than a block long for two days but Doc was in one of his super-rages; he added a second story to his building and installed a ladies' ready-to-wear store.

That department has been his worst headache. To even up, the downtown store installed a cut-rate drug department and a lunch counter and tried to steal his sugar special.

Rationing Ends a Bonanza

Five pounds of sugar for a dime had been his first bargain. It was a Blue Monday eradicator and started the week with a stampede. When war broke out in 1939, other local stores limited sugar sales to five pounds for thirty-five cents. Doc told his customers to come and get what they wanted at five cents a pound. They came and got two carloads in two days, and that was the end of the local sugar scare but not of the sugar war. This reached an occasional pitch where the women's store would give away ten pounds on Saturday, and Doc twelve pounds on Monday, until rationing ended the battle.

Doc's attempt to finance his new building was perhaps the classic event of his spectacular career. He had been as independent in his actions as the U. S. mint. But now he needed to float a $200,000 preferred-stock issue. He approached local brokers but they failed to warm up. Local stock issues were bad enough without Doc Webb and his sensational methods.

"All right!" he yelled. "I'll sell that stock myself!" He took an eight-page section in the Sunday paper for an announcement that was about the most impudent piece of effrontery since the boom days when prospects were told to jump fast or lose a fortune. "You have exactly one week to subscribe," he notified the public.

He had a prospectus printed, set up a table in his warehouse and gargled for a siege of vocal persuasion. Monday morning he ran a page ad that read, "Today is the Day." The wise boys sat back.

Monday morning his staff ushered prospects into the warehouse, and Doc undertook to explain his proposition. They would not listen. He handed them copies of his prospectus. They threw them away unread. He could not get started. Nevertheless, his Tuesday morning ad read, "$73,400 of stock sold and paid for." Wednesday morning it read, "$126,600 sold and paid for" and Thursday, "Thank you." He had turned away scores, some of whom wanted to take the entire issue.

"That was money right from the heart," exulted Doc Webb. "The ones who stopped to use their heads never had a chance."

Though the new building is completed, the din of pounding and sawing which began when Doc first opened his store in 1926 continues unabated. It gives the impression of a desperate race to keep ahead of a business that constantly threatens to burst through its walls.

"When you don't hear hammering around here," proclaimed Doc, as a parting shot, "I'll be broke or dead." Which adds up to no moral and to nothing anybody had better try to imitate.

THE END

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Ranzo Goes to War

Continued from page 19

to a British port and, provided the coast was clear when he picked us up, he'd probably make sure by asking for our papers. The mate of the Robin Moor brought that ship's papers over to the sub. Well, if the mate of the Vanguard is ordered to bring her papers over to the sub I'll put over the dirtiest Irish trick since the night of the Big Wind in Ireland."

Ranzo smiled upon Mr. McNamara a beatific smile. "I knew it," he piped. "I'd have bet money on it. And just to complicate the plot and make it more than usually probable, the Vanguard is going out under the flag of Panama. Panama is not shooting German submarines on sight and we are, damn us for a lot of pussyfooting hypocrites without the guts to make it official and the hell with the America Firsters! A sub would investigate us before opening fire."

"How did you know it, sir? You have never spoken to me until today."

"What are personnel cards for? Your history was run down for me some time back. You had two years in the training ship St. Mary before you were eighteen; then you did four years in the Navy, all of it in submarines and were discharged a chief torpedo-man, which is a rating not many men achieve on their first enlistment. So I suspect you were good. You've gone from bosun to chief mate in the Red Arrow Line and I notice by your ticket hung in the pilothouse you have an unlimited license as master. You're Irish-American, born in Boston, and it seemed reasonable to suspect you'd resent being blown out of the finest ship you've ever been in."

"If ever I set foot on the deck of a submarine I'll be in command of her, sir. For a little while, anyway."

"It's a very great risk."

"The McNamaras thrive on risks. I can load the gun but I think, sir, you're the man to fire it."

"Why not? I'm eighty-six years old and no good anyhow. And I'll fix it so the Red Arrow Line will take care of your dependents if you don't come back. You support your mother. Well, we'll take her over."

"I must remind you, sir, that if we wage a private war on a nation with which we are not officially at war, we'll be pirates under the law—"

"Oh, rot!" said Ranzo. "Let's beat the gun. I've always wanted to be a pirate. There's such a thing as being too danged pure all one's life."

"Only the sinful have fun, sir."

"Give me your battle plan, mister."

Mr. McNamara outlined his idea in brief, succinct sentences. "The only trouble I'll have," he added, "is to get the wrecking material."

"Give you a letter to the president of the New England Wrecking Company," Ranzo promised. "I'm a big stockholder there and I know they always keep that sort of wrecking material on hand. You run up to Boston tonight and get it and I'll take over your job tomorrow. I could write a book on the proper stowage of cargo."

Ranzo now adjusted himself more comfortably on the day bed, laid aside his pipe and closed his eyes. Presently Mr. McNamara heard a thin whistling, like a six-knot breeze passing through a ship's rigging. . . . Ranzo, his present problem settled to his satisfaction, had dropped off to sleep. Mr. McNamara, however, continued to sit there—he would not depart until dismissed.

Half an hour later Ranzo said: "You're off duty, so if you choose to take a drink, that's your business. Press the button yonder and when the room steward comes tell him to hustle up here with a quart of champagne. I always celebrate the discovery of real seafarin' talent and until you came aboard I always thought I was the only man living who realized what a risk the commander of the sub that sank the Robin Moor ran when he had the mate come aboard."

"The mate suspected nothing; so he wasn't ready."

"Just like our old, senile, trusting boob of an Uncle Sam," Ranzo snarled. "Mister, you renew my faith. Every little while I have to get the stench of automobiles out of my nose, and pure ocean ozone does it, so I'm going out with you as master this voyage. I'll lead the assault. My grandfather was a privateer when the French and British were picking on our merchant ma-

"If that's the way she looked, I'm surprised Grandfather ever married her"

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Get the Best from Four Great Distilling States* in ONE Great Whiskey

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SCHENLEY, 72½% Neutral Grain Spirits. SCHENLEY RESERVE, 67½% Neutral Grain Spirits. Both BLENDED WHISKEY, 86 Proof. Schenley Distillers Corp., N. Y. C.

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rine because they thought the nation was too weak, after the War of the Revolution, to defend itself.

"He was a great hand to come alongside the enemy, grapple her and lead his men aboard with cutlass and pistol. If I let a German get away with stuff like that his sperrit'd ha'nt me."

"By the way, sir, we'll have to have a fast runabout aboard—say a twenty-six footer capable of doing forty miles an hour. We'll need her for the trip from the Vanguard to the submarine—that is, in case we're ordered over."

"Get it," said Ranzo. His eyes narrowed to slits and Mr. McNamara realized the old gentleman was profoundly irritated. He had been brooding over the President's foreign policy much too long and was worried as to the outcome of it. "Those fly Japs offered the Red Arrow Line a high price for three of our old ships, but I could block the sale and I did. Catch me furnishing those devils with scrap to make shells and bombs to kill us with when we're not looking. And you know where those old steamers are now? They're carrying lend-lease aid to Britain. They were down to eight knots and that's fast enough in convoy; if they're sunk the real loss will be their cargoes."

"Yes, indeed, sir," Mr. McNamara murmured politely. "Of course, since you're hell-bent on connecting up with a submarine we'll have to use the radio freely and not run in a blackout."

Ranzo snickered. "In making a rabbit stew, mister, the first thing you got to do is ketch the rabbit."

THE Vanguard was snorting along at fifteen knots under a clear, starry sky when Mr. McNamara came on duty at midnight. He got a star fix and figured out the ship's position, which would place her approximately three hundred miles due south of the Cape Verde Islands. Here, he reflected, was about where that other U. S. freighter had got it—and if the German Intelligence was worth a dime, news of the Vanguard's sailing and destination must be known to any raider in these waters.

He smiled bitterly as he recalled the government's plea for a voluntary censorship by the newspapers regarding the movements of vessels, when all anybody had to do to possess the information was call at the customhouse and ask for it.

The third, whom he was relieving, came out of the chartroom where he had been making a final entry in the rough log and said to him, "I thought I caught the beat of a propeller a little while ago, Mr. McNamara."

The chief mate took down the receiver of the underwater telephone and listened. "I should say," he answered coldly, "that it is a propeller and that you shouldn't think. You should know." The third was only twenty-four years old and Mr. McNamara believed all modern youths should be castigated frequently for the good of their souls.

"If that's a submarine she probably can't do better than fifteen knots on the surface and this packet can step up to seventeen in a pinch. If we only knew for sure, we could outrun her."

"Hard to outrun a six-inch shell," Mr. McNamara replied dryly.

"And we ain't runnin'," came a piping voice from the door that led from the wheelhouse into the master's suite.

Ranzo was standing there, attired in an old woolen dressing gown and green carpet slippers, and his long white beard was bobbing in and out with every word. He took down the engine-room howler and handed it to the chief mate. "Cut her to twelve knots," he ordered. "All o' my people were nervous in the face of danger and I reckon I've inherited that tendency, because I just can't stand suspense. I got to have it over with. Call me if anything worth mentioning turns up."

He returned to his quarters and the third said, "Mr. McNamara, that old boy is crazier than a hoot owl. He's asking for it. He won't run in a blackout and he's used the radio. Doesn't he realize a vessel all lit up can be seen ten miles away and that there's such a thing as a radio-direction finder?"

"When you're older, lad, you'll not question the actions of your superior."

"Sparks tells me the commanding officer of a neutrality patrol boat rawhided us yesterday for breaking radio silence to permit Grandpappy to send birthday greetings to somebody and promised to report it to the Maritime Commission."

"We're not at war, the air's free, and speech is supposed to be," Mr. McNamara ground out passionately. "The old man finds it hard to pussyfoot, to play politics. He's little, but he's descended from a line that fought naked to the waist with cutlasses and boarding pikes and served, barefooted, muzzle-loading guns on decks that were slippery with blood; a line that had a hot iron for a disinfectant following an amputation without an anesthetic. So he has an old-fashioned, probably obsolete, idea of national dignity and personal honor.

"Your generation wouldn't understand that, because somewhere along the road during the past twenty years a new and strange Americanism has been born." Mr. McNamara was so disgusted he forgot himself and spat to windward. He found it difficult to be patient with the cocksure opinions of the third, who, only a few months before, had been an A.B. with nothing more on his mind than schemes to dodge work and claim overtime.

"In case of an air raid, we'll rush the garden right into the cellar!"

ROLAND COE

AT FOUR o'clock the beat of propellers was loud and distinct. Mr. McNamara had remained on the bridge after the second had relieved him; he searched the sea to starboard while the second searched to port. At a quarter past four when the dawn light was just beginning to spread out of Africa—Mr. McNamara saw a light blinking off the starboard quarter. He knew the international code and called out the letters to the second, who looked their meaning up in the code book. The first group of three letters meant: What ship is that?

MR. McNAMARA switched on the Vanguard's blinker lamp and replied, "Steamer Vanguard — Panama registry—New York to Cape Town with general cargo. Who are you?"

"Submarine," came the answer. "Heave to. Do not use your radio. Send boat over with papers and manifest of cargo." To that Mr. McNamara replied that he understood and would be over.

En route through the wheelhouse he set the engine-room telegraph to "Stop." Instantly the cessation of the engine throb awakened Ranzo; he was on his feet reaching for his trousers when Mr. McNamara opened his door to announce they would depart on the great adventure as soon as he was ready.

The runabout was swung out with her gunwales on a level with the Vanguard's rail when the bosun lifted Ranzo in. Mr. McNamara was the only other occupant of the boat and he had the motor turning over slowly, warming it; as the boat was waterborne he threw in the clutch and they chugged away toward the submarine. It was fairly light as they came up to her and Mr. McNamara noticed four dungaree-clad men on her deck.

One of the Germans beckoned him to come on, so Mr. McNamara realized that would be the commander. He ran the motorboat alongside and two of the seamen snagged her with boat hooks and held her. There was scarcely a ripple on the ocean but Mr. McNamara would take no chance on Ranzo's injuring himself climbing from the lifeboat to the deck of the sub, so he tossed out two twelve-foot boards an inch and a half thick and extending from the rail of the lifeboat past the curve of the U-boat's deck. Ranzo, with a thick brief case in hand, crossed safely over this improvised gangplank.

He was a weird and wonderful sight to meet at sea, for he was arrayed for divine service rather than a visit to a submarine. He wore a silk hat, striped trousers, frock coat, Ascot tie, gray suède gloves and spats. Safe aboard the submarine he lifted his silk hat and bowed very formally. The German grinned and bowed even more formally. "Welcome aboard my vessel, Father Neptune," he greeted Ranzo in perfect English.

"Permit me to introduce myself, sir," said Ranzo amiably, refusing to be twitted. "I am Captain Asa Holcomb. I imagine you did not see the flag of Panama painted on the side of my vessel, else you would not have bothered to ask for a look at our papers, seeing as how the Republic of Panama is a neutral nation."

The submarine commander smiled good-humoredly. "We knew you were due about here, of course, Captain," he said, "and we knew also the flag of Panama was merely camouflage. However, if you are not bound for a British port we may be inclined to turn our blind side to you."

"We're bound for a British port—Cape Town," Ranzo confessed heartily, "but we are not carrying contraband, and just to prove it I have brought you over a copy of our cargo manifest, in addition to the ship's papers."

"You are very kind, Captain," the submarine man said, and took the roll of yellow flimsy Ranzo handed him, "but I must remind you that I insist upon being the sole judge as to whether your cargo is or is not contraband. Excuse me, please."

HE DISAPPEARED into the conning tower and Ranzo, as curious as a little boy, followed him, stuck his head inside and watched him vanish into the bowels of the submarine.

One of her crew had, in the meanwhile, tied the painter of the runabout to one of the stanchions of the pipe railing that ran around the sub's deck. The other handed his boat hook to Mr. McNamara for the latter to hold the boat with at the stern, and all three men then resumed their search of the horizon and the sky with binoculars. Almost instantly one of them cried out and the others turned as he pointed toward the Vanguard.

Mr. McNamara dropped his boat hook in the lifeboat, picked up a sawed-off automatic shotgun, swung it at the trio and said cheerfully, "Silence, brethren—and lots of it." He tapped his lips to interpret his command.

They may not have understood his words but there was no misunderstanding his action. So when Mr. McNamara waved them forward they obeyed.

"So far so good, mister," Ranzo piped. "That pirate only went downstairs to pretend to study the manifest and the ship's papers to furnish an excuse to tell us we're carrying contraband and he'll have to send us to the bottom. They go through the forms. No sinking of a neutral vessel without search and giving time to get the boats overside."

In about ten minutes the submarine commander appeared on deck again. Ranzo claimed his attention instantly with a shrill: "Well, what's the answer, mister?"

"You have a large consignment of steel rails aboard. Our enemy has placed steel rails for delivery to a German port on the list of contraband, so we can do no less than outlaw steel rails for delivery to a British port. I regret the necessity for sinking you. Return to your vessel immediately. Twenty minutes after you reach her I shall send a torpedo into her and start shelling." He

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ow to keep a good car good

EVERY car in use today must, as a matter of national need, now last the longest possible time. That calls not only for *use* carefully considered to avoid waste of the country's supply of rubber, gasoline and oil, but even more importantly for *care* designed to conserve your car to the utmost. • If you can set a spark plug and have it right, adjust a carburetor for most efficient use of available fuel, align a wheel or adjust brakes to give longest tire mileage — fine. • If those things are beyond your mechanical bent, remember that your General Motors dealer is expert at maintaining cars as well as repairing them. • Right now, all of his interest and attention is centered on *keeping good cars good,* because he knows that for the present, war production comes ahead of providing replacements. • Meanwhile — he furnishes quality parts. He maintains an expert servicing staff. His shop equipment is modern and complete. • He is the man in your community best qualified to work with you to keep your car fit and efficient, to the end that the country's existing supply of automobile transportation will be sufficient to see us through to the day of final victory.

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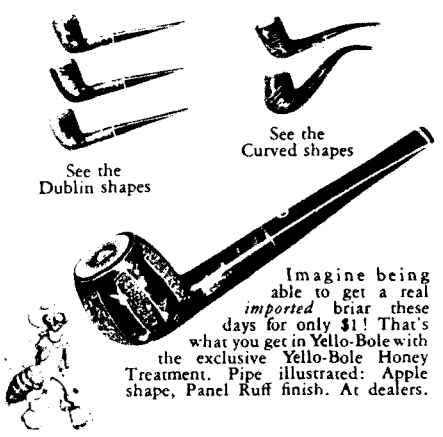

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handed Ranzo the ship's papers. He had retained the manifest.

"Take a look at your target," Ranzo invited him sweetly.

The German took a look at the Vanguard, then another at Mr. McNamara's dark implacable countenance behind the automatic shotgun, then forward to where his men huddled. "Ah," he murmured, "funny business, eh?"

"I could die laughing," Ranzo said.

"He who laughs last laughs best, my Yankee friend."

"The second you went below, mister, that was noted aboard the Vanguard. After all, we have twelve-power glasses in the pilothouse. So she immediately resumed her voyage, changing her course to due east, in order to present her stern to your torpedo. You couldn't hit her now, could you?"

"No, but I can put shells in her up to a range of ten thousand yards."

"I see you have a cannon on deck but if you try to use it the big fellow in the motorboat will be under the necessity of spraying the gun crew liberally with buckshot."

"I have no desire to sacrifice my men, and my submarine isn't the only one operating in the South Atlantic. In about five minutes my second-in-command will begin to wonder why I have not returned below with my crew and given the order to bring my craft into position to fire a torpedo into your steamer. Naturally he expects me to get rid of you very promptly, because there is always an element of risk when a submarine remains on the surface. So he will come up presently, very cautiously, to see what has happened. When he sees it he will go below and order a crash dive. Can you swim, Grandpa?"

"I BELIEVE," said Ranzo, "I'll go back aboard my motorboat. It would never do for a man of my age to get his tail wet. However, I'm an American and addicted to the habit of collecting souvenirs, so if you will kindly slip out of that belt with its holstered pistol and set it and your very nice marine glasses on my gangway I'll consider that a very gracious gesture on your part."

"Your desires are so modest, Grandpa, I haven't the heart to refuse them. Now what do you do?"

"When your second pokes his inquisitive nose up over the conning tower my official executioner will bust his bobstay," Ranzo declared.

But the German had his answer ready: "His body will then fall down into the control room and the third-in-command will immediately close the conning tower and order a crash dive. He'll know war has been declared and, in war, consideration of the safety of a few men must not be permitted to prejudice the safety of the ship. We will be left in the drink, of course, but we can all swim and after the vessel has surfaced again out of range of your shotgun you will be worked on with a machine gun and shell and shrapnel. I think you'll be gotten."

"Dang my buttons," Ranzo wailed, "looks as though we ain't as smart as we thought we be. Well, we got another ace up the sleeve of our vest. Trot forward, son, and join your men."

Ranzo waited until the German was about thirty feet away, then he pulled back the zipper on his brief case and brought forth a flat can, which he tossed down the conning tower, then stood on his toes, opened his mouth and thrust a thumb in each ear.

A second later there was an explosion and greasy gray smoke began to climb up from below. Ranzo shivered, recovered, picked up his brief case and souvenirs and walked with great dignity to the end of the gangplank where he paused, faced the submarine commander, bowed and shrilled, "Dive an' be damned to ye! We're goin' home."

He stepped down into the lifeboat. "Pull in the gangplank, mister," he ordered Mr. McNamara. "No sense to wasting good lumber."

The Germans ran to the conning tower and were waiting there for the smoke to clear below as the two privateers departed. Mr. McNamara tendered them that vulgar form of recognition colloquially known as the bird and touched off a day rocket, the signal agreed upon to let the Vanguard know they were returning. Ranzo came and sat beside him. "Let's shudder together," he quavered, "and, if need be, go to perdition together."

MR. McNAMARA grinned slyly and said: "If that sub's interior layout follows the customary pattern, the control room is just under the conning-tower hatch, sir, so that quart of nitroglycerin I got from the New England Wrecking Company exploded there and ruined every gadget, gauge and control, including the Heinies standing by for a crash dive. I hope for the best, but we may get the worst. However, that was the chance we had to take."

Mr. McNamara cut loose from the submarine and fled from there at forty miles an hour. Presently Ranzo shrilled: "Oh, my great patience! They're going to shoot us."

As the shell whooshed over him and exploded a hundred yards ahead of them Mr. McNamara said: "Over! Direction good!" Then he let out the battle cry of his race, "Faugh-a-gallagh," which, for the benefit of those not versed in the Gaelic language, means "Clear the road." He turned at right angles and dodged another one that was much shorter but far to the left. He reduced speed and one fell short on his right; shell fragments richocheted off the runabout's hull, singing a devil's chorus.

"This is wonderful," Ranzo yelled. "I feel just like my grandfather."

"I'm glad I don't feel like mine," Mr. McNamara shouted back. "The British hung him—the Lord ha' mercy on him."

The submarine finally despaired of hitting such a fast-moving and skillfully maneuvered target and presently Mr. McNamara turned the wheel over to Ranzo and chugged away at trolling speed. He looked back at the submarine through the captured German glasses. "Yes," he declared, "we certainly messed up her innards. She can't dive and she can't surface completely, so she's headed west under a slow bell, to intern in some Brazilian port."

"If she gets there," Ranzo said, "her captain'll report to Hitler that he was exercising his right, under international law, of search, and we declared war on him—after he had told us we could proceed. Can't you just picture Adolf screaming like a drunken parrot and foaming at the mouth when he hears that? And some time tomorrow morning our State Department will be radioing us for a report and asking us what we meant by waging war on a nation we ain't at war with."

"And what will you say to that, sir?"

"I'll tell 'em all to go an' pick on somebody their size. Still, mister, I reckon we'll be charged with piracy."

There was only one answer to that and Mr. McNamara gave it. He was quite out of patience with the United States of America's great exhibition of patience, so he said, "T'hell with 'em," and let it go at that.

AS THE motorboat was being set back into its cradle on the Vanguard's boat deck, the second mate met them. "What happened?" he asked anxiously.

"Oh, we argued them out of it," said Ranzo casually. "Sometimes I think I should have been a lawyer."

"I counted seventeen sounds I took

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for gunfire, sir, and I figured you two would be dead monkeys for sure."

"That," said Mr. McNamara, "was an admiral's salute they gave Captain Holcomb. And at that," he added, "I do not think they overrated him."

"I had Sparks send out an SPS," the Vanguard's second went on, "and he contacted the British cruiser Eastchester, but she was a hundred miles away, so that fond hope faded."

Ranzo climbed up to the radio shack on top of the house. "Son," he said to the operator, "get me that British cruiser again and tell her that German submarine had an explosion aboard while we were there and evidently it raised hob in her control room, because she can't dive and she can't surface completely and is headed west at slow speed, we think to a Brazilian port."

MR. McNAMARA breakfasted and turned in. He was awakened about noon by a rough shaking and upon opening his eyes beheld Ranzo, who was wild with excitement.

"That British cruiser radios that her scout planes have picked up the submarine and are watching her until the cruiser can overhaul her."

While Mr. McNamara was drawing on his trousers Sparks entered with a radiogram from the Eastchester. All it said was: "She had torpedoes so we took no chances. Thanks."

"The English," Mr. McNamara declared with a choke in his throat, "are a great race, even if they did hang my grandfather."

"What did the old gentleman do, mister?" Ranzo inquired politely.

"He only touched off a homemade bomb under an English landlord."

Ranzo shuddered. "It must run in your blood," he murmured. "By the way, who was that nice-looking girl I saw on the dock crying and throwing kisses to you when we left Bush Terminal?"

"The future Mrs. McNamara, sir."

Ranzo shook his skinny old fist under Mr. McNamara's snubby nose. "You marry her as soon as we get back," he ordered. "I'm opposed to long engagements because they tend to take a man's mind off his job. You can afford to marry her then because you'll be skippering the Vanguard."

"Sorry I cannot accept the berth, sir, but thank you for offering it. I'm a lieutenant commander in the Naval Reserve and back in Washington this minute some personnel officer is thumbing my card and saying: 'Where's McNamara? We're going to need him any day now.'"

"Since you're a reserve Navy officer I reckon I'll have to radio the Secretary of the Navy all about how you got that German submarine. You should get a piece of hardware for that."

"My girl would like that," McNamara said carelessly. "I'll settle for command of a submarine so I can go nosing around where I'm not wanted."

"Well, I'll not live to see the end of this war, son, but I'll leave orders that if and when you come in and demand your rights you'll get them. And your girl will still get that furnished home to wait in."

Mr. McNamara had no chance to make reply to that generous offer, for at that moment Sparks burst into the room, wild with excitement.

"We're at war," he yelled. "Japan just attacked Pearl Harbor!"

Ranzo, for one shocked moment in his life, was speechless. Then, with characteristic speed, he bounced back. With a wide grin he turned to his mate:

"Bless my buttons, Mr. McNamara. We didn't get under way any too soon, did we?"

"Chief," Mr. McNamara said fervently, "you are the very devil of a fellow for hitting a nail on the head."

Ranzo went over and sat down weakly. "What an exciting way we chose to spend the Sabbath," he murmured.

THE END

Any Week

Continued from page 4

pleasantly engaged, there came to his desk a colored man named Homer McPherson, janitor of the Florida Power Company's building across the street. Homer wanted to borrow a sum of money and mentioned that sum diffidently to Mr. Smith. The sum was ten dollars, and Homer had mentioned it before with no pleasant results. But Mr. Waller Smith had been reading Hampton Fights the Battle of Jericho, and this was a mellow morning, and Homer may have been the first colored man he had had truck with since sunup. Anyway, Mr. Waller Smith said yes and the next sound was caused by a heavy body hitting the floor all in one piece. Homer McPherson was stretched out in a dead faint in the middle of the bank and it was right confusing, with the customers going in and out and all. Later, when he had come to, and Doctor Black had gone over him for breakage, Homer allowed that he was all right, but that in times of crisis he was just as likely to faint as not."

AND as usual Colonel Bob Berry of Mena, Arkansas, rushes to our assistance when needed. For some reason that we seem to have forgotten, vast numbers of our readers have cudgeled slogans out of their alert minds—slogans which will, they hope, inspire their hundred and thirty-some million fellow citizens to defeat our enemies with dispatch and finality. The colonel has manufactured no slogan but he recalls Mr. Wild Jim Wilhite. "Mr. Wilhite," says the colonel, "became famous in the Ouachita River valley because he never wore shoes while plowing and required all his hired hands to make barefoot contact with Mother Earth. He insisted that the shoeless system enabled workers to 'Make Every Toe Push a Little.' Wild Jim's friends are claiming that his was the system used by MacArthur and his men on Bataan. I have the honor to report that we in western Arkansas have adopted the Wilhite motto and that we unselfishly offer it to the nation, including Washington: Make Every Toe Push a Little."

AND we are sure that you'll be pleased to know that, in the interests of national defense, the War Production Board has refused to release the aluminum necessary to the manufacture of a large number of fudge warmers for our Army training camps. That's right—fudge warmers. They are, or would have been, cunning pans in which fudge is warmed. We never saw one nor had we ever heard of one before meeting an extremely irate WPB gentleman who had just come from the meeting at which the No Fudge Warmers policy was adopted. He had fought fudge warmers with great vigor, even making an impassioned address to his fellow conferees, concluding with these unforgettable words: "We must throw the enemy on their Axis without fudge warmers." . . .

W. D.

You can *TIP YOUR HAT TO* a guy named JOE

YOU and willing millions of other car owners have cut down thirty, fifty, seventy-five per cent, in the use of your automobile. You do it gladly, beyond buying bonds, beyond paying taxes, beyond war work, as your contribution to American victory.

And do you realize that your favorite service station is matching your contribution—matching the contributions of all of its customers?

Thousands of the boys have changed their station uniforms for Uncle Sam's, but those who are still behind the oil cans and the pumps have lost business to just the extent to which you've stopped buying their oil and gas. They can't sell you tires. Unable to replace boys gone to war, many stations are shorthanded, and are working long hours. All out for victory; all in at the end of the day.

Yet Joe (or Tom or Fred or Larry) is cheerful when you stop for your less frequent oil or gas, for that free air to keep your tires in shape, to have your windshield wiped, your battery or your radiator inspected. Yes sir! You can tip your hat to Joe. He's sacrificing as you are, and just as willingly, to win the war.

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The Tycoon of Battles

Continued from page 15

could catch the sound of a half-crown rubbing against the lining of someone else's trousers. He got quite a reputation for being cute before he got out of school. Everyone said Ennery would end up either a millionaire or in Dartmoor. But he was too cute to do anything wrong. Anything the law might object to. He didn't need to.

I started to work for my father when I was seventeen. Ennery had already gone into wholesale in Cheapside. He was doing well in a small way.

I don't know where he would have wound up if this feller 'Itler hadn't started mucking about; though it wasn't 'Itler that sent Ennery into the army, dragging me along with him. I thought it was—but I should have known Ennery.

I hadn't been seeing much of him. He had a girl. Heard enough about her, I did. Fair made me sick. Mother and Aunt talking about her—how her old man had lots of cush and her giving Ennery presents. And how well set up he'd be if he married her. I didn't give no mind. I'm satisfied with little and without Ennery around I could keep that.

BUT along come 'Itler. He put one over on Mr. Chamberlain and then rubbed it in. He give Poland the push and what was there to do? Aye, that's the right of it, mate. We thought so too at home. Old Winnie took over and Pa and Uncle Fred talked about the Contemptibles and how France would give 'Itler his comeuppance and everything would be all right.

I believed them. But one night Ennery meets me when I'm leaving for home. He's little, but he's big in the shoulders. Impressive is what you'd call him, mate. He says, "Hullo, Bert," and I say, "Hullo, Ennery," and put my hands in my pockets before I remember I'm stony. Not a farthing. I'm safe.

He says, "Come along. Let's have a pint."

"I haven't a penny," I say.

His face doesn't change. It's sadlike which makes me curious for he's usually very chipper. He looks at me. "That's all right."

I don't like it a bit. It ain't Ennery. But the look on his face has got me so I go along with him.

We crowd up to the bar and Ennery orders two bitters without even chaffing the barmaid. He takes a long draft. He puts down his mug and looks at me. "Bert, we're for it. England's in it up to her ears."

I consider that. I say, "Yus."

Ennery nods. "Every man should do his duty. There was your father and mine. They did theirs the last time."

"Uncle Fred was conscripted," I remind him but Ennery just lifts his pint again. He says, "I been thinking. We should be in it—me and you, Bert."

I look at him. I ain't thought of it before. I guess no one had. We was at war but there ain't been no war really. But he'd made me think. He started talking and the end of it was I felt he was right. I was for it. He called for more beer and I was sorry for all the horrid things I'd ever thought of him. I was ready to tell him I was sorry but he didn't give me time. He stood tossing up a florin and shaking his head.

He says, "We'll go home. We'll tell our people."

We went home. Ennery left me at the corner and I went on.

I remember we was having tripe and onions with a real apple dumpling—steamed—to follow. My favorite dinner. I told Pa and Ma I was enlisting. Ma started to cry but Pa just looked at me. Then he nodded. He said, "Come, Ma. Serve up the pudding. And don't forget the custard neither." He stared at his fork. "Our Bert can't do no less, lass."

I didn't have a chance to tell them Ennery had got me to go. I was too bothered with Ma and the lump in my own throat.

We was having our tea when Uncle Fred, Aunt Mariar and Ennery come over. Ma blurts right out that I'm going to join up. She starts crying. Aunt Mariar pitches in. Uncle Fred says thoughtful, "Someone has to go," and I look at Ennery.

He is standing there in our dining room. He has been forking up the remains of the apple dumpling. He turns just as if he'd never heard about it. He says, "What? Bert's going to enlist?"

Ma says, proud but sniffling, "He is. Your cousin's going, Ennery."

"Well," Ennery says. "Well, if my cousin is going, and him younger than me, I got to go too. Ma—Pa, I'm going to join up with Bert."

YOU should have heard them carry on. It was fair terrific. No one even looked at me after that. Even Mother perks up and beams at Ennery. Then Aunt Mariar says, "Poor Aureliar. What of her, Ennery?"

Ennery puts his hand over his eyes. He says, broken like, "My duty is clear, Ma. My duty is clear." He looks at us all, solemn, then back at his Ma. "I can't bear to tell her. You tell her for me. Tell her I can't expect her to wait for me. Tell her I release her, Ma."

Noble? Is it noble you say, mate? You don't know Ennery. He'd thought up the whole scheme because he'd discovered his gal's pa had lost his cush.

Couldn't he have told her? Ennery? That wouldn't be him. He has to go roundabout with everything.

WELL, I joined up and got into the Marines. Ennery, being as wide as he's tall, went into the Lunnon Rifles. I didn't see him, which was fine, since I had a paybook and without Ennery around I had money in my pocket.

I heard of him, though. Blime if I didn't. Nothing else but. He was in the Magginnot Line. He was in Paris. Where wasn't he? He'd been made a corp'ral. He'd been made a sergeant. He'd been made a company sergeant-major. I was going up, too, but you'd never have known it. All I ever heard was Ennery. It fair made me ill.

BUTCH — **By Larry Reynolds**

"At first he denied any guilt—then we mentioned that it looked like the work of a mastermind"

Then the war bust out proper. Holland, Belgium—and Ennery somewhere in the midst of it with the Rifles. I began to feel like a scrimshanker. You'd think I was in mufti to hear how they talked about Ennery and never looked at me.

I was at Plymouth when the big fuss came. Holland out—Belgium quitting. Our flank exposed and the French getting rubber legs. Who knew what to think? Something was going on but we didn't know what.

I was in the barracks this morning when up comes my corp'ral. "Captain wants yer, Sergeant," he says. "I think we're pushing off."

He had the right of it. Half an hour later we're on a destroyer making for France.

Yus. That's what it was. Dunkirk. But we didn't know it then. All we knew was that as we got closer to where the haze was we could hear a terrible schemozzle. Ships was standing in toward the shore and we couldn't believe our eyes when we saw the beaches. They was covered with troops. Our troops and French.

We got our orders quick. Captain says, "You're to go ashore. Lend a hand wherever needed. There are tired, battered, wounded men there. Help in any way you can. Fight if you're called on—aid in embarkation. Sergeants will use their discretion. That's all."

A Narsty Stuka drops a billey-doux that washes us nice and close to what's left of a wharf and we're over the side and making for the cobbles while our pom-poms beat out in place of drums.

The Narsty planes is kicking up an awful row but no one seems to pay them much mind. There's ships just off the shore and boats going back and forth. The men on the beach just wait for the order to walk out into the water and hop into the small boats. They're putting in the wounded first, too.

I can see it's like that as far as my eyes can go on both sides. I don't know just where we are. Up in the village the troops are still pouring in. It don't take me no time to see the boys have their chins up. The Stukas are keeping up because the quick-firers are giving short answers. The men are standing quiet, waiting to move down to the beaches. They look tuckered and dirty—fagged out—but they ain't lost their tongues. Soon as we show up I hear them:

"Hullo, the Horse Marines!" "Sergeant dear, when's the next bus?" "Finsbury Park for me, Sergeant. I got a date with a blonde." "This is a rotten line, Sergeant. No service at all. We're writing the L.C.C."

WE FIND enough to do. Getting stretcher cases down in a lorry we commandeer. Giving a hand when we're called on.

Up in the town it begins to change by late afternoon. We get pretty well forward and I can see the road ahead is clear. They've all moved down. I've a queer feeling. I expect to see the Jerries come along. But there ain't no sign of them.

We'd been combing the waiting troops for bad wounded and we'd got to the furthermost when I see that these men sitting down at the side of the road, waiting their turn to move up, are Lunnon Rifles.

It gives me a queer turn. It's Ennery's outfit. I go up to a captain leaning on his cane and salute. "Sir," I say, "can you tell me if Sergeant-Major Corkle is around? I'm his cousin."

He waves his stick. "He should be along soon, Sergeant. He volunteered to round up a few men and give Jerry a little pepper while we pushed on."

"Far, sir?"

"Not far. The next village. A couple of kilometers. I don't know its name. There's a pub. The Black Monkey."

"Yes, sir. Thank you, sir," I say and salute again.

I look up the road. There's no sign of Ennery or anyone. No stragglers either. They'd kept up well, carrying their wounded with them. Lorries, debris—but no soldiers that far. No Jerries neither.

I think of Ennery and I think what Pa and Ma and Uncle Fred and Aunt Mariar will say if anything happens to Ennery and I don't do nothing about it. My corp'ral comes up. "Ain't we going ter have our tea, Sergeant?" he asks and I say, "You'll wait for your tea, m'lad. Get that ruddy lorry up here. The one with the Bren. And see the rest

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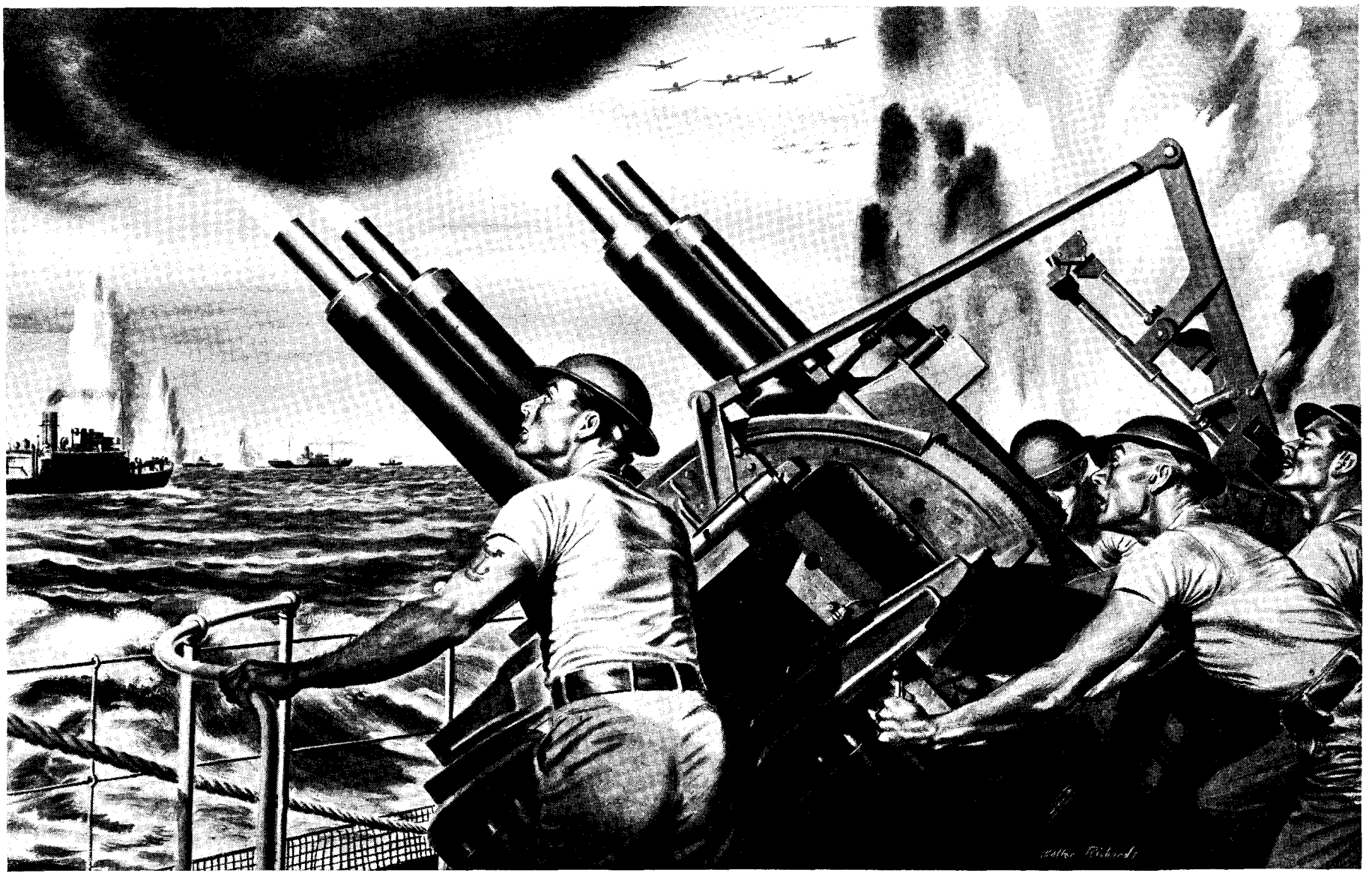

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of the boys are aboard. We're going up the road a bit."

He looks pained. But I know it's about his tea.

I swing aboard when the lorry comes by. The corp'ral's still grousing but he is loving up the Bren with one eye on the sky.

We push along at a fair clip. All I know is that Ennery is up there and maybe he's for it. Blood is thicker than water. Ennery has got to be helped.

We don't get strafed by no Jerry planes. There's bigger meat at the water and they're all headed that way.

Just outside the village the captain spoke of, I have the driver slow down. There's firing up ahead. We push on cautious and come onto the cobbles of the main street.

The houses are deserted. Some of them have been bombed pretty thorough and there's still smoke and some flames. But not much.

The road splits in the middle of the village. Splits in a Y into two smaller roads. And right at the fork is the pub the captain was talking about.

I give orders to swing the lorry around. There's no room further on. I tell Corp'ral Isaacs to keep a couple of men with him and cover us with the Bren. Then I have the rest of the men fix bay'nets and we go on the double toward the pub and the firing.

I holler. I get to the door first. It opens. A Lunnon Rifle trooper sticks his bay'net out first and then his homely pan. "Hullo," he says. "Come in, Sergeant. We've just finished tea."

I'm fit to be tied. "Is Sergeant-Major Corkle here?" I ask.

"Inside," he says.

I PUSH past him into the public room. It's one of them big beamed rooms with the windows sunk in the walls, and the walls is three foot thick. They've got the windows knocked out and a couple of Brens mounted to face the Y. The men are at their posts, not paying much attention to the Jerry sniping. And away in a corner, in a sort of alcove, is Ennery and a sergeant. Sitting at a table with the Crown and Anchor mat between them. As I come up I hear Ennery say, "You lose again, Sniffen. Better luck next chance. Play up, lad."

I'm so mad I can hardly speak. Ennery looks up. He says, "Hullo, Bert. *You here?*" and *looks down again.*

I say, "What the ruddy hell's the matter with you, Ennery Corkle? Don't you know the ruddy Jerries is right on your tail?"

"I'm sitting on it," Ennery says. "And mind how you talk to your superior officer, Sergeant Corkle."

This sergeant with Ennery—this Sniffen says hopeful like, "Is there an officer with you, Sergeant?"

"There ain't," Ennery says.

"Shouldn't we stop?" Sniffen asks and Ennery glares at him.

"You still got three quid, seven and six."

"But I had twenty pound when you ordered us in here," Sniffen grumbles.

Ennery gives him a look. "Sure you had. Cleaned out the sergeants' mess you did when I was attending headquarters meeting. Couldn't postpone your little game until I got there. Make your play, Sniffen."

That was when I knew, mate, that Ennery was incurable. That was when I felt me bile the most—or at least I thought it was. I said, "You did this on purpose. Just so Sergeant Sniffen couldn't get home with his cush before you got it away from him. You put us all in danger because of—of—"

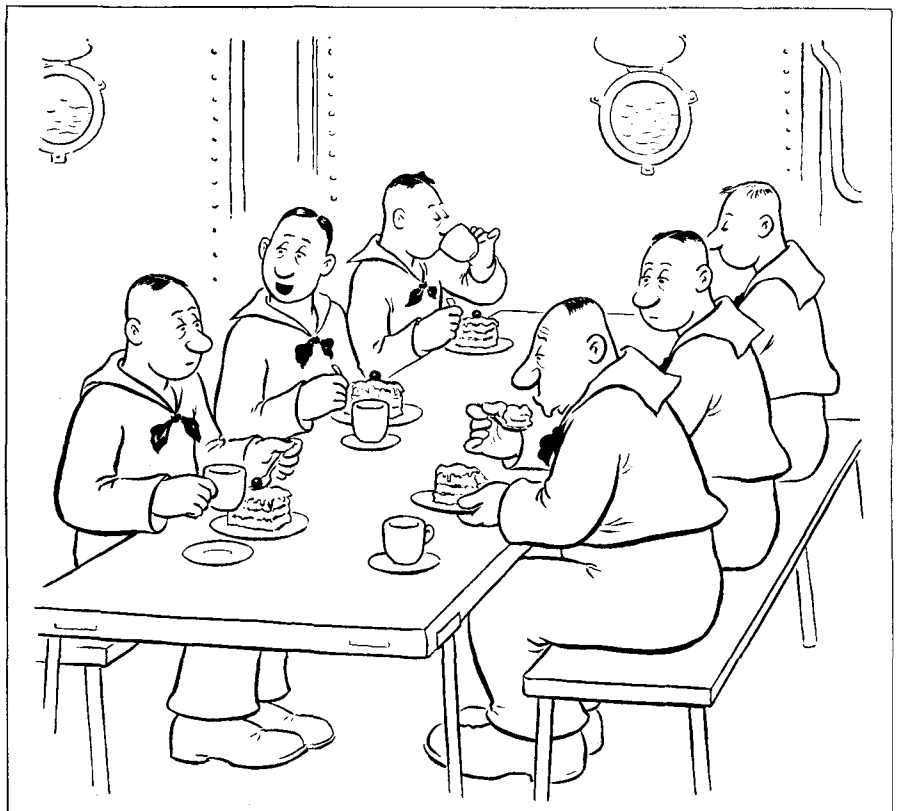
"Why, Bert," Ennery says. "You know it ain't so. Someone had to stay and give Jerry a halt. We're waiting for him to get done scratching his head and figuring just who is here holding up his progress. Me and Sergeant Sniffen is having a bit of a game to pass the time away."

Sniffen gives me a mournful look I don't need. I swallow to get breath to give Ennery what for. I don't have time, though. A lad at a window cries, "Here they come again, Major. Them ruddy cycle Jerries."

Ennery says, "Dust them off. I won't be a jiffy. Come on, Sniffen—shove it out."

I run to the window. Up them two narrow roads come Jerry motorcycles. Four singles up front and behind four more with sidecars and machine guns.

They come pretty close and the snipers in the houses lift their fire. I push one of the lads away from his Bren. I hear a chair grate and I turn my head. Ennery is stuffing Bank of England notes into his tunic pocket. I don't see Sniffen but I think I can hear a hollow groan. Ennery makes for the other gun.



"Alfred isn't afraid of any enemy, but he lives in mortal terror that a battle will start before he finishes his dessert"

F. HUMFREVILLE

He looks at me. "We'll give them a bit of a dusting. Whenever you're ready, Bert. How did you leave Ma and Pa, and Aunt Em'ly and Uncle Charley, by the way?"

I hadn't time to cuss him. He cut loose with his Bren and I followed suit. We mowed the leading Jerries, and the others disappeared quick as quick.

It was good shooting, but trust Ennery. "You're aiming high, Bert. Watch it. You don't want them to tip their hats. You want them to bow—permanent."

I JUST glared at him. He was stuffing the Crown and Anchor mat back inside his tunic; fastening the buttons again. He looks around. "What about our rear? You seen to that, Bert?"

"I've a lorry with a Bren," I say. "Facing the way we should be going by now. If you've got all the poor man's pounds, shillings and pence, can we be moving on, Sergeant Major?"

"No sarcasm," says Ennery in high good humor. "There's time. While we're here we might as well keep Jerry scratching. What's the hurry?"

He starts counting his money, happy as a lark. Jerry begins sniping from both sides. It doesn't do much harm. The bullets spang off the pub walls and go singing every which way. We give them a couple of raking bursts, and more glass showers down in the streets.

I was getting windy, though. I could just feel the whole Jerry army with 'Itler himself in high boots goosestepping at us from behind the houses. I wanted to get back. But Ennery just *counted his money and smiled.*

We kept a nice even fire on them houses. We didn't see any Jerries. No one got hurt. They stopped firing—so we stopped, too.

THEN I heard one of the men yelling from upstairs. I put an eye over the windowsill. I couldn't see anything, but I could hear. It sounded like a wedding party with pots and pans.

Ennery folded his money and put it away. "Tanks," he said. "Big, too. Time to get going, lads."

I didn't see no tanks. I didn't see how the street was big enough for any tank to pass. Then up ahead one of the houses sort of took a deep breath. It let go its air and just crumpled. Dust went up slow and I saw something coming out into the open. A tank.

Ennery shouts, "Corp'rals and sergeants. Get your men going. Five minutes. Me and Sergeant Corkle here will keep Jerry amused. Have the motor nice and warm for we'll be in a hurry when we come. Hop it!"

I wave to my half dozen marines. None of them need batteries. They're gone like that.

I don't hear the tank's big gun but I hear the shell explode that takes off half the upper story of the pub. Jerries come out of the houses. Ennery gives me the nod and we spray them proper. What don't go down dash for the rear of the tank. It comes trundling on, cautious but sure. I hear the roof going up even before the shell explodes. The Bren is jumping under my hands. I've the wind up for fair but I'm not going to let Ennery know it. Then I feel his hand on my arm. "Time to hop, Bert. Five minutes is up."

Five. It felt like we'd been alone there for an hour.

I just turn and go. I see Ennery stopping in a corner but he catches up with me by the time I'm outside and legging it up the road.

I can see the lorry. The pub has spread its innards on both sides, blocking the road behind us. I am drawing a free breath for the dash to the lorry when I hear a bullet ping past. By now Ennery is two paces ahead of me, being always faster of foot. That's how the next one got me instead of Ennery. I *felt something hit me*—a sort of sharp push. I was suddenly sitting on the cobbles and I couldn't get up. I heard the sound of the Bren from our lorry. Ennery turned and threw a grenade. I tried again to get up but I couldn't budge. No pain. Just no power.

Ennery says, "That'll hold Jerry." He puts down his hand. "Stumble, Bert? You always was clumsy. Come along."

I can feel the warm wet. I know what it is. I say, "I'm hit. You go along, Ennery. You've got to get the men back."

"You're going back with us," Ennery says.

I feel kind of faint. Like in a dream. And there is some satisfaction in it, too. Thinking that for once it will be me they'll be talking about at home and Ennery having to listen.

I hear the tank crunching at the pub ruins and the higher sound of the lorry in reverse, the Bren hammering away. "Go ahead, Ennery," I say. "Leave me."

He looks down at me and for the last time I have a warm feeling for Ennery. Blood is thicker than water—even to Ennery.

He says, "I ain't leavin' you! You owe me for six pints, my lad. You ain't getting out of that."

It's a blow at a helpless man. "What pints?" I gasp.

"What pints?" says Ennery. "The pints I paid for the day we decided to join up. I tossed you for them at the bar. With my lucky florin it was—and you lost. You going to tell me you didn't? Come on. You're not getting out of paying this way, lad."

With which he ups me in his arms and throws me over his shoulder. I go by-by. I go out very sudden—but bitter to the end.

WE GOT back all right. We must have. When I come to, I'm in England and they're shaking their heads and ordering up new blood banks.

It goes on like that for weeks, with me neither here nor in heaven nor elsewhere. I'm too far gone to think. Even *of Ennery. They won't let me see no* one. It ain't until two months is past that they let me see Ma and Pa. They bring Aunt Mariar and Uncle Fred with them.

Oh, they are very happy to see me. They say, "What a lovely place. You're comfortable, ain't you, Bert?" The rest is Ennery. Ma says, tearful, "Your cousin *saved your life, Bert. We'll* never forget."

Pa says, "Modest he is, Bert. Told me about the four and six you owed him, but didn't want to take it. I paid him, though. Gave him a bit extra. I said you'd pay me back and be grateful to him you could be here to do it."

I couldn't speak. And then Aunt Mariar shoves this clipping from the London Gazette at me. Uncle Fred recites it by heart.

"Victorier Cross they give him," Aunt Mariar says while they all beam. "The king himself, God bless'm, pinned it on and then Ennery took me and your uncle to Lyons' for high tea. Ain't you *proud,* Bert?"

No. I won't have another gasper, mate. I'm feeling too low. If you'll just give me a hand to get on my feet. . . .

Thank you kindly.

What's that? You *do* understand how I feel? Of course you do. Any honest man would understand.

That Ennery! Victorier Cross!

Ph-l-l-u-u-r-r-t!

THE END

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

We've stolen a year's march on the Axis

Right NOW we're building airplane engines at the rate we were expected to hit in late Spring 1943

Listen to this, enemies of America:

You probably know our first assignment in Uncle Sam's war program – building engines for Army aircraft.

Maybe you even knew what our production schedule was supposed to be – though we won't repeat it, on the chance you haven't heard.

But we will let you in on this, just by way of giving you something to chew on:

All during the month of March we built engines at the rate set for next December.

In the first three months of '42, we turned out as many plane power plants as were asked of us *by the end of June.*

As for this month's output – April – it's already 1943 by our rate-of-production calendar; engines are now rolling off the line at the pace projected for *a whole twelve months from now!*

And if you add April's engines to those we've already built, they total more than were expected of us *by the end of this coming September.*

We can tell you something else – these engines are *good.* They're built to be *unbeatably* good; there are as many man hours of work in one of their crankshafts as in a whole Buick car.

The *very first one* passed Uncle Sam's tough requirements with colors flying, and one of the first dozen (which is something of a record) faultlessly passed the type test in record-breaking time.

They're passing flight tests, too, very handsomely – doing their job in a way to match the gallantry of the boys who fly them.

And all the while we're stepping up the number of men at work. One of our plants had more than three times as many men on the job in March as three months earlier, while another had almost four times as many.

So we're doing pretty well with our time, short as it is. Yet we're far from satisfied.

We've squeezed six months into three, will squeeze a year into six, and we're going on from there – which looks like we've stolen a year's march on your calendar, doesn't it?

All of which we thought you ought to know in case you're revising your timetable.

Buick – a division of General Motors

WHEN BETTER *war goods* AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT
BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

There's a Time to
Give Your Throat A Rest!

WHENEVER

- YOUR THROAT IS DRY—PARCHED
- YOU HAVE A COLD OR SORE THROAT (Don't take chances)
- YOUR VOICE IS HOARSE
- YOU DEVELOP SMOKER'S COUGH
- YOU HAVE "MORNING-AFTER MOUTH"
- YOU'RE TIRED OF OTHER CIGARETTES

Change to Spuds

Enjoy Their Soothing Coolness!

Whenever smoking seems "hard on your throat," change to *mildly mentholated* Spud Imperials. They're specially designed to protect your throat from irritation caused by cigarettes made the usual way. In Spuds you get:

MILDER MENTHOL—Because there's *just enough* menthol, distributed evenly throughout the cigarette by an exclusive patented process. *No menthol overdosing!*

GREATER SAFETY—Because the special moisture-retaining agent used in Spuds produces none of the common throat irritant found in the smoke of nearly all cigarettes. And, with their 20% greater length, Spuds give you a cooler, better-filtered smoke.

EXTRA QUALITY—Because only the finest vintage tobaccos—aged to perfect mellowness—are blended into Spuds. No coupons in the package—just fine tobaccos.

Try these new improved Spud Imperials for a few days. Or smoke them regularly, as thousands do, purely for pleasure. But by all means change to Spuds whenever your throat is irritated.

THE AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO CO., INC.

Wrong Turning

Continued from page 21

delicate beauty and all it stood for crept unwelcome into his mind: the security that comes only with generations of unquestioned wealth, of quiet living on accepted acres of inherited land. And the vision that replaced this thought was less pleasing: Jean, the product of a life like that, brought face to face with reality; a year of married life with a not too successful engineer; bewilderment deepening into sullenness, and protest into a pout.

The picture hurt him and he shook it from his mind, tilting the quinine bottle. Two white crystalline pellets fell out; he tossed them in his mouth and washed them down with a glass of water. Then the bottle was empty and he looked at it doubtfully.

Oh, well, he recalled, there's another bottle in the car. The fever's on the downgrade anyway. I'll get her home safely, and after that—

He went into his bedroom and lay down on the bed. For a moment the room seemed to swing around him and there was a buzzing in his ears. Then things quieted down.

And after that, his thought persisted—after that I don't care what happens.

DURING the last hour the wind had shifted. It had swung around to their rear and grown in intensity until it seemed to hurry the little car through the night. Tom knew there was no chance now of outdriving the storm. It would chase them, howling at their heels all the way into Brownsville.

That worried him at intervals. There was the possibility that the slippery roads might slow them up, make them waste time which he could not afford. It was after nine now—more than eight hours since he had taken his last dose of medicine—and he knew that he would have to stop soon, have to find some excuse—

But there were other intervals when he didn't worry at all. when he felt quite free and lightheaded and strangely sure of himself.

He tried to tell Jean about this once. "I've learned to be practical," he said. "I had to learn it, leading the kind of life I have." He thought about it. "A rotten life. Bad food, bad water, discomfort, hardship. Thank God you've never had that sort of thing. You couldn't stand it."

"Why not?" Jean asked. But she didn't turn around. She continued to peer straight ahead through the windshield, her face set and white in the darkness. "There's a light ahead. It's the crossroads store—Mr. Browning's place."

Tom pulled over to the left and ran the car under the dripping eaves of a rickety wooden structure standing by the side of the road. He shut off the engine. "Only fifteen more miles," he said in the sudden silence. "Go in and get Mr. Browning to give you a cup of coffee."

She started to say something, changed her mind and went up the stairs into the store. As soon as the screen door had closed behind her he opened the compartment in the dashboard and felt for the quinine bottle. His fingers groped through the darkness, nervously at first and then frantically. He took the electric torch from its rack and flashed it into the black space. Gloves, driving license, cigarettes were there, but not the thing he wanted.

There was no bottle of quinine.

Temperature 103.6—Pulse 150. Tom put the thermometer and the watch away and stared bleakly through the rain. He remembered now; that was the nasty part of malaria—it left blank spaces in your mind. The spare bottle was in the pocket of his old suit.

Fifteen miles to go and a temperature rising to a hundred and four. It couldn't be done; he would have to ask Jean to drive the rest of the way. But, he thought, I can't do it; I just can't do it. She'll know that I'm sick and I'll be too groggy to resist her. She'll have me in bed in that Union Station her family call home, with a dozen doctors and an army of flunkies to wait on me. And everybody will be very kind and, oh, so sorry! Sorry I didn't have the guts to go off and die by myself.

His ungloved hands clenched the wheel tightly. Somehow, he thought, I've got to get through. Fifteen miles! If only it were a little less. If only—

Something happened to him. He lost track of time. His mind went off somewhere else and, when it came back, he was still sitting there and he was listening to himself laugh. It was a strange laugh, starting as a chuckle and ending on a high suspended note. Suddenly alarmed, he cut it off short and opened the window by his side. "Jean!" he shouted. "Come on. Let's get started!"

The answer came softly from the seat beside him. "I'm ready," Jean said. "I've been waiting."

"Oh!" He stared at her stupidly. "Sorry. I didn't hear you get in. Well—"

He stepped on the starter, let in the clutch and turned the wheel sharply left.

Jean said quietly, "The way to Brownsville was straight ahead."

"I know." It was hard to keep the laughter from breaking out triumphantly again. "But this road is six miles shorter. Don't you remember? It comes out just below the schoolhouse. There's a bridge."

"I remember." She said it eagerly; it was as though for the first time she took an interest in where they were going. "I think it's a very good idea," she added in an almost savage tone.

THE car scurried along the winding road like a muddy lizard, the bright tongue of its headlights flicking through the darkness and the rain ahead. It plunged almost immediately into a grove of trees which grew closer and closer together as they progressed, and the road narrowed to two parallel ruts into which the wheels of the car sank almost axle-deep.

Tom sang to himself. The buzzing in his ears was much louder now, forming a pleasing accompaniment to the meaningless words of the song. Once he looked at the speedometer and was surprised to find that they had covered only four miles since leaving the crossroads; it had seemed infinitely farther.

Jean was talking to him and he tried to pay attention but it was all very involved. The phrases he was able to detach and examine apart from their context made little sense.

". . . and I loved you, and so we were married." Yes, that was true. They had been married and he had proved himself a washout, a false alarm, a guy who couldn't afford the luxury of a wife, who had to take her back to her own family. ". . . you treated me just as they did. You wouldn't believe that I was grown up . . . a woman . . ." Well, you couldn't expect her to be a woman; she wasn't raised that way. It wasn't her fault. It wasn't anyone's; it was just the rotten way things had of working out.

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Oh, well, it would be over soon. Just one more little hill ahead and, at the bottom, the bridge that crossed the creek below the schoolhouse. Another twenty minutes or half an hour. He stepped on the accelerator, hurtled the car over the top of the rise and sped down the other side.

And then he stamped on the foot brake and pulled the emergency toward him with all his might.

The creek was a swollen river and only a few broken timbers showed where the bridge had been.

"There's no use trying any more," Jean said. "The car's stuck and every time the wheels go round they plow deeper in the mud." She sounded very matter-of-fact and unconcerned.

She reached over and turned the ignition key. "We can't go any farther. There's a cabin about fifty yards from here where no one lives. We can spend the night there." She took him by the arm and, half coaxing, half pulling, led him from the car. "Come on, Tom."

Dimly, as through a thick fog, he seemed to hear. He nodded and, Jean's arm linked through his, they trudged stolidly toward the small cabin which showed a blacker spot in the surrounding darkness.

It was only when they were about halfway there that, without any warning, his knees crumpled and he pitched face forward into the mud.

LONG before he felt strong enough to open his eyes Tom heard the sound of a pump handle being worked up and down, but it was not enough to arouse him fully. He was about to drift back into complete unconsciousness when he felt the cool relief of a wet cloth being passed over his face. His cracked lips parted gratefully as a glass of water was pressed to them and, when he had drunk, he slowly opened his eyes on a shaft of afternoon sunlight which fell across the rude cot on which he was lying.

Jean sat beside him. He saw that much, before the sickness curdled up inside him and shut his eyes again.

"What time is it?" It was a thick gasp. "What happened?"

"Don't try to talk," she said. "I'll tell you all I can. It's afternoon now. You've slept most of the night and day. You're a lot better. The fever's down to ninety-nine. Take some more quinine now and go back to sleep. Tomorrow we'll be able to get out of here."

She placed two bitter pellets in his mouth and he swallowed them. Then he looked a question at her. "Quinine?"

"I got over to Brownsville last night," she said, "and brought some back to you."

"Hold on," he whispered. "Jean—you say you got over to Brownsville. How? The car was stuck and you couldn't have walked."

"I swam," she said. "Both ways."

HE WAS still very weak, he found out; his struggle to rise ended in a groaning collapse from which he could only shake his head at her in wondering reproval. "Oh—!" he said. Then he closed his eyes again but he didn't sleep. Not immediately. After a while he asked another question: "When you got there why didn't you send a car back for me? Then you wouldn't have had to come back to this place." He looked around the bare room, ramshackle, crude in every respect.

There was a pause before her answer came. Then, "What's the matter with this place?" she asked. "I like it. Besides"—as though it were an afterthought—"I thought you'd feel better if we sort of kept this in the family. Just between us two."

"Oh," he said again. And this time he slept. . . .

It was shortly after dawn when he awoke the next time. He quietly propped himself up and watched Jean as she brewed coffee. The early sunlight fell on her loose hair and tinted the outer edges into a halo of gold. She was humming softly to herself and there was a smile on her face that he had not seen for a long time. Not since the first days of their marriage, he remembered, and thought it was funny that she could find anything to smile at.

"Well," he said aloud, "I guess this is the day."

She whirled around, startled. Then, as the meaning of his greeting sank in, the smile faded from her lips and the old sullenness crept back into her face. The corners of her mouth drew down and her eyes were listless once more.

"Yes," she acknowledged tonelessly, "I guess it is. Have your coffee. I can leave whenever you're ready."

He was surprised to find how weak he was, but the scalding liquid put new strength into his legs.

She came in quietly, dressed for the trip. "The car's waiting," she said. "I knew you'd be in a hurry. I dug it out yesterday."

He looked at her, at the white forehead creased again in tension and the red mouth settled into what seemed a permanent pout. He looked at the delicate hands, daintily gloved now, and wondered.

"Well," he said, "well, we might as well get going."

They walked out and climbed into the car. He swung it around and headed it back along the winding road that had brought them to this place.

When they came in sight of the crossroads he eased the pressure of his foot on the accelerator and the car slowed down. To the left and right ran the main highway which they had left two nights before. To the left was Brownsville and to the right the city to which he must soon be returning.

"Jean," he said, "I haven't thanked you yet. A lot of people have had medals given them for doing less courageous things than you did."

"Forget it." Her voice was thin and tight. "You were sick; there was nothing else for me to do. Besides, it was my fault. You'll have to hurry if you want to get back to town today."

HE KEPT the car at its snail's pace and the highway drew slowly nearer. "Your fault? Hardly, Jean. You can't be blamed because I got malaria."

"No," she said, "but I can be blamed because I let you take that wrong turning. You see, I knew the bridge was out. Mr. Browning told me."

Things suddenly became very clear to him; he marveled that it had taken him so long to understand. The car jerked to a halt and he let the motor idle in neutral. After a moment, "Darling," he said slowly, "this is a funny thing to say and a funny time to say it, but it's now or never." Then, with a rush, "I love you, but right now I can't afford luxuries. Where I have to go there isn't room for them."

Jean's eyes were on the hands clenched tightly in her lap. "Is a wife necessarily a luxury?" she murmured.

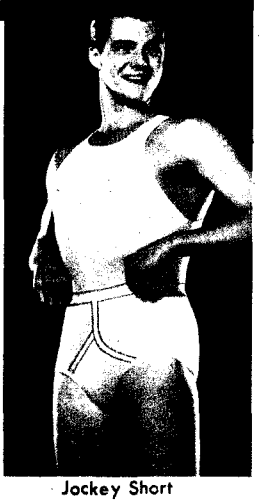
Tom shook his head. "No," he said very definitely. "Sometimes she's a downright necessity." He slipped the car into first and gave the wheel a wrench that pulled it around to the right—the way which led back to the city. "Okay?" he asked her.

Jean didn't answer. She just smiled with lips that were no longer pouting, and looked at her husband with eyes which held no trace of sullenness. Then she settled back in her seat, noting what a bright day it was now that the storm had passed.

THE END

Jockey UNDERWEAR-"NO BIND"

NO. 4 IN A SERIES OF SYMBOLIC STATUETTES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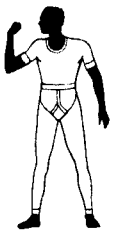
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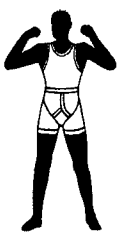
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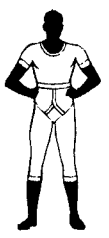

Over-Knee

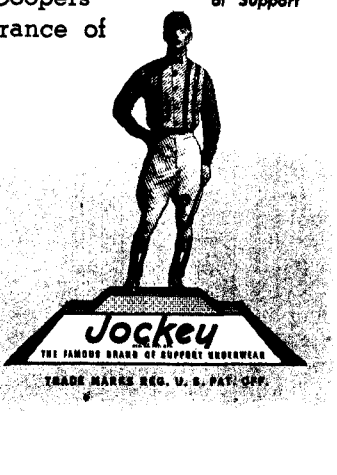
One Contact that's Not Binding!

Jockey Underwear hugs your body with the sleek, smooth contact of a second skin—there's no bind, bunching or crawling. None of that "tied-up" feeling illustrated by our Jockey dog's leash curled around his master's mid-section. And there's good sound reason why!

Jockey Underwear—originated and manufactured by Coopers—is tailored to fit the male figure everywhere. The patented Y-front* construction provides mild masculine support. The knit fabric adjusts itself to every motion of your body. Jockeys are buttonless, easy to launder, and need no ironing. Now first choice of millions of active men, Jockey is famous as the "underwear that ends squirming." And, because the construction features are patented, no other underwear can give you quite the same combination of comfort and hygiene as Jockey.

Two-piece . . . varied leg lengths . . . contoured shirts to match. Children's sizes down to four years. For widest selection of fabrics, visit "Quality Corner" at your favorite store. And always look for the words "Jockey" and "Coopers" on the label. They're your assurance of satisfaction.

*—The Source of Support



Coopers INC.
KENOSHA WISCONSIN
NEW YORK CHICAGO LOS ANGELES SAN FRANCISCO SEATTLE
Made and distributed in Canada by Meaford, Hamilton, Ont.; in Australia by MacRae Knitting Mills, Sydney; in British Isles by Lyle & Scott, Ideal House, London; in New Zealand by Lane-Walker-Rudkin, Ltd., Christchurch, S 1

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Worth More than a Cow

Continued from page 18

though, must it be a major cause of death. It may even be forgotten as the subject of a crusade at Christmas time.

By early October, Minnesota doctors believed in the ultimate success of the experiment. In less than five months, 5,251 of Meeker County's 19,000 residents had submitted voluntarily to the test; 814 positive reactors had been found and 782 of these were X-rayed.

Before milk was made pure through bovine tuberculosis tests and destruction of diseased cattle, pathetic little patients coming to hospitals for crippled children in Minnesota showed 70 per cent of their ailments traceable to tuberculosis of the type contracted from cattle. Today, that figure is down to three per cent.

This is one reason why Dr. J. A. Myers and his committee on tuberculosis of the Minnesota State Medical Association went to Meeker County for the new campaign. Veterinary surgeons nowadays test all dairy cattle regularly for tubercular infection. Never before has such a universal test of all humans in any community been made.

Doc Sellers put it in a simple question.

"If the vets can do it," he asked, "why can't we?"

The other docs in Meeker County agree with him. They haven't any legal compulsion to force tests on their neighbors and friends, as the veterinarian had. There's no compulsory testing law for humans yet.

But the Meeker medicos are an exceptional baker's dozen. If they weren't, they wouldn't have volunteered to give away their services. Those services, at ordinary billing to Meeker County residents, would cost $75,000 to $100,000. The thirteen doctors, plus one just across the county line at Kimball, are splendid samples of the best country physicians.

Co-operation Means Strength

What a traveler would not see casually is the feeling in Meeker for co-operative effort. Land O' Lakes Creameries, largest dairy co-op of its kind in the country, was launched at Litchfield. Electric power flowed through the first co-operative REA distribution line in the Middle West to farms in Meeker County. Frank Marshall was the first county agent in Minnesota. Now, he supervises one of Uncle Sam's first tenant-purchase projects, with 105 Meeker farms. This was one model used by Congress in framing the far-reaching Farm Tenancy Act.

Naturally, the farmers have divergent political opinions. The conservative Farm Bureau has a strong membership. A lot of Meeker County farmers were on the rolls of the radical Farm Holiday Association. Republicans and Farmer-Laborites fight it out with their ballots on election days.

When it comes to co-operation, political hatchets, if not buried, are at least held behind backs or put in belt sheaths. Perhaps the social seed planted behind the Forest City stockade took firm root and has grown since into a healthy crop.

That's why Dr. Karl Danielson, county chairman of the tuberculosis test campaign, and his colleagues are pretty certain of success.

The white-haired healer, known to everyone as Dr. Karl, is dean of the county's physicians. He adds a dignity to the title of country doctor. Thirty years of trading with the people of Meeker County have been profitable for both. He gave them skill and understanding, long hours of unselfish service. They gave him comfort, friendship, admiration. By any standard, his career spells success.

When he first came to Litchfield, he had a small family, his skill, his instruments, and a horse and buggy. He felt he had found the right place, went to work. He is still working, at sixty-six.

It was to Dr. Karl that Dr. Myers went with the tuberculosis committee's proposal. Other physicians met with them at Dr. Karl's call. The other doctors are the same kind of men as Dr. Karl, but younger. Whether they are members of the State Medical Association or not, they have acute infections of the Meeker County co-operation bug.

"The State Board of Health will furnish the serum," Dr. Myers told them.

"Have you any idea where the Board of Education got this sand?"

JOHN JARVIS

"We'll furnish films and the cost of X-ray technicians. If we can't pay all the cost, we'll raise the money somehow. You fellows will do the work free, through the X-ray stage. When you find active cases, they will have to be taken care of just as in normal practice. Will you do it?"

The answer was a chorus: "We will."

In addition to Dr. Karl, the group included his son, Dr. Lennox, and Dr. Lennox's wife, Dr. Julia Danielson. There were Dr. C. A. Wilmot and Dr. H. E. Wilmot, Dr. V. J. Telford and Dr. W. E. Macklin, all of Litchfield. Dr. G. K. Sellers, who examined the Novak family, and Dr. A. C. Peterson drove across from Dassel. Dr. J. Y. Feinstein had come from Grove City. Dr. Frank Brigham and Dr. F. J. Lindseth were in from Watkins, and Dr. D. C. O'Connor from Eden Valley. Dr. G. E. Sherwood, the man from Kimball, across the line in Stearns County, agreed to help.

The medicos remembered that when the cattle-testing project began, all was not so easy, even with a law for authority. Some of the farmers united and fought the plan clear to the United States Supreme Court before giving in.

Incidentally, that ruling paved the way legally for dairy cattle testing all over the United States. It wasn't the effect the objectors expected.

To help forestall possible opposition, Dr. Karl and his group lined up support from as many community leaders as they could. They enlisted the aid of Frank Marshall, and of Ralph Wayne, the present county agent. They called in Mrs. Gladys Keyes, the county nurse, and Miss Ruth Peterson, the superintendent of schools. Each of these and many others worked to prepare the way for the new plan. It was another epidemic of co-operation.

A public meeting at the Litchfield High School was the official opening. Famous doctors from around the state were there. County and city officials and leaders appeared.

Immediately the campaign was launched, the doctors concentrated on testing school children. In this way they would learn how parents and other adults viewed the project. No serious opposition developed. Public support became evident through the 5,000-odd tests in less than five months, and the subsequent X-rays.

From some of those X-rays came swell arguments for the project.

There was a sixty-year-old bachelor. He had lived and farmed alone for twenty years. For company, he went to church, to ball games, to the county fair, to sociables, to all the doings where his neighbors gathered. His X-ray showed both lungs badly tuberculous, though he seemed to have built up a sort of immunity to the ravages of the disease.

The doctors learned that his sister and brother died of tuberculosis twenty years ago. He has been coughing ever since, exposing his friends and neighbors to the disease unwittingly. He is hospitalized.

There was an elderly widow. She couldn't regain strength after her bereavement. When a doctor suggested the Mantoux test, she scoffed. He argued.

"Supposing you have a tubercular infection," he asked, "would you want to go around endangering your family and friends?"

That was the clincher. She was tested, X-rayed, and found to be a victim. Now she is recovering in a sanitarium.

A twenty-year-old bride called on one of the physicians.

"I had flu last winter, and I haven't felt right since," she told him. "I saw the publicity about your campaign. May I have a test?"

Good News More Often than Bad

She too is in a sanitarium with every indication of early recovery.

The great majority of those who react to the Mantoux test are found by X-ray to be free of tuberculosis. They may have had it at some time and recovered, or the germs may be inactive in their bodies. One such man appeared early in the campaign.

"I was raised out in western Minnesota," he said. "We took milk from the family next door. Five of the eight children in that family died from tuberculosis. A lot of others in town did, too. I should have had a test long ago."

He turned out to be perfectly healthy, then became Volunteer Salesman No. 1 for the testing plan.

The doctors don't talk about these cases or use them to scare people. Word gets around through friends and neighbors.

For follow-up purposes in doubtful cases, and to insure that everyone is tested, the physicians keep careful records of all who take skin injections and X-ray tests. They expect the whole job will require a couple of years for a satisfactory finish. When they get close to the end, they will go right out to barns and fields to test the ones that haven't come to town for examinations. In fact, they have already begun this kind of missionary work.

The Meeker medicos know the Meeker County co-operative spirit will be a strong persuader. So will the example of neighbors. So will cases like those of Winczel and Florence Novak.

If the campaign had started a few years ago, Winczel would be at home now, with his harvest all in. Probably neither he nor Florence would ever have seen Ah-Gwah-Ching. Florence is already up and around in the sanitarium, expected home soon. She will be non-infectious.

Doc Sellers is really glad about that. He keeps a close watch on the Novak family to make certain they don't come down with the disease. It's a scientific follow-up, making sure that the healthy ones stay healthy.

"If the veterinarians can do that," he repeats, "why can't the doctors? We all ought to be worth more than a cow."

THE END

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Dear George:
Even close friends can't get together when they're so far apart.
So I'm sending over a mutual friend... Johnnie Walker Black Label!

We always agree it's Scotland's rarest treasure.

Faithfully yours
Alec

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I was having trouble with the PLUGS!!

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Our Fighting Men

Continued from page 16

in them. But she's getting back at him. "Saturday night," she wrote him, "a certain party called up and we went places I can't identify for you. After dancing until an hour I don't think I should mention we drove to a pretty spot, which I can only describe as X, where we talked along lines I cannot divulge." Pvt. Gretz says he's standing firm in his determination to give no details of his activities but that she will—or else.

NAVAL TRAINING STATION, San Diego. When Haldane Holstrom arrived here he took a look each at the bay and the Pacific and yawned. First time he was given instruction in handling a boat he was entitled to a third yawn; instead, he was the most attentive and interested sailor in the group of new men. Holstrom built himself a boat, once, near his home in Coquille, Oregon; then toted it over to Wyoming's Green River, loaded it with food and water and shoved off. That was Sept. 29, 1937. Fifty-two days and 1,100 miles later he nosed his craft against the concrete of Boulder Dam, the first man ever to run the rapids and gorges of the roaring Colorado River. Remember? The Navy did and is glad to have Apprentice Seaman Holstrom.

FORT SILL, Lawton, Okla. Civilians may be doing without pants cuffs for the benefit of the Army but the Army is cutting down, too. Under the new table of basic allowances, men at Sill are trying to make two pairs of shoes do the walking four pairs did before. Moreover, the four summer uniforms have been reduced to two, the eight handkerchiefs to six, and so on along the line. Orders to turn in surplus equipment caught some of the boys short and a lot of borrowing went on until the laundry came back. No. 1 casualty in the confusion was Sheppard Field's Pvt. Richard Walker, who turned in $55 with his two pairs of khaki pants, then dug through the pockets of 600 pairs in the supply room without striking pay dirt.

ARMY FLYING SCHOOL (formerly Sloan Field), Midland, Texas. Latest addition to Army language is Bombardier Talk, developed by the Hell from Heaven Men at this egg-dropping academy (Our Fighting Men, April 4th). A cadet "on course" is on his way to a date, but when he complains of a "dry run" (fruitless trip over a target on a bombing mission) he's been stood up. "Incendiary" means about the same thing whether applied to a bomb or a gal. "Mark Four" (name of a 300-pound demolition job) describes a gal built with overgenerous proportions, while a mouse who's "M38-A2" (official designation for a practice bomb) is strictly of the one-date variety. Favorite cadet sport is to cloud the air with some of the more complex bombardier chatter and let the gals puzzle out what's being said about them.

FORT SAM HOUSTON, San Antonio. The off-again, on-again civvies are *off again in this part of the country*, so if you see a guy dressed in anything but khaki in San Antonio, chances are he's a civilian. Until recently, though, M.P.s assigned to keep an eye on the town's taverns were having a tough time figuring just which guys came under their jurisdiction. The system they finally doped out was simple enough. When a ruckus started, M.P.s hustled around yanking up the pants legs of the peace disturbers. Seems that nearly every soldier who shucks his uniform for civilian clothes goes right on wearing his G. I. socks.

45TH DIV. CAMP BARKELEY, Abilene. The argument now rages as to whether jujitsu is (a) inferior or (b) superior to wrestling, American style. "Hans" Wagner, Colorado State wrestling coach, whose teams have pinned down 14 out of 15 conference titles, has let it be known that no jujitsu wrestler ever defeated a good American matman, and that while the stuff may be effective against a green kid, American wrestling is the McCoy. Taking the other side of the argument is Harry Morimoto, Jap instructor for Barkeley's jujitsu classes, who has announced his willingness to back up his points with a demonstration, if competition can be located. Any takers?

FORT BLISS, El Paso. They aren't all jitterbugs. As at other posts, there are plenty of soldiers here who go for classical music. At each of the regular season concerts of the El Paso Symphony some 500 men were guests; and last week the orchestra went out to the post recreation hall and delivered a special, post-season program—by request.

FORBIDDEN up to now to cross the border into Mexico during off-duty hours while in uniform, and unable to cross since December 7th because civvies were taboo, Fort Bliss boys can now hop back and forth across the Rio Grande almost at will. Only restrictions are that the soldier must talk his C.O. out of a pass and observe an 11 P. M. curfew. Juarez bar and curio shop proprietors feel pretty good-neighborly about it.

3D ARMORED DIV. CAMP POLK, La. There's a certain tank in a certain platoon of the 33d Armored Regiment here that has a job to do if it lives up to its name. The name: Hitler's Hearse.

CAMP CROFT, S. C. In charge of orientation activities for newly arrived recruits, Corp. Roger Garrison, attached to the office of Chaplain Loren T. Jenks, has a chance of becoming the talkingest soldier in this or any other post. The corporal talks daily to groups averaging 1,000 soldiers, his record being more than 27,000 a month. His topics range from major campaigns of the present war to military etiquette, and he's required to be able to deliver a 30-minute lecture on any of 15 subjects at a minute's notice. He can do it, too.

FORT BRAGG, Fayetteville, N. C. Official transfer of the paratroops to this post has created plenty commotion. Newly acquired girl friends are sporting newly acquired parachute insignia; local shoeshine boys, who used to get a nickel, took one look at the extra high chutist shoes and shoved the price up to a dime. Civilians stop the physically perfect men and question them to the point of boredom. Most *popular inquiry*: "How do you feel when you jump?" Most popular reply: "We don't."

In addition to paratroops, antitank battalions have been bred here with very great speed indeed. The boys have competitions each Saturday, testing the relative speed in laying down a gun line. Winner takes home a loving cup. If the Japs could see how the lads scrap for a mere drop of metal they'd turn in their uniforms and take to the showers.

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NARRAGANSETT BAY DEFENSES, R. I. The use of any official car just to move one messenger around at Fort Adams, bay headquarters, is out. What he uses now is a bike. The fort has eight of them, all painted olive drab, and messengers find the legmills good conditioners. Latest rumor is, if Army cars get scarce they're going to use tandems—with officers taking the back seat so you can't see whether they're pedaling or not.

AT FORT WETHERILL there's a very thorough soldier named Pvt. Allen Andrews. Asked to note all shipping in his immediate vicinity while on observation duty, Pvt. Andrews reported one ship in sight. His superior officer checked and found it, all right. It was good old, motionless Brenton's Lightship.

26TH DIV.

CAMP EDWARDS, Falmouth, Mass. A fair-sized crew of Southern boys joined the Yankee Division as replacements in plenty of time to get nasty samples of cold, snow and sleet, but nowadays, New England weather is more to their liking. The drawling youngsters are the pride and joy of Northern-bred buddies; in fact, the admiration is mutual and the boys from the under side of the M & D line now proudly refer to themselves as Southern Yankees.

BOSTON HARBOR DEFENSES. Men who guard the harbor know now what they'd do if enemy planes ever snuck up on them when they weren't looking. The other 2 A. M. a detector picked up the drum of an unidentified airplane. Within seven minutes every battle station in Boston Harbor was manned, searchlights were stabbing the sky and wide-awake crews stood by loaded guns. Turned out to be a false alarm but, anyhow, the boys sleep better now.

THIS peace of mind does not apply to the lads at Fort Standish who are busy devising new words for what happens to gents wholly surrounded by water. Island-happy is the newest phrase for describing those who act slightly balmy after staring at sea gulls all day.

GENERAL

LATEST aid to the civilian anxious to send a gift to any of our fighting men is the Express Your Gratitude setup, organized in 100 key cities last month in co-operation with the Railway Express Company. One store in each city handles some 75 different combinations of useful surprises, the packages containing everything from food to you-name-it. Prices range from $1.39 (2-lb., 13-oz. shoe box full of food) to $17.34 for a domino game, 2 packages of cigarettes, soap and an electric shaver. There are also packages for nurses (the most popular second lieutenants in the services).

ACCORDING to several notices received by this department the chiropractors throughout America have volunteered to give free treatment to any soldier who walks into a chiropractor's office and asks for it.

NOW you needn't worry if your top-kick gives you a pain in the neck.

G. W.

"How'd'yuh expect me t'teach y'anything if you don't pay attention?"

R. C. DELL

INHALING needn't worry YOUR throat!

THERE'S a lot of *difference* in cigarettes!

And here's how the five most popular brands stack up—as *compared by eminent doctors*:*

The other four brands averaged more than three times as irritant as PHILIP MORRIS.

And this irritation—from the other four—lasted more than five times as long!

Sure, you inhale. *All smokers do*. So—*be sure* about *your* cigarette!

REAL PROTECTION ADDED TO FINER PLEASURE!

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Minute Man

Continued from page 14

and a mellow drink and a strong pipe, but he loves a good joke. Another of his best friends is Jack Earle—"Sky High, the Cowboy Giant"—who stands almost as much more than six feet as Harry is less. When Jack was with the Ringling side show, he and Harry used to sneak off every afternoon for a walk through the busiest streets of the town—the midget loudly addressing the giant as "Junior," and ordering "Sonny" around, and the giant meekly replying, "Yes, Daddy . . . Yes, Daddy. . . ."

Harry's favorite gag, though, is to be "discovered" peering intently through a spool. One of Ringling's canvasmen fell for this one not long ago and asked what he was looking at.

"Nothing," said Harry, whipping the spool into his pocket. "Nothing at all!"

A few minutes later, the man caught him at it again. "Come on, Harry," he begged. "Gimme a look too!"

Harry was firm: "Nope. If I let you look, everybody else will be wanting a look. Beat it! You're interrupting me."

Finally the man's curiosity made him offer a dollar. Harry took it and handed him the spool.

"There's nothing there," the man complained. "There's nothing at all."

"Exactly what I said," Harry told him. "You ought to be ashamed to be a sucker at your age!"

A Midget's Worst Moments

Harry's reputation as a ribber lets him in for a good deal of mischief from side-show "talkers," especially when they have him on the platform out front for a "bally."

"And now, sir," they say, "tell these good people your age."

"Thirty-nine."

"The little gentleman says he is fifty-nine," the talker drones. "That's hard for you to believe, but—"

"Thirty-nine!" Harry shouts.

"Excuse me, sir! He says he is sixty-nine," the talker continues smoothly, "and he remembers General Ulysses S. Grant just like yesterday."

Harry's rage soon evaporates, though, and later that night, he and the talker will probably be playing blackjack and eating pigs' feet in the side-show car. The talkers are merely occasional nuisances. Harry's list of occupational hazards does not include them among its five items. These are, in descending order of importance, storms, drunks, women, smart alecks and dopes.

Storms are by far the worst, especially windstorms. Even a brisk breeze will send a midget scurrying for a lee, fearful that he will be blown off his feet and bowled to disaster. Harry will never forget the night a gale blew down the cookhouse—the dining tent—and a falling pole cracked him on the head. He was lost under the collapsed canvas, unconscious, for an hour. Since then, if a storm comes up, even in the middle of a performance, the whole Doll family will shinny down the ladder from their platform and scamper to the safety of the side-show wagon.

Harry's fear of drunks dates back to a night in Mobile, Alabama, fifteen years ago.

"There's a heel in Mobile," he says grimly, "and what should happen to him shouldn't happen to Hitler!"

Harry was standing at the front of his platform when the drunk grabbed his hand and, pretending to shake it, squeezed. It was like squeezing a wren, and Harry had just as much chance as a wren. He nearly fainted, but he didn't cry out. Someone in the audience saw what was happening, fortunately, and a cop hauled the drunk away.

That experience, and others with over-motherly women, taught the Dolls to keep well out of the customers' reach.

"Do *you* want to get snatched up and cuddled into 200 pounds of perspiring fat?" Harry asks. "Well, I don't either!"

Cute women are almost as bad—"You know: the kind that say, 'Doesn't oo want to tum home wiv me?' I tell 'em, 'Hell, no!'—unless they're pretty. If they're *very* pretty, I tell 'em, 'Hell, yes!' and I go, too!"

The smart alecks always make Harry think of J. P. Morgan, who has been a figure of peculiar interest to midgets ever since he was photographed with 21-inch Lya Graf, of the Ringling side show, seated in his lap.

"Not that Mr. Morgan is a smart aleck," Harry explains, "but I could match dollars with him if I had one for every time a wise guy yelled at me, 'Hey, Shorty!' or 'Hello, Shrimp!' "

As soon as Harry hears it, he turns to the audience wearily and remarks, "We've got a clown with us tonight, folks. Maybe you'd rather listen to him than look at me."

The dopes are the ones who ask the stupid questions, "Why are you so small?" and "What did you eat to make you that way?" and "Did you smoke too much?"—things like that.

Harry says, "I tell 'em, 'I'd like to give you the sad story, lady—you look so sympathetic—but I haven't got time tonight. Here, take this picture of me and put it on your bureau and shed a tear for me some time. . . . That'll be ten cents.' And boy, how the money rolls in!"

Take three adults of the same scant inches, and one may be a midget, while the second is a pygmy and the third a dwarf. Pygmies belong to special races of mankind, dark-skinned and primitive. Their average height is less than five feet, but they are not malformed. Their parents were pygmies, and their children will be pygmies.

Dwarfs are common to all races. They are born dwarfs, with torsos normal or nearly so, but with short, thick, malformed limbs. Their parents were normal, and their children will be normal.

Midgets are also common to all races—commoner than is generally believed; there are perhaps 2,000 of them scattered around the world. They are not born midgets; they are normal at birth and for several years afterward. And they are not malformed; their proportions are almost perfect. Their parents were normal—both parents of the Dolls are well over 5½ feet—and their children will be normal.

Little Fathers of Big Children

There are abundant instances of fruitful marriages between midgets, between a midget man and a normal woman, and between a midget woman and a normal man, although the child of a midget mother is usually born by Caesarean section. Harry Doll expects to marry a midget woman and raise a normal family. Daisy Doll is engaged to a man six feet tall; they will be married next winter. There are also abundant instances of midget and normal children in the same family. The Dolls have a brother five feet, seven inches tall and four sisters almost as tall.

It would be as absurd to think that a midget's size bears any relation to his intelligence as it would be to expect a normal person to talk like an imbecile while you're looking at him through the

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wrong end of a telescope. General Tom Thumb was a shrewd businessman, and Richard Gibson was court miniature-painter (in both senses) to Charles I of England.

The ductless glands whose malfunction is responsible for a midget's diminutiveness have affected him otherwise hardly at all. Walter de la Mare wrote an epitaph for a midget in which are the lines:

"Not a knuckle was askew;
Inches for feet God made him true,"

but this is not strictly correct. A midget's limbs in relation to his torso, are very slightly shorter than a normal person's. Furthermore, he has no hair on his body and rarely has any on his face; his voice is rather squeaky; he may keep his milk teeth throughout life; and his rate of metabolism is fifty per cent higher—which is why midgets have enormous appetites.

There is one other difference. A normal person's bone-ends close in his early twenties, and he stops growing. But with a few exceptions, a midget's bone-ends never close. As late as middle age, he may suddenly shoot up ten, fifteen, even twenty inches, and this may be a second tragedy for him. If he is a show midget, the extra inches may disqualify him for his job, yet still leave him far short of normal height. Harry Doll has grown only four inches since he was twelve years old, and not at all in recent years. He thinks he has stopped for good, but he can never be sure.

"If I'm going to start again," he says, "I'd like to keep on until I'm enormous, but"—he adds presently—"I know that that's impossible."

Seven Years of Growth

Harry was born in Dresden, Germany, in 1902, the son of a cabinetmaker. The name "Harry Doll" dates only from 1914. It was a present from his first employer, the manager of a side show at Coney Island, who billed him and Gracie as "The Dancing Dolls." Their family name is Schneider, and Harry's given name is Kurt. He did not suspect that it was an ironical omen—"kurt" means "short" in German—until he was ten years old. He had grown normally up to the age of seven, but now he became aware that his classmates were robbing fruit trees which his legs were too short to let him reach, although they were just the right length to let an angry farmer catch up with him soonest.

Gracie, three years older, was making the same bitter discovery. Their anxious father took them to doctor after doctor—seven in all. The prescriptions included everything from "plenty of exercise and fresh vegetables" to stretching the children on a rack. Nothing availed. Eventually they had to accept the fact that they were midgets.

Harry's daydreams had always centered upon the magnificent uniform of a hussar. Now its scarlet and plumes were as hopelessly out of reach as the farmer's fruit. He considered apprenticing himself to a watchmaker or a jeweler, so his tiny fingers would be an asset instead of a liability, but his father urged him to regard his whole stature as an asset and go on exhibition in America. Gracie agreed to accompany him. They sailed in 1914 and found employment at once. Daisy joined them in 1923, and Tiny in 1925. All four are now United States citizens.

After so many years, Harry can't reconstruct the process of adjustment to his lot. Not infrequently, midgets sink into despair and, as time passes, rebound to an almost insufferable egotism—"overcompensation," psychologists call it. The men, for instance, emphasize their virility by flirting with every woman they see, strutting with heavy canes, wearing conspicuous clothes, puffing enormous pipes and cigars, and—if they can—by cultivating bushy mustaches.

Gradually these little bucks become so accustomed to their roles that they do not relax even when they are alone. In their private apartments, they insist on full-size chairs, beds and basins, even though it means hauling up a stool to use them. A normal man would not make a parachute jump from a plane that is about to land safely, but a cocky midget will deliberately risk a buffeting by a revolving door when there is an ordinary door beside it.

The Dolls are too intelligent to indulge such dangerous vanities, or any others. Chairs in their house are short-legged, and light switches are no more than a comfortable three feet from the floor. The stocks of Harry's .22 rifle and .410 shotgun—he shoots quail, dove, rabbits and even rattlesnakes—have been cut off almost at the grip, and their barrels are only fourteen inches long.

"Those short barrels make the shotgun sound like a cannon," he says, "and boy, does it kick! It's like putting your shoulder under a pile driver!"

Daisy cooks on a squatting stove. Being the tallest, she drives the family car, with the help of extension pedals, and being the most *chic*, she designs and sews her own and her sisters' dresses. Harry's best clothes are tailor-made, but he doesn't scorn to buy his working clothes at children's shops—socks, shoes (8½, baby size), underwear, hats (6⅜)—things like that.

He uses a child's toothbrush and, when he's at home, a child's table silver. When he's with the circus, he has to make shift with regular equipment, but he carries a small box, painted blue, to put on his chair at the cookhouse and raise himself to eating level. He'd carry it into theaters, too, if it weren't so much trouble. As it is, he simply sits on the arm of his seat.

The Dolls have a stateroom that runs the whole width of the side-show personnel's special Pullman. The three girls sleep in a lower berth. Harry used to have an upper, but he decided that it was a waste of space, so he had it torn out and replaced with a hinged shelf. It is 45 inches by 22, or about the size of a piano bench. He reaches it by a rope ladder.

No Lettuce, Please

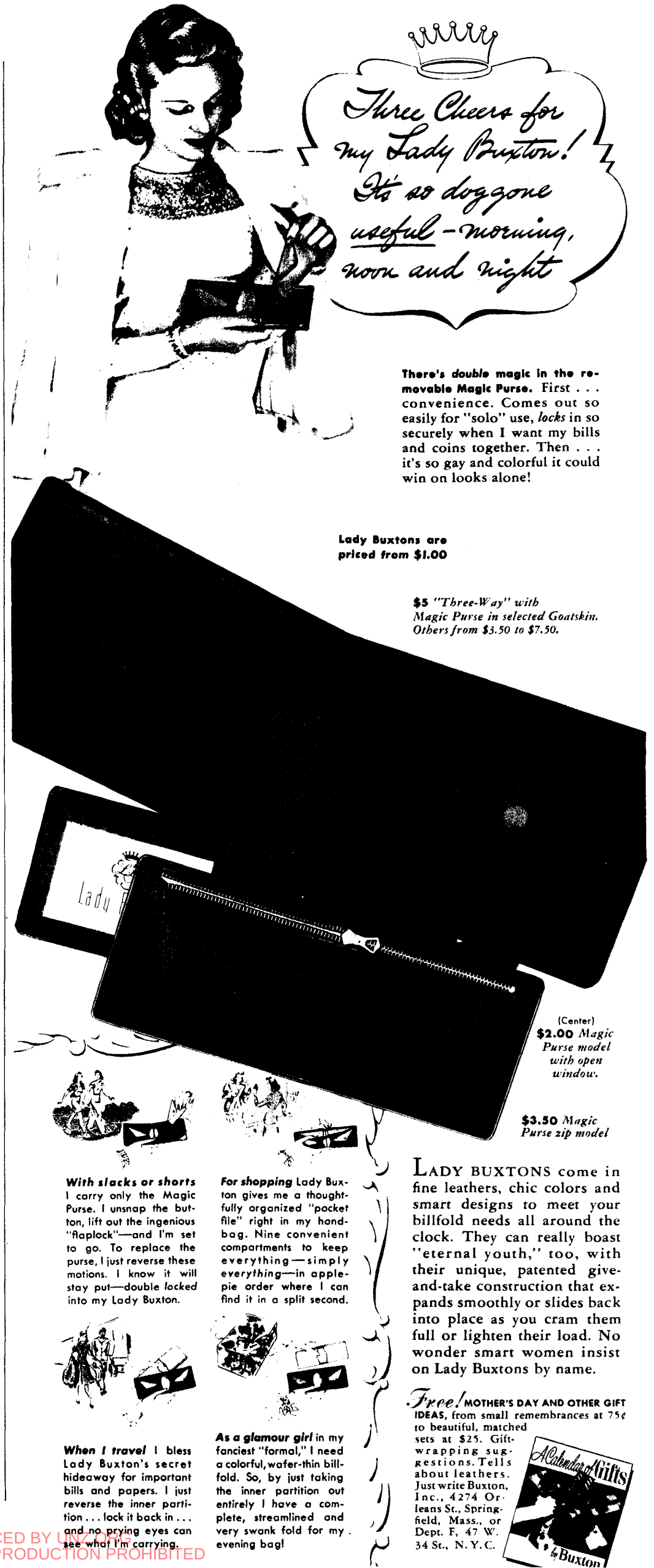
Harry's associates like him immensely, not only because he is pleasant and modest, but because he is slyly generous. In fact, his only enemies in the circus are the cat animals, which try to get at him every time he passes. Lions, tigers and especially leopards are notorious for hating all children. Three years ago, before Gargantua's cage was glassed-in and air-conditioned, he winged Harry with a head of lettuce, and ever since then the talkers have been getting a rise from him by telling audiences that lettuce is his favorite food.

Harry enjoys circus life. He has been trouping for twenty-seven years now, and he'll keep it up indefinitely, unless he falls in love again. Last time, it was with a French midget in a carnival, but it didn't pan out. If it pans out next time, he'll retire to Sarasota with his wife, open a cigar store, and do a little hunting and fishing on the side.

He is secretive about how much money he has saved. When his friends kid him about being a millionaire and remind him that Croesus, the richest man in fable, was also a midget, Harry shakes his head dolefully.

"Yes," he says. "Yes, but he didn't make it in any circus. . . ."

THE END



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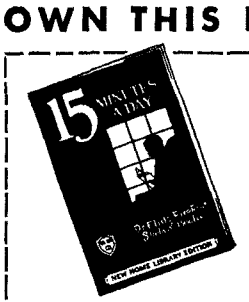

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Australia, Here We Come!

Continued from page 11

the lady's far more generous contribution. None of her children resembled Mamma, who ate a hearty meal, then resumed her light travels forthwith. So it was no question either of beauty or Mendelism that led to Stinkey's enlistment.

"We just picked him by heart," declared the sergeant, "and he turned out to be a real soldier. He knows his stuff better than most of them dumb privates. He's got no use for civilians. There was a couple of guys who used to come into our mess hall sometimes on business and we had all we could do to keep Stinkey from biting them. On week ends we had to keep him locked up when all the fellows' girls came."

Weeks later in a distant land you would meet soldiers who still talked about Stinkey. They still missed him but reasoned, "Stinkey is still in the Army back there in the States and not feeding sharks like them two poor mutts these jerks in that other outfit smuggled aboard in their barrack bags."

Here was, of course, a philosophical resignation, compounded of youth, time and distance.

But in our early days at sea, grief over the parting from their pal was voluble, profane and real. This was a good thing of itself because it occupied minds that might otherwise have been filled with more important anxieties.

Three-Part Adventure

Troopship voyaging to overseas service divides quite naturally, so far as a young soldier is concerned, into three parts. In the first he is filled with thoughts of home—parents, friends, last "dates" and the familiar routine of jobs or schools lately abandoned. Nearly every face on deck is a telltale of homesickness. Then there comes the long intermediate state wherein shipboard routine is like a curtain of blank time that is lowered and raised between his old life and the new. The third period is occupied by a swift rush of curiosity, interest, speculation about the land to which he is going. This is the time when excitement and imagination often get the better of him with amusing results. To illustrate: Our vessel had a post office in which it was possible to deposit mail written aboard for return to the United States.

The major in charge of censorship was somewhat astonished to find in many of the letters complete accounts of the enthusiastic landing reception of our troops as well as intimate descriptions of the people, the city streets, the landscape, even the strange animals, but mostly of the girls of the country to which we were going—*three days before we got there!*

So goes to war the generation we feared might not have the spirit or will or morale necessary to an army, because it was born to peace and disarmament and cynicism with respect to our Allies, to All Quiet on the Western Front and The Case of Sergeant Grischa; yet it goes to war no differently from the manner in which former generations of young men less schooled went to war—with high good humor and joking and only petty heartbreaks. The opinion of every First World War veteran aboard was that we might close our eyes and be on the North Atlantic in 1917 all over again. The same gags, the same rumors, the same wisecracks and horseplay, the same gripes.

There was even Hinky Dinky, although Home on the Range and Rose O'Day had taken the place of Wabash Blues and The Missouri Waltz. Only the soldiers themselves were different; huskier, bigger, less gullible, better informed and infinitely better tailored. One morale officer, a former doughboy of the Thirty-second Division of the First World War (and a friend of our own buddy, Mark Harold Fall, of Albion, Michigan) and the Third Corps of the Army of Occupation in Germany, summed it up with a wondering, unconscious nostalgia: *"C'est la même guerre!"*

All this came out in the second phase of the passage. It is then that a crossing by troopship over a peril-infested ocean offers the most settled pattern of daily life and friendships. You either get along with the men who live night and day on your neck, shoulders, elbows and feet, or you wish you were dead. This part of the trip reveals most novelties to the landlubbers—and by actual census more than ninety per cent of our ship's company had never been to sea before, while many had never even looked upon salt water.

So it's life aboard that I suppose you would most like to know about, since many of you now still at home may have similar experiences before long.

President Roosevelt himself in one of his fireside radio chats from beside his famous illuminated globe map, giving what he calls "lessons in plain geography," has declared that hundreds of thousands, perhaps millions of you may have to go to far-flung world fronts of democracy before our lives and fortunes are secure again.

Once aboard the transport your first interest is the vessel itself. Perhaps the greatest indication of the power and wealth and modernity of your own country lies in the food you eat and the accommodations you enjoy when you go forth to war, as compared with those afforded by other nations. There is neither luxury nor pampering aboard. Neither, however, is there the callousness, the stark hardship I have seen elsewhere. The Japs would stuff ten thousand into a ship that we would not expect to carry more than a third of that number. The Italians will live fifteen days on spaghetti, dry bread and red wine, against our attractive balanced menus. One English correspondent among us who had journeyed "Out East" on English troopships in both the last war and this one never quits marveling at our comforts. Perhaps the greatest surprise to him was that whereas English transports have wet canteens, our ships for both officers and men are bone dry.

A Bridal Suite for Everyone

Our liner belongs to that select ocean sisterhood known in tourist pamphlets as the "luxury" class. Our stuffed cabin formerly bedded two. We academically profess suitable awe but literally find no greater comfort in the chief purser's hushed reminder that the cost of this room used to be $1,800 for each person one way for the trip you are making free. "It was," he murmured, "the bridal suite."

You would never guess it now, where all beauty and graciousness have surrendered to the utilitarianism of war, and clumsy big lugs wash out their wool socks and iron underpants with cold, salt water in a bowl that once knew the dainty rinsings of a bride's sheer mesh stockings. The only signs of fled glory are stenciled flowers on a pastel-shade built-in dresser and a hairpin you find in a drawer. We all sit on trunk lockers

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and duffel bags and stare at those frail relics until someone comes in and says, "That blankety-blank purser is going around telling the guys in all the cabins that they have the bridal suite."

Not too much of a sellout, that. Certain it is that years of high heels and lightsome feet passed and left no marks on the linoleum, the deck boards and the dance floors now scarred by field shoes.

On the sports deck the whited outlines of shuffleboard and quoits courts can still be seen. But where pretty girls in shorts and young men in flannels once played, grim young Americans in steel helmets and drab coveralls now sit alertly in relays twenty-four hours a day, manning our abundance of guns.

The two swimming pools are filled to the rims, not with pleasantly warmed salt water but with dark things of war. No introspection, however, bothers one young private who somewhere finds the only steamer chair left on board—a busted one, at that—sets it up on the promenade and loudly calls for a good book, a rug and bouillon. For a minute it's a question whether he and the chair will be tossed overboard together.

Just because you traveled on one of today's gray ships in her white yesterdays doesn't mean you'd still know your way around her. Take our old girl, for instance. I had and I didn't. Of the once elegant or chic public rooms—the lounges and strollways, their windows opaqued with black paint, are stacked tier on tier with iron bunks; the paneled library serves for staff conferences and officers' schools; the writing room houses the guard; the cardroom once banked with coin slot machines and hunting prints is a sick-call waiting annex; the smoking lounge is a hospital; and the cocktail bar with its frosted hoydens is a dispensary.

The latter provides the most unforgettable picture of the trip—a grotesquerie through a haze of cigarette smoke, oaths, sweat, apprehensions, and the sterile fumes of medicaments when throngs of us line up at the bar with our feet on the rail and hold bared arms across to Dr. G. A. Spencer of Scarsdale, New York, who, shirtless and powerful in the bartender's accustomed place, punctures us with anti-this and anti-that while the ship heaves through tropic swells.

The first-class dining room has been converted into a cafeteria for the enlisted men. The tourist dining cabin is for the officers. The men have the better of this situation because the former is huge and air-conditioned while the latter is poky and, in the hot latitudes, with ports sealed for the blackout, it becomes an odorous Turkish bath that is too formidable to brave until sheer hunger drives you.

Such rearrangements of course do not distinguish any particular American liner. They are typical.

The job of feeding our ship's company is colossal and virtually endless. Around it all daily routine must revolve. There is no reveille and, except for guard and calisthenics and special details, no work. Breakfast lines begin at six-thirty and, between eating and cleaning, the dining room is occupied until late at night.

The men who eat breakfast last can sleep as late as chorus girls if that's their pleasure, because the general figures there's no use having all hands milling about. Both cooking and K.P. are provided by the transport's crew but labor union regulations bring up certain hour problems that are settled amicably by volunteer helpers from the ranks of the soldiers, who receive extra pay—and meals continue to proceed with orderliness, cleanliness and dispatch.

That generally is how you will eat if and when your time comes to shove off for overseas. Here is what you will eat: The food, all things considered, is good and by comparison with that of foreign transports is astonishingly plentiful. This is a menu observed at random on one of the last days, when you might reasonably expect a thinning down.

Breakfast: Stewed figs, sirup, boiled eggs (the one gripe—eggs always boiled. But even that was an all-night job and with so many to provide for there was no chance to cook them otherwise), fried

"He also does tricks. Come, Spot, sit! Sit up!" JEFF KEATE

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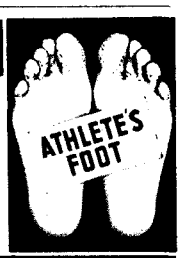

Dr Scholl's SOLVEX

sausages, bread, butter, jam, coffee, fresh milk, sugar. Dinner: Roast California turkey, cranberries, stewed tomatoes, potatoes, bread, butter, fresh apples, cheese, crackers, coffee, milk, sugar. Supper: Fresh orange, macaroni, Italian sauce, buttered yellow turnips, bread, butter, chocolate-covered ice cream, cookies, hot tea, milk, sugar.

Even with eating, sleeping and lifeboat drilling as the principal apparent occupations—aside, of course, from constant manning of the guns—you won't be driven to cutting paper dolls in boredom on a prolonged voyage. Here again you find evidence of the inherent health, mental and physical, of young American soldiers. Always in your assignments on foreign transports you have been struck with the lack of play spirit in the men who for days on end merely line the rails or sit apart, quiet, wistful and grinning.

Never a Dull Moment

In ability to entertain himself the Yank is a species apart. So write this down, folks at home: Your kids, out of their own resourcefulness, get something for their memory books from their days at sea. This liner never held so much unaffected interest for its millionaires as for these soldiers, many of whom probably could not have afforded to pay for a single day's trip on her.

Although you see quiz-book groups and plain "bull" sessions, cards provided the most widespread entertainment indoors at night. The players sit chiefly on the floor. If you try to make your way below, you have to step through dozens of bridge, poker and other hands. When the cards wear out, inked sugar lumps are used. Leg-pulling is the favorite outdoor game. Scores of innocents stand on deck to watch for the blue and yellow buoys that mark the equator; to try to detect the supposed acceleration in speed once it is crossed and we start downhill.

Around virtually every washbasin you find groups experimenting to see whether the water runs out with clockwise or counterclockwise spin, the latter allegedly a sure indication we are over the line. Although this is a known phenomenon of large still bodies, it is unprovable in washbasins, and when the drainage twists one way and then another in alternate trials there is much confusion and debate. Meanwhile the intricate mathematics of the international date line take an awful shellacking. So time goes.

At the outset you got a printed list of instructions and orders, of which these four are ever present and most important in their application to your everyday round, whatever transport you may go on—First: Electric razors and private radio sets cannot be used. These give off impulses that might be picked up and utilized for direction-finding by enemy subs. It is axiomatic for transports of all nations to maintain radio silence. Orders can be received by a ship's official radio staff, but transmitting sets are locked up and could only be broken loose by axes if it were necessary to send an SOS. The reasonableness of these restrictions is questioned by none; all know we are engaged in a life-and-death game with a cunning foe.

Second: You must go easy on fresh water. Naturally wartime loadings put infinitely greater strains upon a ship's tank capacities. So you must bathe, launder and shave in cold salt water—and the ship is one long groan at chin-scraping time.

Third: Life preservers must be worn all hours of day and night. Only when you actually sleep can it be put off and then it's tied to your bunk. If it's possible violently to love and to hate a thing at the same time that's the only way to describe your feelings toward the corky "Mae West."

"Ahem—Cecil, could you manage to salute now and then?"

GREGORY D'ALESSIO

Last: You must neither sit on the rails nor show off in the rigging. "Keep both feet on the deck" is a rule you'd better obey unless you want to swim home. For obvious reasons no transport in a convoy would dare halt to pick up anyone who fell overboard.

Traffic problems caused by thousands of men in corridors and on decks and stairways designed for only scores are met by a simple rule that reminds you of Will Rogers' plan for New York—even days, west- and eastbound; other days, north- and southbound. Perhaps you have been aboard a great ocean liner in peacetime to see friends off on a gala sailing day. Well, a transport would be such a madhouse all the time, with mess lines extending across several decks and corridors if it were not for soldierly order. So you move forward on the port side, aft on the starboard—and heaven protect your ribs if you dissent!

Daily "Abandon ship!" drills put another tax on traffic. Our general handled this so well that within a few days he reduced by more than twenty minutes the time required for all hands to simulate clearing ship.

The general goes around chuckling about an overheard explanation by one private to another:

"Listen, this practice stuff is okay but it don't fool me because if there's a real jam, the general, the ship's captain, the staff officers and the chaplain get the motorboats," the cynical private declared. "The other officers, them war correspondents and the sergeants get the lifeboats you gotta row. The corporals get the rafts. The privates first-class get oars, and us bucks get a chip apiece!"

When you sail you won't know where you are going; that's all part of the fun. But try to fool an American soldier long! Our first day out I saw a young private making himself conspicuous wherever there was a group of officers, as transparent as a girl with a new engagement ring in his efforts to attract notice to a book in his hand. It was just an ordinary book but he had folded a paper cover over it and printed thereon with heavy ink: "Learn to Speak Australian in Seven Easy Lessons." Also, from the beginning, you could see lone wolves or little gangs poring over charts outspread on bunks or deck. Although no one but the ship's navigators had actual knowledge of our course, this did not prevent scores of amateur skippers from pinning or penciling their own ideas on maps. You could pick out the former Boy Scouts as they stood around gauging north by use of matchsticks and watches.

Some Impromptu Navigation

Nights, you saw them watching the skies; for, after all, here were boys from American farms to whom Orion and his Belt were old friends of early winter evenings and to whom the Twins and Capella and Sirius the Dog Star were as familiar as the lighted windows of home. With almost as much interest as for our first port of call, they waited for the Southern Cross to come up from Down Under.

One group of specialist troops kept a chart that the mate heard about. He used to go each day to look at it and sometimes you could detect a faint trace of astonishment behind his Scandinavian poker face but he never said "No" or "Yes" or "Nuts!" These lads insisted

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that the ship date put on our King Neptune-Equator certificates was a day late. This much you know: They were only a day off in predicting a landfall.

Don't get the notion however that life aboard is all serenity, indolence and lighthearted speculation. There is tension and vigilance; the constantly worn lifebelts, the ready guns, the increased watches in the "sensitive" hours just before and after sunrise and sunset keep you from forgetting the menace of war at sea. The nightly blackout intensifies the soberness as well as the discomfort of our experience. No one can smoke or use a flashlight on the open decks. Only the convoy commander may break this rule with his signal blinker whenever it is vital to transmit orders to his charges.

Perhaps it was an encouraging sign of caution well learned that our soldiers thought he "talked too much!" All ports had to be tightly shut at night. For men packed deep and close on the lower decks, this was genuinely tough as we sped across the tropics.

To add to the warlike atmosphere, there was of course a notably rich crop of the usual transport rumors of enemy battleships prowling in the night, whereas all you ever really saw over dark waters were your convoy mates near and muzzy and comforting. Rumors of enemy subs come upon unexpectedly, that had to crash dive no more than fifty yards from our bow to keep from being run down; of other subs heard by the detectors. If Johnny puts such things in his letters home, think back and you will probably recollect that he always had a lively imagination. In plain truth—and this probably represents an average passage—we had only three authentic thrills.

The first was on a bright and cloudless day when just on the horizon we suddenly observed the blossoming of the puffballs of five distinct bursts of anti-aircraft fire. That's all there was to it. The mystery was never explained.

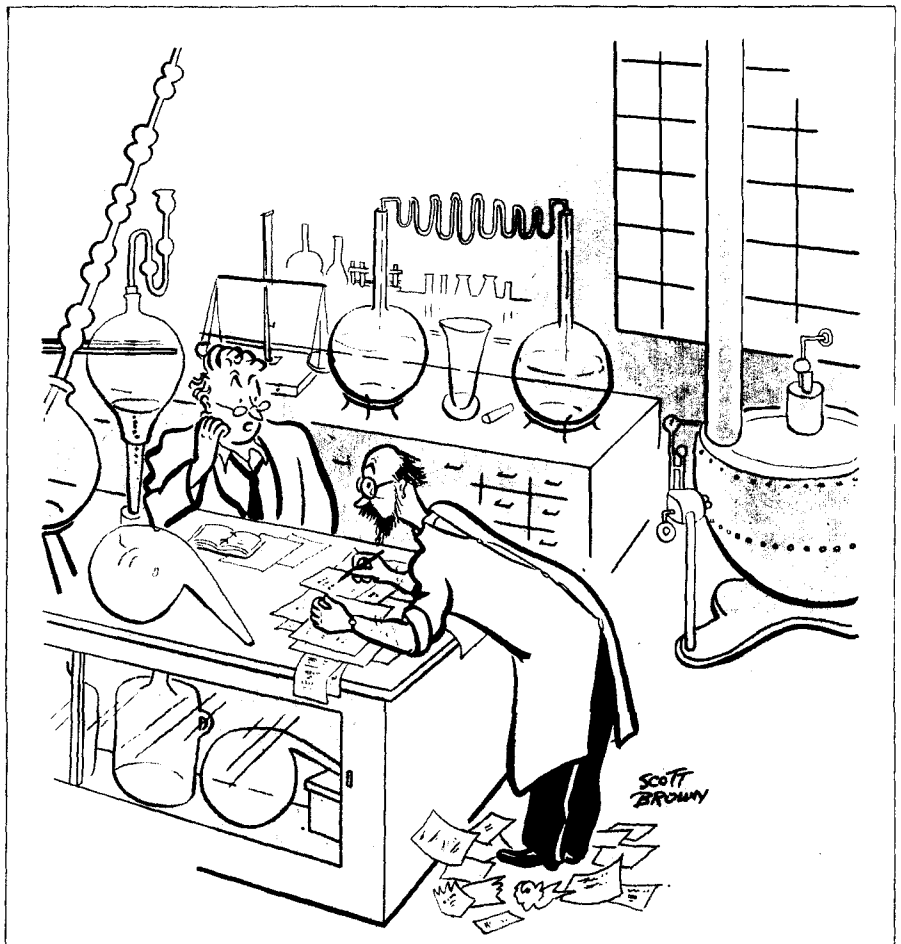
The second came on another clear afternoon when battleships appeared dead ahead. It turned out that they were expected but you can't take chances. For a long time we dispersed and fidgeted and sparred like boxers moving around in a ring looking for an opening, until the exchange of signals proved them friends.

Third and most alarming was a typhoon. Until then, little seasickness had occurred, but as this spume-flecked afternoon waned quickly into a terrible night, green replaced the sun tans that had come with quiet days outdoors in fine weather. The storm-lashed decks were closed to all hands after dark. By then, the seas cresting mountainously ridge on ridge above our heads were illuminated by a weirdly brilliant and widespread display of phosphorescence that gave to the whitecaps the appearance of a raging but half smothered fire.

A handful of us fought our way to the signal bridge and huddled there, soaked and grim, through long hours that might have been pages torn from Joseph Conrad. We had the feeling next day that we had got off lightly in such rampant violence with only a few minor injuries from glass and falls. You heard someone remark "Well, God scared us more than the Japs could!" And you understood he was not being irreverent.

Foul or fair, your trip long or short or a mixture, you are glad to make port. Yet however pleasant the land to look upon, however friendly the welcome by its people—and in Australia we were not let down on either score—there is always something hauntingly sad about the arrival of a troopship overseas. You know that of the boys who stand now at this railing, wide-eyed and eager, high spirited, bandying crack for crack, are some who will never make the journey home. Even aside from the fortunes of war, this is statistically inevitable in any large group of travelers. It is the youth and the freshness of these fine boys that make especially poignant the thought that in themselves they hold all that is meant by the phrase heard around our world today: "The Yanks have landed."

THE END



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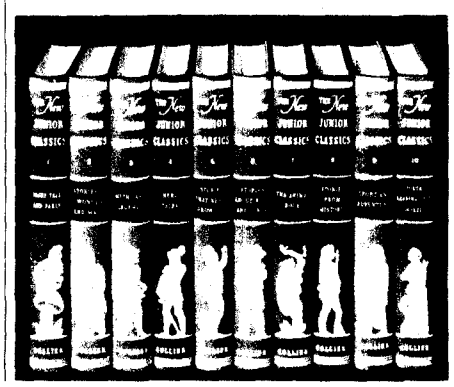

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Inshore Patrol

Continued from page 13

a mine or two are lashed aft. Instead of being the Fortuna or the Hyacinth or the Good Cheer, the boat now is simply the YP 465—meaning a patrol vessel attached to a naval district, rather than to the fleet, and under command of the District Commandant.

The bigger boats—bigger merely relatively, because they are all small craft—have been taken over by the Navy. But scores of owners of twenty- and thirty-footers have joined the Navy for the duration, with their boats. The Navy gives them gas and oil and a rating—maybe bosun's mate—and pay, and assigns one or two seamen as crew.

So, let's go to sea and watch the Inshore Patrol at work. You perch on a high stool in a corner of the wheelhouse in the 57, while Lieut. Commander H. D. Batterton, her master, backs her out of the slip with soft-voiced orders and a few swings on the handle of the engine-room telegraph. High overhead there is the drone of bombers and you glance with some slight interest at the sheets illustrating silhouettes of U. S. Army planes and Navy planes and British planes, stuck up on a bulkhead. You compare these black shapes with those flying high in the gray windy sky. "Well," you decide, "they look like ours." A quartermaster says briefly: "PB 26s," which sounds comforting. You get to know your planes, working on the Inshore Patrol.

The 57 swings onto her course and Commander Batterton tells the engine room, down the voice tube, to put her on the cruising combination and she knifes along down Sound at fourteen knots. Everything is pretty informal, with a minimum of gold braid and a maximum of smooth, quiet efficiency.

"Two seven zero," says the skipper to the quartermaster at the wheel. The 57 swings onto her course and you learn that the Inshore Patrol has four main missions: Mine laying, mine sweeping, net laying and tending, and general patrol work. This last includes detection and destruction of enemy submarines or swift motorboats that might get near the coast or even into harbors by some combination of weather-luck and skill.

How to Find Mines

"There's a mine sweeper over there now. We'll go have a look at her. . . . Hard right." The QM swings the 57 in a tight semicircle and we come up near the dark gray sweeper. She was a fishing boat, not long ago, romantically named Il Trovatore, but now her bow bears the legend AMc 479. This means she is an auxiliary mine sweeper in the coastal service. Her name now is the Mallard—mine sweepers all being named for birds. Net tenders are named for trees. The other boats get along with only letters and numbers.

Trailing aft the Mallard is a long cable, breaking the surface, and at its nether end a small red flag zips along. Some distance behind the flag a small speedboat cuts through the swells, warning ships away.

Contact mines, very old-fashioned but deadly enough if a ship hits them, are swept up by two methods. Single AMc ships go about the job by trailing cables from their bows. The cables are fanned out and kept under water in the form of a V, point forward, by devices called paravanes. The theory is that the ship's cable catches the mine's cable and severs it, sometimes by means of a sort of pair of shears. A variation of this is for two sweepers to move abreast, with a cable between, thus clearing a fairly wide channel. In either case the mine is brought to the surface—and a little target practice does the rest.

"You have to think of everything the enemy might do," says Commander Batterton, relighting a pipe, "and then try to prevent him from doing it. For instance, mines might have been laid in American waters last summer or fall by Japanese merchant ships. It isn't hard to fix a mine so that it remains harmless for several months and then becomes dangerous. And there are mines that don't explode when the first ship passes them; they don't explode until the second—or third or fourth—ship comes near. This little trick is to catch important ships that might have pilot boats or sweepers ahead. You'd be surprised at the ingenuity of people."

They Fish for Submarines

The 57 slides ahead of the plodding Mallard and her cable. Ensign Walter Ross—he was a reporter on the St. Louis Post-Dispatch a few weeks ago—taps out a message from the bridge-deck lamp and gets an acknowledgment. Commander Batterton tells the QM it's "hard left." Near the center of the fairway lie four specks, hardly visible against the gray water. The specks grow larger and through the glasses you may distinguish their shapes. Two of them are YNG boats—meaning Net Gate vessels. They have no power and the patrol boys say the initials mean "You're Not Going"—anywhere. The two YNGs are anchored a couple of hundred yards apart and from each, to shore, extends a line of steel floats. From these hangs the submarine net. The YNGs' duty is to haul the "gate" back and forth, opening and closing the channel.

Near by are two powered ships—the YN 35 and YN 41—meaning they're net layers and tenders. Laying and tending a heavy steel net in a channel where the tides run five and six knots is no snap. In the old days a net would stop a submarine; now, it's mainly to signal that a sub is trying to get through. Modern U-boats have various ways of getting through nets—or would have, if the nets didn't signal every object coming in contact with them. Every time a sub noses a net, it rings a bell somewhere. Then the "ashcans" go overboard from patrol ships and the thump of depth charges shakes the sea.

The 57 bustles about, watching over her busy fleet, and you realize what a complicated mechanism she is. She can talk with planes far above, submarines far below, surface ships far away. Her detectors can locate anything that moves within range of her mechanical brain—and tell within limits just where it is, and maybe what it is. She can talk by half a dozen methods.

This long rifle, with the big tube instead of a barrel, is one talking gadget. You aim it like a rifle at a signalman on another craft and finger out the message in code. A light, blinking up through the tube, can be seen practically only by the person at whom the light-gun is aimed. Very simple and efficient—and secret.

In the old war you had to have two ships to locate a U-boat. Each one listened and got a radio bearing on the sub. Then they traded bearings and drew lines on the chart from each other toward the sub. Where the lines crossed—the "fix"—was where they heaved over the ashcans. Today, one gadget about the size of a console radio does all the work, and more accurately—and no time is lost radioing back and forth.

There are several kinds of patrol boats working with the inshore navy from the far Aleutians to San Diego, and from East Cape, Maine, around to the Mississippi and Louisiana beaches. The YPs are mainly converted fishing boats, often manned by their original crews under a naval officer. The PCs are chaser patrol ships, swift wooden speedsters carrying depth charges and dual-purpose guns effective against both aircraft and surface craft. The PYs are patrol yachts, sometimes skippered by their owners, maybe carrying listening devices and a gun or two.

The fast PTs—patrol torpedo boats—can't be used in inland waters of the Pacific Northwest. Too many floating logs. Hit a four-foot fir log with a PT going forty knots . . . the log's still okay.

On the North Pacific it's accepted that every Jap submarine and surface vessel probably has on it one or two men who know the Northwest Coast wave by wave and rip by rip. Jap sailors on fishing boats have been along the Coast for thirty years—and always seemed activated by a great deal of childish curiosity and a desire to burn up leagues of camera film. So no one on patrol today takes anything for granted. There is no underestimating the enemy in these grim, fog-shrouded waters with their hundreds of tree-hidden inlets, swift-water channels and swirling tide rips.

An Added War Hazard

The Canadians have their own patrol system, organized along the same lines as ours. The two fleets work together.

One of our ensigns was gamming recently with the skipper of a Canadian patrol squadron and asked: "I guess it'd be pretty tough if a sub got past you and shelled Victoria?" The Canadian considered for a minute and replied: "Yes, Laddie, it certainly would mean a bloody lot of correspondence with Ottawa."

The fog drifts in like a gray wall from the west, and the southwest wind brings the smell of rain. The 57 moves slowly through the murk as the night shuts down. The dim gray shapes of the AMcs and the YPs fade into the gray of sea and air. The wheelhouse is dark except for the yellow glow from the binnacle. Forward, the lookout relays what he sees and hears to the officer on watch in the house.

"Small craft three points on the port bow, sir. Looks like a YP. Yes, sir, it's YP 67."

"Very well."

The 57 threads her way through her brood—dark shapes against the fog swirls—the sweepers and drifters and grim little craft that once took fishing parties to Appletree Cove and Holmes Harbor, and will again when the gray paint is scraped off.

Out beyond the capes, where the sou'wester drives the big seas whitecapped toward the shore, other dim shapes are pitching forward under slow bells, eternally watching and listening for the whir of propellers above or the slow beat of a sub's wheel, fathoms deep. The listening devices squeal and glow as ships come within range and pass by.

In the 57's house an ensign draws on his pipe, and a dim red glow lights up the face of the GCT clock—the clock on every naval vessel that gives Greenwich central mean time.

"One thing sure," he says. "They'll never have to reset that to Tokyo time. . . ."

THE END

"If civilian defense is what I think it is, I've been practicing it for years!"

LEONARD DOVE

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Trial by Marriage

Continued from page 20

that made the trip memorable, with one of them having been the goat, and this would be good for comment for weeks and maybe even months afterward.

On Sunday mornings when the boys were away, Duff would sit on the porch, occasionally reading a book from the tiny town library over the shoe shop, or planning his campaign against the dog Judas, while the people went by in their Sunday best on the way to church. Old Mrs. Townsell, who ran the boarding-house, would pass often by the window inside, ashamed to be seen in her working clothes at church time, commenting to Duff about the people who passed.

"That's Mr. Mylick, owns half of town, tight as the bark on a tree, tighter even than your boss man Amos Hawthorne I reckon. They say one December he opened his pocketbook to buy his daughter a package of gum for Christmas, and a June bug flew out'n it. That's his daughter with him. Cute, ain't she? They say there's a high-yellow gal in town is the spit'n image of her. I wouldn't know about that, though Mr. Mylick was a pure case not so many years back . . . *Mamie,* don't let them greens boil over."

"No, ma'am," the cook answered, "dey ain't."

"Look," Duff said suddenly, when Mrs. Townsell returned for another glance through the shades, "who's that yonder in the car?"

"That's Delia Phillips. She was elected prettiest in Tafton school, her senior year. Her pa's Doctor Phillips, cured you of blood poison. Ain't she pretty?"

"Sure is," Duff admitted.

"And got the sweetest voice. Sings in the Baptist choir," Mrs. Townsell said. "Why don't you go to church sometime, Duff, 'stead of sitting around staring at nothing all the time? Won't kill you. Wisht I could go Sunday mornings, when everybody's all decked out and cheerful. Evening church is always sort of mournful."

"I believe I will go to church for a change," Duff said, rising, still looking at the departing car. He hurried upstairs and changed to the suit he had bought at the local store for a dollar a week.

THE Baptist church was on the other side of town, past the colored boys with their shine chairs, and the old courthouse with its keep-off-the-grass signs and the myriad sparrows chirping loudly in the water-oak trees, and the depot where the town cripple sold Sunday issues of The Montgomery Advertiser and The Birmingham Age-Herald from an express-company truck, and the store windows of shotgun shells and overalls and ladies-ready-to-wear, and the corner drugstore now closed because it was church hour.

They were singing Beulah Land when he got there; someone handed him a book turned to the right page. And there she was in the choir, where he could get a good look at her.

I'm dwelling on a mountain,
Underneath a cloudless sky,
I'm drinking at the fountain
That never shall run dry,
Oh, yes! I'm feasting
On the manna
From a bountiful supply,
For I am dwelling
In Beulah Land!

The last chord of the piano died away, and the minister prayed long and earnestly and repetitiously. Finally the sermon began, and Duff was able to concentrate on the face of the girl. She was every bit as beautiful as she had seemed at first, her hair very dark brown, her mouth and nose just right, and what he could see of her figure entirely proportional and adequate. Once he looked up to find her gaze squarely upon him. He wanted to smile or something, but his face froze; she looked away.

After the offering was taken Delia rose and sang. She was tall, and her voice was clear and pleasant. Then followed the sermon and afterward the preacher shook Duff's hand at the door; he was fiftyish, earnest, friendly. Others spoke to Duff. He waited impatiently, until finally Delia came out, smiling as she talked to a gray-haired woman in a cherry-covered hat. He watched her; her legs were good, and her walk was good. *Do come again, won't you?* someone was saying. Yes, he'd come to church next Sunday.

NOW her father joined her, and as they passed, Dr. Phillips looked at Duff and said, "Hello, Webster, didn't recognize you at first. Glad to have you with us at church. You've met my daughter, Delia."

"I don't believe so."

"Oh, yes," Delia said, looking at him squarely. "Well, you *were* delirious."

"I'd had some hard luck. I guess I was a pretty sorry sight," Duff mumbled. He felt himself sweating under his shirt.

"The reason the good Lord puts hard luck on us is so we can lick it," Dr. Phillips said wisely. "When you got nothing to do, boy, drop by to see us."

"Yes, come by," Delia said, smiling.

Duff opened his mouth but said nothing.

"Well?" she asked, looking at him directly. "Are you coming?"

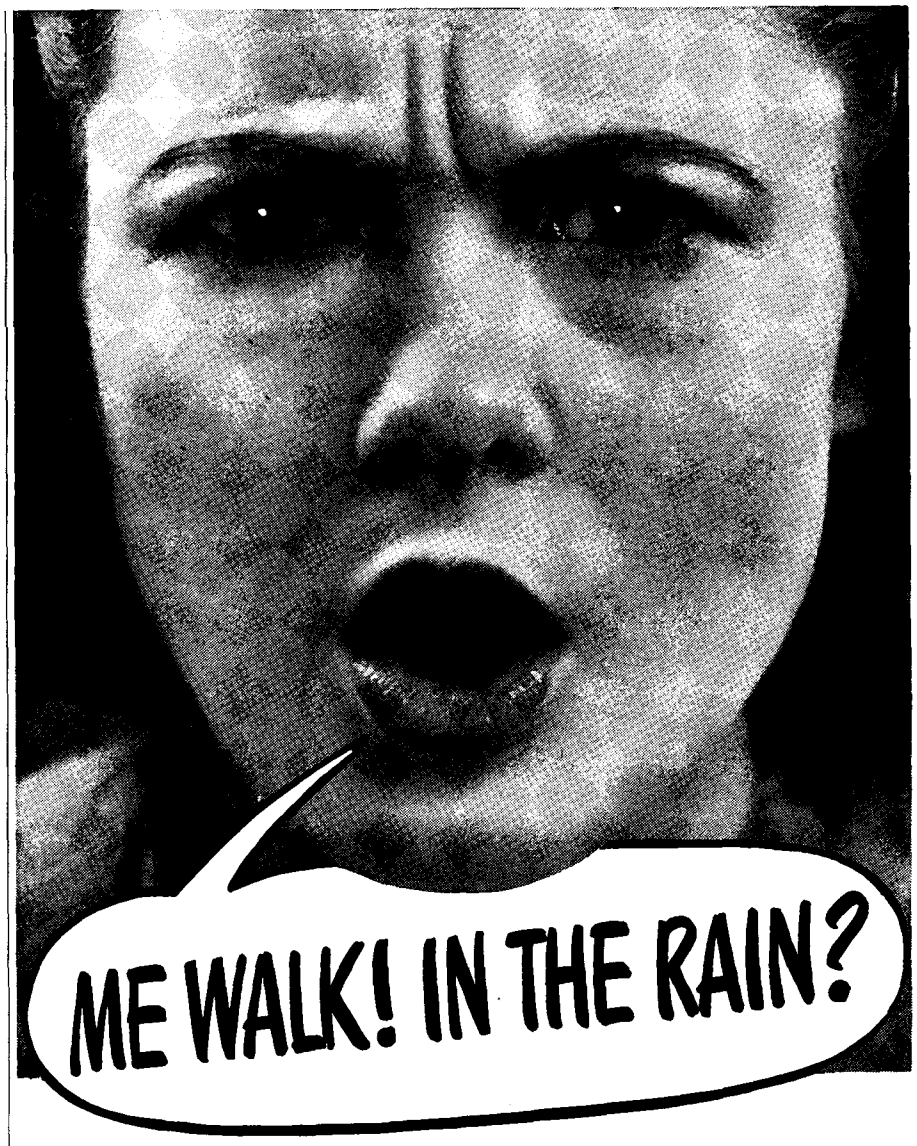
"That'll be fine," Duff muttered. *No,* he thought uneasily, *that's something I sure better not do.*

Sunday afternoon reminded him of his home-town, and high-school days, when the boys hung around his father's drugstore and played the phonograph and stood out front watching the few passing cars that came slowly by—cars with families, and the kids wrestling on the back seat, a vacationing "ole Miss" student, with a strange girl, making his father's car go *chak-a-chak-a,* and seven laughing Negroes in a bucking, boiling old car. He could remember Art Gillam, The Whispering Pianist, singing, *Baby Please Don't be Angry, for I Was Only Teasing You,* remember sitting out on the back step smoking a forbidden cigarette, and watching the flies buzz around the empty ice-cream freezers in the sun. It was the same, now, here in Tafton, except the phonograph was a multicolored juke organ, and the record was of a colored girl singing . . . *I'm Gonna Change My Way of Livin', And If That Ain't Enough, I'll Change the Way I Strut My Stuff . . .*

Duff walked out to the kennels with the sheepskin coat he had bought from Alex, the mechanic, for two dollars on that night of the last poker game. As he passed Wesley's house he identified himself with a shout and went on back to the pens, where the dogs woke from their siesta to bark happily at him.

The sheepskin had got too hot walking out, but now he put it back on and went to Judas' pen. The big black-and-white pointer looked at him levelly with those yellow eyes, growling when Duff's hand touched the gate hasp.

"I'm coming in, mister," Duff said,



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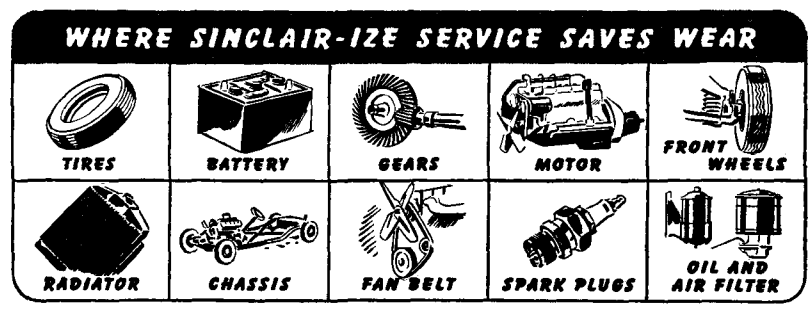

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"and if you don't kill me I'm going to keep coming in. I guess you might as well get used to it."

He opened the door. Judas' growl rose a note, and he stood up stiffly. The moment Duff stepped inside, the dog leaped at him. Duff turned sideways, thrusting his heavily padded arm quickly into the dog's open jaws. Judas' teeth closed on the inch-thick sleeve savagely. Duff shook him loose, and again let him grab a mouthful of coat. The dog hung there on the man's side like a panther, trying to bite through. Duff seized him by the back of the neck, close up behind the ears, and pulled him loose and held him, wriggling and snarling insanely, in the air.

"You'd kill me, wouldn't you?" he demanded without anger. "Yes, sir, you sure would." He propelled Judas toward the back of the kennel pen. Stepping out the door, he shut it just as the raging dog came rushing after him and struck the wire.

"Hello," said Lucie, coming into view, "what's all the racket?"

It was the first time he had ever seen her in a dress. She wore her light hair loose, and her hands were in the pocket of her tweed coat; her gray eyes watched him in amusement. "I drove out to take a look at my horse—haven't seem him since yesterday afternoon, and that's too long. I thought it was a kennel fight. I hope you didn't try to go in there with Judas."

"I just came out."

She looked at him. "In a hurry, too, I'll bet. Had you left something valuable in there, like the Kohinoor diamond or possibly somebody's mother?"

"I went in there to see if he could bite through this sheepskin coat," Duff said.

She stared at him. "Why?"

"I think maybe I can break him."

She pointed at the dog who now stood with one foot on the wire watching Duff intently, growling softly. "You're going to break that?"

"Well, maybe."

"You're going to make him point, and back, and stand shot, and hunt to the gun?"

"I hope to," he admitted.

"How?"

"I haven't got all of it figured out yet," he said.

"Oh, I see," she replied, with friendly scorn.

He shrugged out of the coat, and looked at his arm. The dog's teeth had come through in two places, scratching the skin and starting a tiny flow of blood.

"Just a little sulfathiazole and a couple of transfusions and you'll be all right," she murmured. "Look, why don't you try love and affection on Judas? That's what they do in books and things. You can win him over with kindness, and in the end he will be old dog Tray, and save your life a couple of times. I can see him now, swimming out in the whirlpool to rescue your young son, and barking to wake up the neighbors when the house catches on fire." She motioned to him. "Come on. I've got to see that horse."

AS HE followed her neat-cut figure to the barn, she said, "It's okay with me if you want to try to make something out of Judas. But we tried and gave him up as an outlaw."

They turned the gelding out into the corral, and sat on the fence and watched him run and snort, with his tail arched. Presently Lucie said, "What did you do this morning?"

"Went to church."

"No fooling."

"What's wrong with that?"

"What did you go for?"

"Well, to look at that girl," Duff admitted.

"Who?"

"Delia Phillips."

Lucie turned around a bit and faced him. "I needn't have asked what girl. Look, you're a funny guy. Tell me about you."

"There's nothing to tell."

"Say me some poetry."

"I don't know any poetry."

"Oh, no . . . Look at him; isn't he a horse, though?"

"He sure is," Duff answered.

"Does septicemia make one break out in a poetic rash? I'll have to ask Doctor Phillips about that. Delia's father."

"Oh, you know," he said in embarrassment. "Haven't you had to memorize a lot of poetry all your life, in school and places? I can't recite it, but sometimes little snatches of it pop up."

"I guess I'm nosy. But you fascinate me. The Vagabond Poet and Wild Animal Trainer. I never had to memorize anything about down, down, down to the devil, not in the school I went to."

He said nothing. The January sun glinted in the enamel of her white teeth, and came through the loose strands of her hair, making them look golden instead of just sandy-colored.

"Listen," Duff said, with an effort. "There's not much to tell, but here's what there is: My father runs a drugstore on the edge of Hattiesburg. He owes everybody in town. My mother wanted me to be somebody, but I couldn't. I worked in sawmills, drugstores, tobacco barns, insurance offices, and a lot of other things, never very long at a time. Last month she shot herself. Not on account of me—something else I guess. I decided to leave, then. I lost my gun in Georgia when a plantation warden nearly caught me. That dog tried to kill me when I came up on him right after he'd caught a goat. That doctor fixed me up. You gave me a job and I appreciate it. That's as far as I know."

SHE said, "Do you think you'll stay here long?"

"I don't know. Mr. Hawthorne doesn't like me. He might kick me out any time. But I'd like to make good—for once."

"Maybe this is what you were meant for, huh?"

He looked toward the kennels. "I'm staying till I break that dog, anyway."

"Then you'll be here quite a spell," she said. "I'll tell you what. Tomorrow you will go afield with us and I'll *show* you a bird dog."

NINE years before, a farmer came to old Amos and said, "I've got a young dog I want to sell you."

"What kind of dog?"

"He's whatever kind of dog you want. He'll hunt quail, deer, squirrel or fox."

"That ain't the kind I want," Amos said shortly.

"Well you take him and see. He'll find more birds than any dog you got in any one of these coobs. Best squirrel dog in Alabama, and he'll run with a hound pack. Queerest darn' dog you ever heard tell of."

"I was just goan to say that," Amos said. "I got all the dogs I need."

"You ought to at least try him."

"Well, all right, leave him here."

Amos had the dog put in one of the pens and forgot about him. In two days the farmer called and wanted to know how he liked him. Amos told him he had been down in the back and hadn't been able to try the dog, and to call again some time soon. That afternoon, he told Wesley to take the dog out.

Wesley came in with his eyes bulging. "Cap'm, where you git him? Dat's a *vappin'* dog. He done traveled six hund'ed miles dis evening, fum one hill to de nex'!"

"What after, deer or fox?"

"No, sir, patridges!"

"Don't give me no stuff, now," Amos warned. "Didn't find no birds, did he?"

"Ten coveys, suh. He sho did!"

Amos' old eyes narrowed. "Took 'em out, I reckon."

"*Pointed* 'em! Stood up yonder like he was some kind of bird dog God a-mighty, wid his tail straight up'ards as a willow stick. I shot a bird, and he broke to fotch him, den he went down and nailed dem singlings one de time like an old brood bitch, den gone fum here again!"

Amos went out with them next day, and again the dog Sam ranged on the horizon and found covey after covey, and incidentally treed two squirrels. When they came in at noon, Amos said, "Now I wonder where that farmer Ben

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TED KEY

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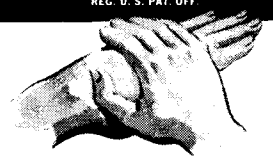

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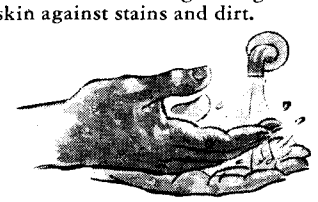

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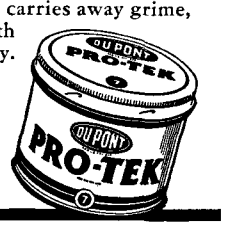

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stole this dog? Wonder if it was far enough away so's nobody'd find him with me?" He made inquiries in the neighborhood of the farmer; one man said, "That Sam dog? Shore I know him—Ben raised him. I seen that pup the day he was born. They wasn't but two in the litter and the other'n he took sick and died. Me and Ben was hunting that dog when he wasn't four months old—had to lift him over logs. I've brung him home in my old hunting sack many a night after dark. You aiming to buy him?"

"Ben wanted me to give him a tryout," Amos said carefully.

"Well, Ben's a friend o' mine, so I won't tell nothing on his dog."

"Wouldn't want you to do that," Amos said, hopefully. "If the dog's fitified, or something, I'll find it out."

"Oh, he's a beastly scoun'l; healthy as a buck hant. 'Tain't that," he said. "See here, you just take him out and try him; you'll see, first off. That's all I can tell you. Ben's the best friend I got in the world, and I wouldn't do nothing to hurt no deal of his."

THE following day was Saturday, and Amos knew the farmer would be out to see about his dog. And just at noon he came, driving a brightly polished flivver and dressed in his best town clothes.

"Well," he said cheerfully, "you done give Sam all the tryout you want?"

Amos studied a moment. Then he called, "Wesley, didn't we take out that dog of Mister Ben's the other day?"

"Yas, suh," Wesley said dolefully. "*You* remember dat dog," he added meaningfully.

"Why, what'd he do?" asked the farmer, looking from one of them to the other. "You got to remember he ain't but little over a year old. You understand how a puppy is. A man that knows dogs like you do, he understands to make allowances for a young dog's puppy ways."

"I ain't said nothing against the dog," Amos said, searching the bottles of medicine on the shelf in the kennel house. "Oh, Wesley, git Mister Ben's dog fer him, and put him in the car."

"Look," Ben said. "You a dog trainer. I ain't. With just a little work, you could fix him right up so anybody could handle him. And you see he healthy. He's had copperas onct a month since he was born. Not a worm in him. What would you give me for him right now, cash on the barrelhead?"

"Ben, I tell you the truth. We got more dogs around here now than we got feed fer. And you know I ain't young as I used to be. Cain't spend no time working on just any kind of dog," Amos said. "Wesley, turn that back seat up. You want that dog to git the car all dirty?"

"Tell you what. I'll sell that dog to you cheap. I got a bad knee—mule kicked me last summer. Curious sorta thing, she hadn't never done nothing like that before, gentle as a cat, then of a sudden, wham, she done it. Look," he said, pulling up his trouser leg, "see that scar?"

"Where?" Amos asked, squinting down.

"Right there. Can't see it so good, now, but in rainy weather she turns plumb red."

"We been a long time without rain, ain't we?" Amos said.

He glanced toward the car, then went back to searching the shelf. "Maybe you better tie him in, Wesley, so he won't jump out."

"That's all right, he ain't goan jump out, not that puppy. Got more sense than any dog I ever seen," the farmer said. "Since old Kate kicked me, I ain't been able to do much walking. Fact is, she just about knocked me out of huntin'. Only reason I'd sell old Sam. But I guess I'll have to let him go. Cheap too."

"What's cheap to one man," Amos said, "might be higher'n a cat's back to another. What you want for that dog?"

The farmer glanced at him, then halfway turned to the car, minutely inspecting a pine knot on the side of the house. He touched his finger to a drop of resin that stood on the knot, rubbed his thumb to it, then smelled it interestedly. "Well, I don't rightly know, to tell you the truth. He's such a pet around the house. If the wife and kids knowed I even mentioned selling old Sam, they'd just about quit me."

"I wouldn't want to buy no kids' pet dog, Ben."

The farmer rolled the turpentine off his hand. "Well, I tell you, Mister Hawthorne, they just maul him around and plague him, until I don't see how the poor dog stands it. It just ain't right for no dog to have to put up with such. The other day I told Verie, I said, 'Them young'uns is goan drive that dog crazy; I swear the first good man that offers me fifty dollars, I'll let Sam go, just to p'tect him from them young'uns!' "

Later that afternoon, Ben appeared at the F. Mitchell Horse and Mule Company barn, where the boys were sitting around with their chairs leaned back against the wall. They asked him why he looked so pert, and he cut a corner off his plug, stuck it in his mouth, closed his knife, and said:

"Well, boys, they say old Amos Hawthorne knows a whole heap about bird dogs, but me and him tied up in a trade this evenin', and I cold-rammed it to him. Lucifer, you know that combination puppy was such a stomp-down un fer a while, then kept gitting wilder and wilder, till we had to tie that ten foot of trace chain on him to keep him in sight? And we'd wear out our feet looking fer him, and him pointing a mile away somewhere? Well, that's the dog. I guess I ought not to tell it on the old man . . . I like old Amos, and I don't want to hurt his reputation none. Don't want this to go no further, mind you—" he leaned forward—"Boys, old Amos Hawthorne forked over forty cash dollars for that wild dog!"

They named the dog Ambling Sam. Amos, who had never bothered to learn to write—"That's how come I keep on living; don't never worry about no notes I've signed at the bank"—had Lucie, then in high school, write various people in an effort to trace the dog's breeding, and they finally got enough data to register him.

THE farmer had told the strict truth about Sam's being a combination dog, and that was his main trouble. There weren't many deer to bother them, but Sam never went through a creek bottom without making a couple of whipping circles for squirrel scent; and when he treed a squirrel he would sit down and wait until Amos rode up. For a long time Sam just couldn't believe that squirrels were no longer to be hunted. Amos would ride past him, ignoring him completely, while Sam danced excitedly around the tree. When Amos kept on going, Sam looked at him in perplexity. He would follow a way, anxiously, then return to the tree. Finally Sam would give up the squirrel tree and somewhat unhappily head out on the scent of his trainer. After a few of these treatments, he abandoned squirrel hunting.

Jack rabbits, though, were another matter. That summer when they got up to the chicken prairies of Saskatchewan, Sam indicated at once that these swift animals were his preferred game. Most young dogs chase jack rabbits for a distance, then give up in despair and go back to hunting prairie chickens. But not Sam.

"Dat Sam, he de only dog I ever see

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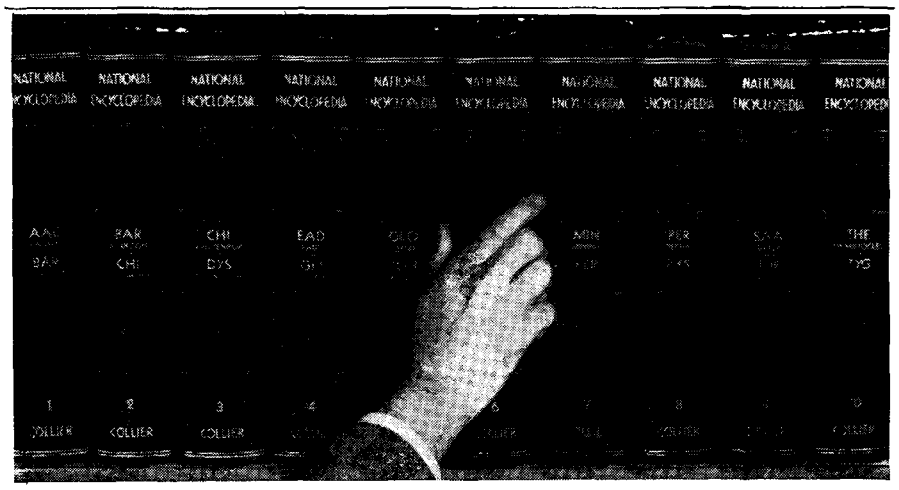

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could make one dem jacks lay his years back and put dat other foot down," Wesley said.

That was the first year Paul had been taken to Canada. He was fourteen then, strangely capable, being quiet and even-tempered, and the animals liked his solemn singing around the barn. Then he was used as a wagon driver, and he watched old Amos and his father having their troubles with Sam and the jack rabbits.

One day they were in the village, Paul was told to get some corks, and while the Frenchman in the little store was trying to understand what the Alabama Negro meant by "jug stoppers," a wheat farmer came in cursing the chestnut mare that had brought him to town. "Pullin' all the dom time, wears your dom arms near out, she ought to dom well be on a bloody race track!" Paul took one look at the horse, and went to find Amos Hawthorne. Amos bought the mare for sixty-one dollars and a half.

NEXT day, Paul rode the little mare with the hunting caravan, holding her in by main force until Sam, swinging in front, struck his first jack rabbit of the morning; then he loosened the curb-pressure on her mouth and nudged her with his heel. The mare jumped twenty feet, then flattened out in a dead run across the sage, over gopher holes and buffalo wallows, and finally Paul headed the dog off. For weeks that went on daily.

The mare got so she would jump forward every time she saw Sam flush a jack rabbit. Sam got wise, too. After a few days of having those hoofs come thundering behind him, and then a taste of the whip, he would glance quickly back to see how much start he had on the horse before pursuing a rabbit he had flushed. Finally he perceived that it was a losing game, and after that would glance interestedly at jack rabbits but never chased them again.

They taught Ambling Sam steadiness to wing and shot, and from that time on he was known as the cleanest broken dog in major trials. At the end of the summer, he ran unplaced at Moose Jaw, but won at Pierson, Manitoba, paying Amos seven hundred dollars. From that time on Sam was a winning dog; whenever a handler arrived at a new trial, his first question was, "Is old Amos here with that Sam dog?" Sam won on prairie chicken and Huns and quail and pheasant. He won from Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan to Shuqualak, Mississippi. He won every championship—except the one old Amos wanted most, the National Championship at Grand Junction.

When the farmer, Ben, learned of the dog's exploits, he said in annoyance, "Aye dammit, if I'd a-knowed he was goan turn out to be such a dog as all that, I'd shore never let old Amos jew me down from fifty dollars!" . . .

The first morning that Duff went out with the trainers, they put old Sam down without any ceremony, as if he were just a dog. Now Amos rode out front on his gray horse, oblivious of everything but the ten-year-old pointer far ahead. Regularly Sam would look back; old Amos would point his whip to the right, and the dog would go to the right.

This almost visible affinity between dog and handler had caused Sam to be known as a mechanical dog, or "whip-runner."

But Sam didn't depend on Amos; he knew how to hunt.

This morning they had ridden only twenty minutes when Ambling Sam, after a prodigious cast, was seen to stop far out, a tiny spot of white at that distance.

"Point, Cap'm Amos!" Wesley said.

The old man rose in his stirrups and leaned forward, squinting. "Where?"

"Right on up yonder. Straight behead of us."

They galloped toward the point. Wesley shouted at Duff, "Dis place, hits plumb *illuminated* with birds. And old Sam, he just cold find 'em."

Sam stood erect, with his stiff tail slanting up, his feet solidly planted and somewhat stretched, his mouth open in a confident grin.

As Amos swung lithely down with his .410, Lucie turned to Duff and whispered, "Okay?"

The birds got up. Sam's tail dropped slightly, and his ears raised, but he did not move forward. Amos fired twice, and two cock birds dropped from the whirring covey. He clucked, and Sam streaked toward the first dead bird. When he retrieved the second bird, Amos let him pull off the head and eat it.

"Eyes gittin' bad, hell!" Amos grunted after he had sent the dog on and returned to his horse. "I can still see down a gun bar'l."

Suddenly he stared at Duff, apparently realizing for the first time that he was along. "Who told *him* to come?" he demanded, looking at Wesley and Lucie.

"Me. What's wrong with that?" Lucie said.

Waving his head from one side to the other, Amos answered, "I ain't goan have no road tramp riding my horses!"

"It ain't much of a horse," Duff said, amiably, thinking that Amos had been joking, "even for a tramp." Instantly he froze, for he saw his mistake.

Amos took his foot out of the stirrup and walked around to Duff's side and pointed the dog whip at his face, looking along it, and said, almost in a whisper, "Bud, you make just one slip and you're goan be bumming it down that road again, you git me?"

Lucie said, "He hasn't done anything."

"He ain't got to do nothing. I don't like him. I don't like the way he looks, ner acts, ner smells, ner nothing. And that's all that makes any difference, cause I'm still the boss man around here." He looked sharply at Lucie. "Er ain't I?"

Lucie looked at him angrily, but said nothing.

Duff, trying desperately to rectify his mistake helped his standing by demonstrating an uncanny instinct for finding a lost dog, and for seeing dogs at incredible distances. And when a setter named Smoky Joe had a running fit and streaked out through the woods crazily, it was Duff who overtook him, and herded the sick dog like a maverick calf back to the dog wagon.

"The Squire doesn't like you," Lucie said afterward, "and that's for keeps. But he knows a dog man when he sees one, and so he'll tolerate you. You did okay."

AT LEAST once a day, Duff went into Judas' pen. Formerly they had fed the pointer by throwing a piece of meat to one end of the pen and setting his pan of food inside the door when he went after the meat. But now Duff put on the sheepskin coat and simply stepped into the pen with the dog pan, in the hope that Judas would finally begin to welcome his entrance. After a week or two though, it became apparent that to Judas hunger was secondary to his desire to get a man's throat, preferably Duff's, between his jaws. For one period Duff let him go three days without eating, then entered with a pan of raw hamburger only to have the dog spring at him, knocking the meat in all directions, and grab the heavy sheepskin coat upturned around Duff's neck.

"Man's best friend," murmured Lucie

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as she helped brush the bits of meat off Duff's clothes.

"Maybe we ought to lay him out with a shot of chloral," Duff said, patiently, "and then pull his teeth."

"That wouldn't be no help. Jest as easy to be chewed to pieces," Wesley said, "as gummed to death."

Saturday night Alex Prin, the mechanic, drove up in front of the boardinghouse, and instead of walking in crying, "Deal! Deal!" as usual, he called Duff out to his car, the motor of which was still running.

AS DUFF approached the car, Alex said, confidentially, "Boy, I've got an idea that will knock you for a row. Come here."

Duff reached the car and laid one hand on the door and immediately an electric shock almost knocked him down. Alex collapsed over the steering wheel in merriment. Alex had rigged an arrangement that enabled him to short the ignition onto the body of the car at will.

"Darn your hide, Alex!" Duff grinned.

"Ain't that hot?" Alex said happily. "I just knocked the sheriff for a loop, uptown. Git in and let's ride around and have some fun. There's the bottle, right there in that pocket."

Duff thoughtfully watched the frantic backward leaps, the eyeglasses jumping off, the surprised eyes; and when he came home he had bought a hotshot battery, a Model T coil, and a big spool of small-gauge copper wire. While the poker game went on that night he sewed a crude pocket on the back of the sheepskin coat into which he fitted the battery and coil, then connected the thin threads of copper wire, sewing them down on the outside of the coat. The switch he placed inside the right-hand pocket.

Before he entered Judas' kennel Sunday, he walked around outside, making threatening gestures and slapping the fence until Judas was in an angry frenzy. He opened the gate and stepped inside. Judas leaped, hitting him on the shoulder with a fury, then recoiling from the electricity so violently that he landed on his back in the middle of the pen. He rose, shook himself, and sprang again, only to fall frantically away the instant he touched the coat.

Now Judas stood off, growling and watching Duff in puzzlement. Duff took a step forward. The dog retreated a step, Duff turned his back, but Judas did not advance.

Duff went out of the pen and took off the coat and came back, now watching the dog sharply. Judas again retreated before him.

"Okay, pardner," Duff said with satisfaction. "Now we're getting somewhere."

After that, in spare time, the lessons progressed—always in the absence of Amos Hawthorne, of course. What Duff wanted was to one day present the old trainer with Judas broken and tractable. Certainly that would remove the hostility that bore on Duff night and day.

Duff borrowed a shoat that Wesley was about to slaughter—"I may get him killed for you right quick"—and rigged up an electric harness for it, with two wires leading outside to the battery and coil and switch. He shoved the squealing pig into the pen with the dog, and Judas was on him like a jaguar. In one second Judas struck the pig and missed a vital spot; the next second he had leaped frantically away. Duff left the pig for a while, but Judas made no further attempt to kill it. When the pig, looking for escape, came toward him, Judas growled and jumped on top of his house.

One afternoon not long after that, Lucie saw Duff getting ready to feed Judas.

"Wait, Mr. Beatty," she said, "you forgot your sheepskin coat."

Duff opened the gate and stepped inside, while Lucie watched in fearful expectancy. Judas stood in the middle of the pen and allowed Duff to put the pan down. Duff took a step toward the dog and caused him to retreat.

She stared at him, then at Judas, a smile coming to her lips. "Can you also make water come out of a rock, like Moses did?"

"Never tried that," Duff said.

The old trainer had not ridden that afternoon. Lucie was waiting around front in her car when Duff got through. Dark had almost come. The motor was idling, and the heater sent a warm billowing of air through the car. As Duff got in beside her, she gave him a sudden direct smile. Already buoyed up by his progress with Judas, her smile gave him a feeling of warm companionship. He realized that this girl came nearer to being a friend to him than anybody he had ever known.

Abruptly, he said, "You've been pretty nice to me."

"Sure I have," she said lightly.

He suddenly reached over and kissed her on the cheek.

"Hey," she said. "That's sort of all right."

This time he kissed her mouth instead.

"Whoa," she said, pushing him away. "What's happening here? Let me think."

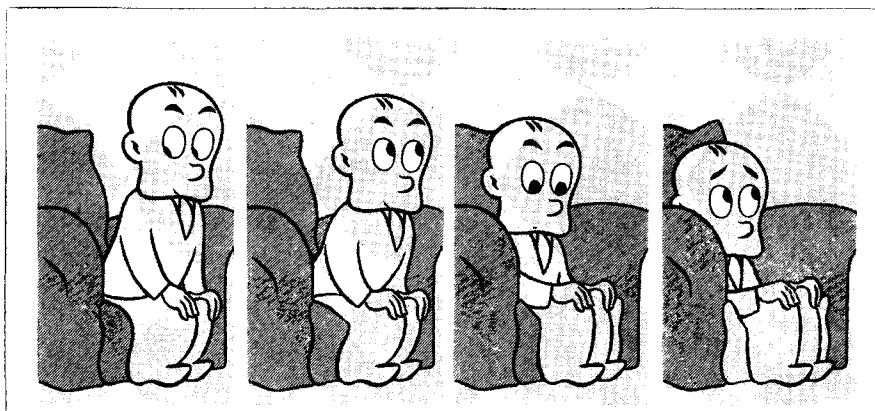
"No," he said urgently, "don't think."

HE KISSED her again, and presently felt her move closer to him, almost crowding him, and her breathing quickened.

"My heavens!" she whispered, gasping. "I think I must be dying. Feel my heart. Wait—no more thanks. Tomorrow, maybe, or next week, I'll have recovered sufficiently. Listen. Tell me, was all that *gratitude?* If it was, I'm liable to be trying to do you favors all the time."

As she started the car off, Duff, shaken and uneasy, could say nothing. Many words came to his mind, but none to his lips.

(To be continued next week)



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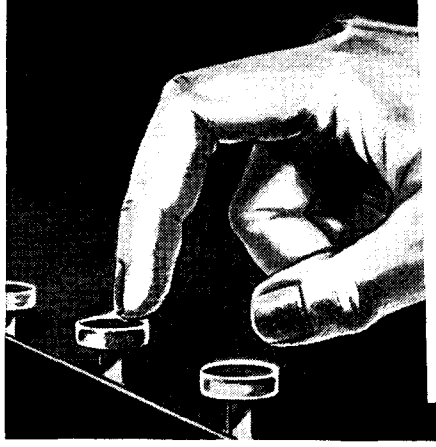

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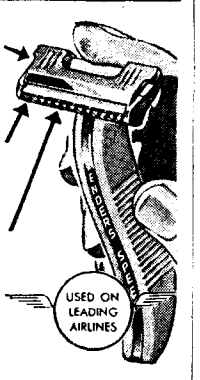

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Collier's

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CHARLES COLEBAUGH — Managing Editor
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HATE MUST WAIT

THE most foolish and the falsest things now being said about this war concern us and England. Otherwise reasonable people repeat the most baseless falsehoods, and many would be shocked if they realized they were echoing sentiments that Dr. Goebbels' German propagandists first said for them.

A pleasant white-haired old lady with a son and two grandsons in American uniforms was saying, "Why should the United States have gone to war to save Singapore for the British?"

Now who do you suppose thought that one up and handed it to a nice old lady and to others not so old or nice? She and the numerous others, poor and rich, who have been saying, "Why should we fight to restore Singapore, to save India, to defend Australia for the British?" are following precisely the Axis propaganda line, although, of course, most of them do not know it.

We did not enter this war to save the British or any of their possessions. Yes, most of us preferred the British to the Germans but that's not why we went to war. We got into this war because the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor and for no other reason. The British did not bomb Pearl Harbor.

The British did not inspire the Japanese to make a sneak attack on our ships and planes. The Japs thought that out for themselves without any British help. Maybe Hitler needled them up for the attack, and Mussolini certainly did not try to dissuade them. But you have to be pretty far over on the looney side to give the British any part of the responsibility for Pearl Harbor.

And you have to be more than a little crazy to give the British credit for the German and the Italian declarations of war against us. Germany declared war on us immediately after Pearl Harbor, before our Congress got around to doing any declaring. So did Italy. Germany was not persuaded by the British to declare war against us. Neither was Italy.

We did not make any sneak attacks on the Japanese and we did not declare any wars before we were attacked and already in a state of war by the declarations of the Japanese, German and Italian governments. These three governments put us into the war. They decided. We did not. Neither did the British.

But the American people intend to decide when the war will end. It will end if we win, as we expect to do, when we think we have brought about a situation that promises freedom and security for us and for our children.

We are not faithless friends or treacherous comrades-at-arms and we don't plan to break faith with any of those who are fighting with us. But we are fighting our war and nobody else's.

It does not matter greatly whether we like the British or the British like us. Individually we are free to dislike whomever we please. But a war is not a tea party. You don't choose your allies on the basis of congeniality or the color of their eyes or even the tint of their politics. You take your friends and your enemies where you find them and you do what you can to save yourself.

We are glad the British are with us. We are glad the Russians are with us. We are glad the Chinese are with us. We are glad the British Dominions—Canada, Australia, South Africa—are on our side. But we are not fighting to save Russia or China or Britain or anything except our freedom to live after the fashion we choose.

The old ladies and the young women and the stupid men and the ignorant men and the men who sometimes know better than they talk are puppets pulled by strings in the hands of propagandists cleverly out of sight.

Everybody has prejudices, his personal likes and dislikes. We don't have to love our allies. But neither do we have to let politicians play with our prejudices when they find it profitable to do so. Do you remember William Hale Thompson, who made his plea to be mayor of Chicago by promising to sock King George V of England in the nose? That was back a couple of decades when the irritation between the Irish and the English was sharp. Thompson thought he could get some Irish and many more German votes in Chicago by abusing the British.

It was ridiculous then and more than a little mean and shameful. It was embarrassing to think of your fellow citizens having to listen to such base appeals. But nothing more vital than the government of Chicago was at stake. Not that that's wholly unimportant.

Now, however, we are fighting for our very continued existence in the gravest of all the wars mankind has ever faced. We cannot afford the luxury of confusion concerning our own national purposes. We are not so strong that we can insult and push away our present allies and comrades. We ought to be strong enough and wise enough not to allow ourselves to be caught with the enemy propaganda.

Today the enemy propaganda emphasizes historic differences between Britain and the United States. Remember that, the next time you hear someone muttering something about our fighting to save the British.

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ADVENTURE in ACAPULCO

?

this happened near the Valley of Fire, Nevada."

1. "*I'd never expected,*" admits an adventure writer, "to find the equal of Mexico as a source of inspiration for my stories. That is—until I came upon this street scene in Nevada. It sure looked like happy hunting grounds for me. Adventure? Man, I asked for it—and got plenty! Adventure that began and ended with Canadian Club—

2. "*'Can't give you* a horse here!' said a rancher who, over a Canadian Club at the bar, agreed to put me up. 'You'll have to ride out on my burro, Daisy!' A quiet start for adventure? Just *try* riding burroback.

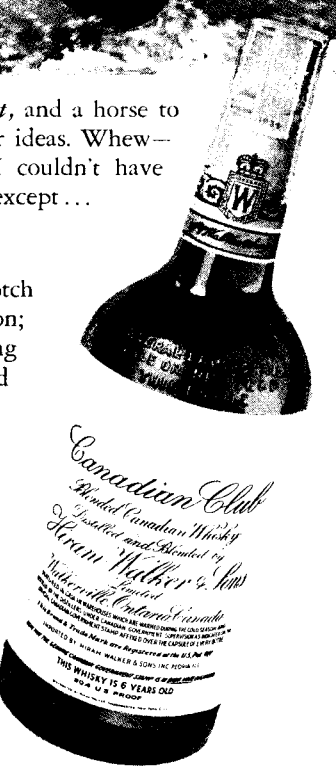
3. "*Pow-pow-pow!* Gunfight?—in this day and age? My heart jumped three inches. Suddenly we were in the thick of it—the filming of a Hollywood horse opera. Ghost of the old West, and plenty lively!

4. "*The ranch at last,* and a horse to ride. But HE had other ideas. Whew—that water was icy! I couldn't have stood another 'thrill' except . . .

5. "*The thrill* awaiting us at the ranchhouse! Canadian Club, so help me! I'd enjoyed its matchless flavor all over the world—but never so much as then, thawing out before the fire."

Why have so many Americans switched to Canadian Club lately? Because of its unique, delightful flavor. No other whisky in all the world tastes like Canadian Club. It's *light* as Scotch—*rich* as rye—*satisfying* as bourbon; and you can stick with it all evening long—in cocktails before dinner and tall ones after.

That's why Canadian Club is the largest-selling imported whisky in the United States (and in Scotland, too!).



IN 87 LANDS NO OTHER WHISKY TASTES LIKE

"Canadian Club"

Imported by Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Illinois
Blended Canadian Whisky, 90.4 proof Copr 1942

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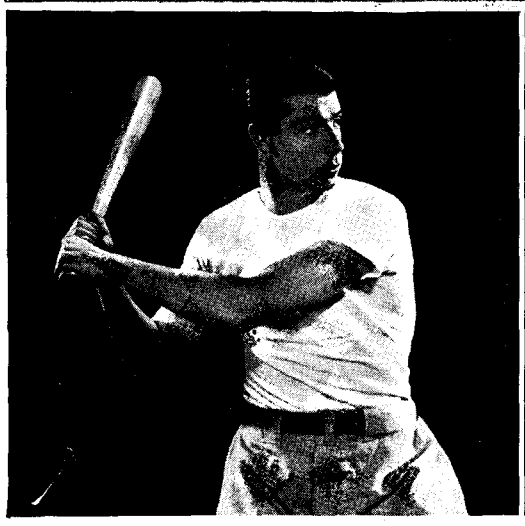
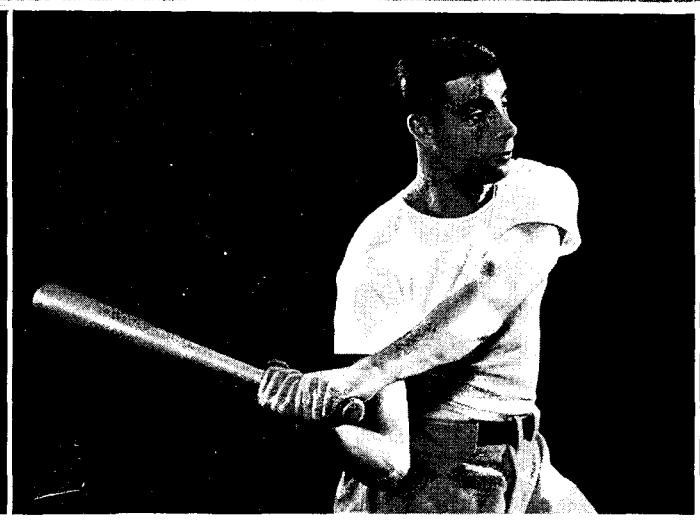
JOE DIMAGGIO'S MIGHTY SWING

Now for the first time the amazing stroboscopic camera analyzes the swing that made baseball history.



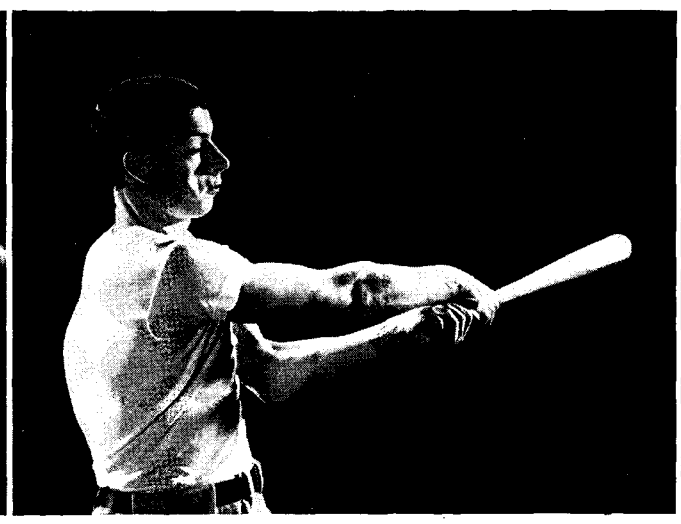
Di Maggio waits . . . sizing up the pitch . . .



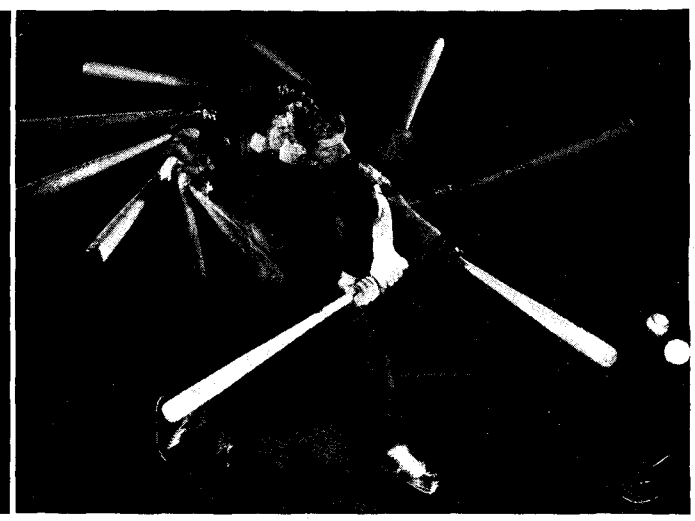
Eyes on ball, he starts that devastating swing . . .

Squarely . . . solidly . . . powerfully . . . bat meets ball.

With his eyes still focused on the batted ball . . .



Joe follows through in a tremendous release of driving power.



A remarkable series of repetitive flashes taken at 1/30,000 of a second show you the famous Di Maggio swing and follow-through all in this one picture above. Below, at the left, you see Joe in another famous follow-through—enjoying a Camel. For with Joe Di Maggio—with so many other baseball "greats"—when the game is over, it's "now for a Camel." Yes, *Camel*—the milder cigarette with less nicotine in the smoke.

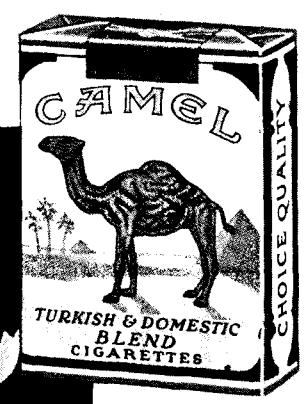
Right off the bat, Joe Di Maggio, shown here at home, will tell you: "I find Camels easy on the throat—milder in every way. And they've got the flavor that hits the spot every time. You bet I like Camels!"

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
Winston-Salem, North Carolina

The smoke of slower-burning Camels contains

28% LESS NICOTINE

than the average of the 4 other largest-selling cigarettes tested—less than any of them — according to independent scientific tests of the smoke itself!



CAMEL

THE CIGARETTE OF COSTLIER TOBACCOS

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